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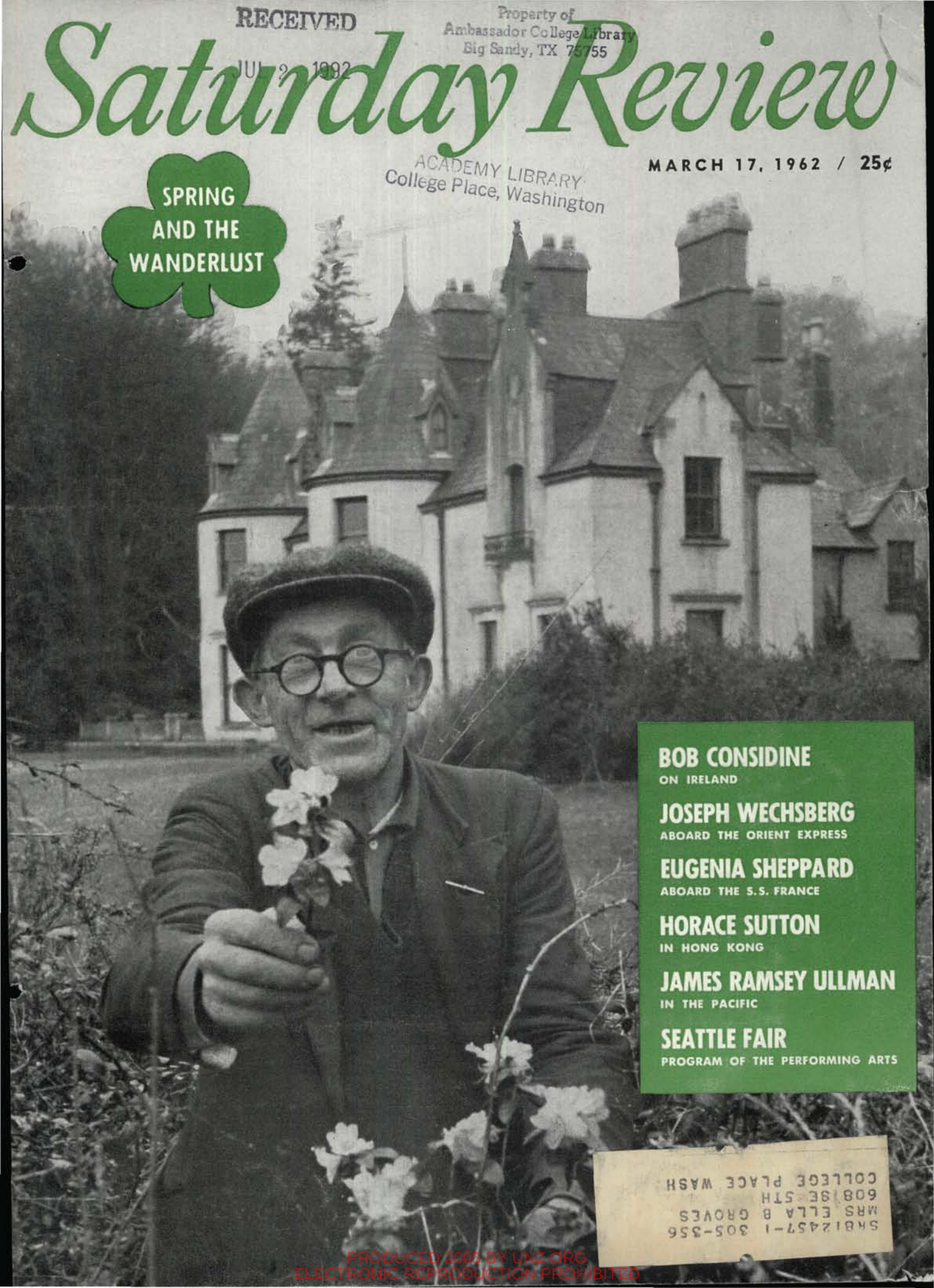
SPRING AND THE WANDERLUST



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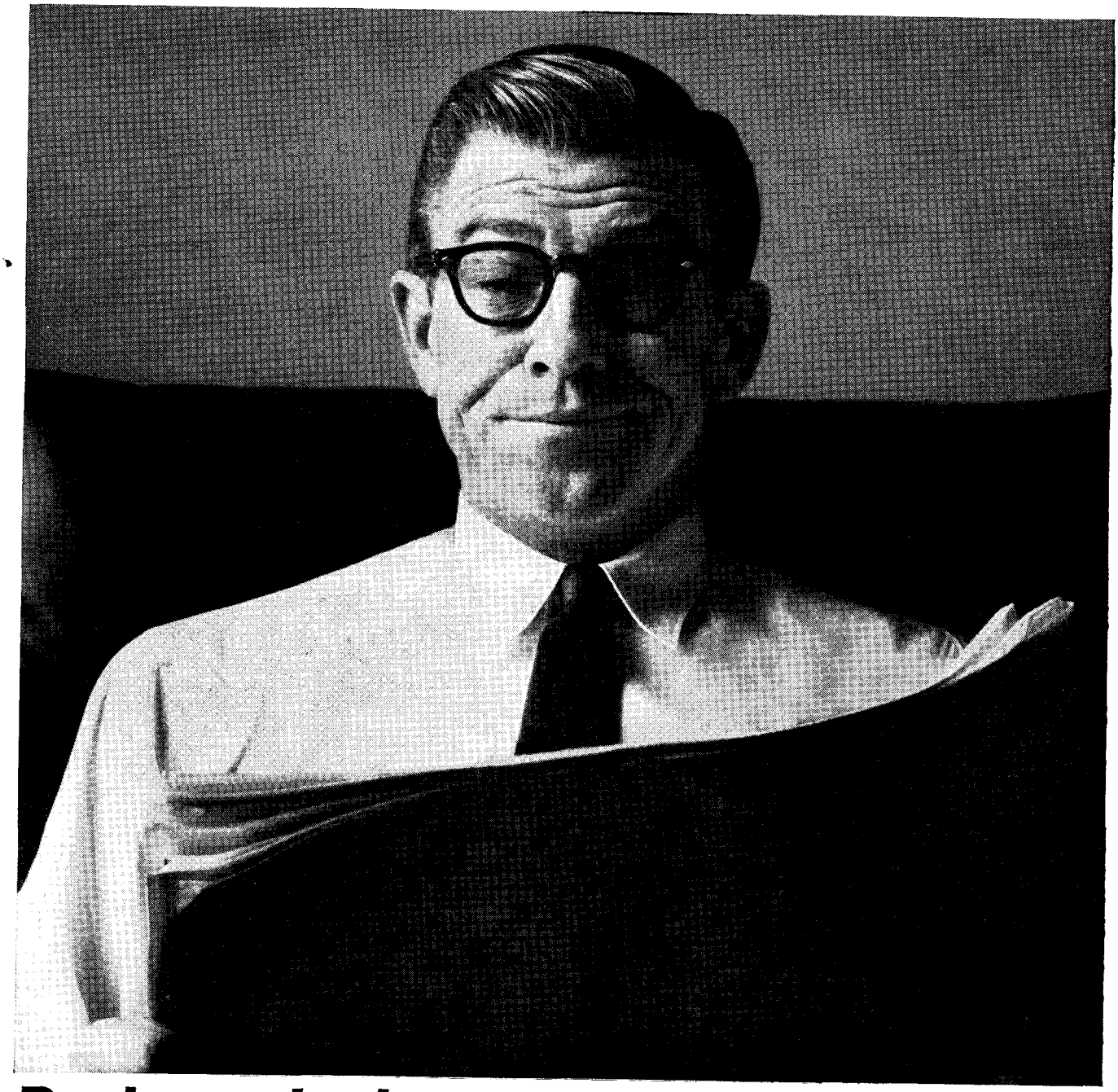

**Brainwashed** He might live in *your* town, this citizen with the prefabricated point of view. He's *certain* that every "right thinking" person agrees with him—that *one* view should be shared by all. Perhaps it's because there's little exposure to *other* viewpoints in his closed-circuit community. His one or two newspapers seldom seek out the unorthodox; and rarely do the radio or TV stations in his town probe issues of public importance. Result? He's grown contented as a clam—because controversy never threatens his ready-made complacency. But can *democracy* thrive in his climate of homogenized thought? Doesn't solving today's problems call for *in*-formed—not *pre*-formed—opinions?

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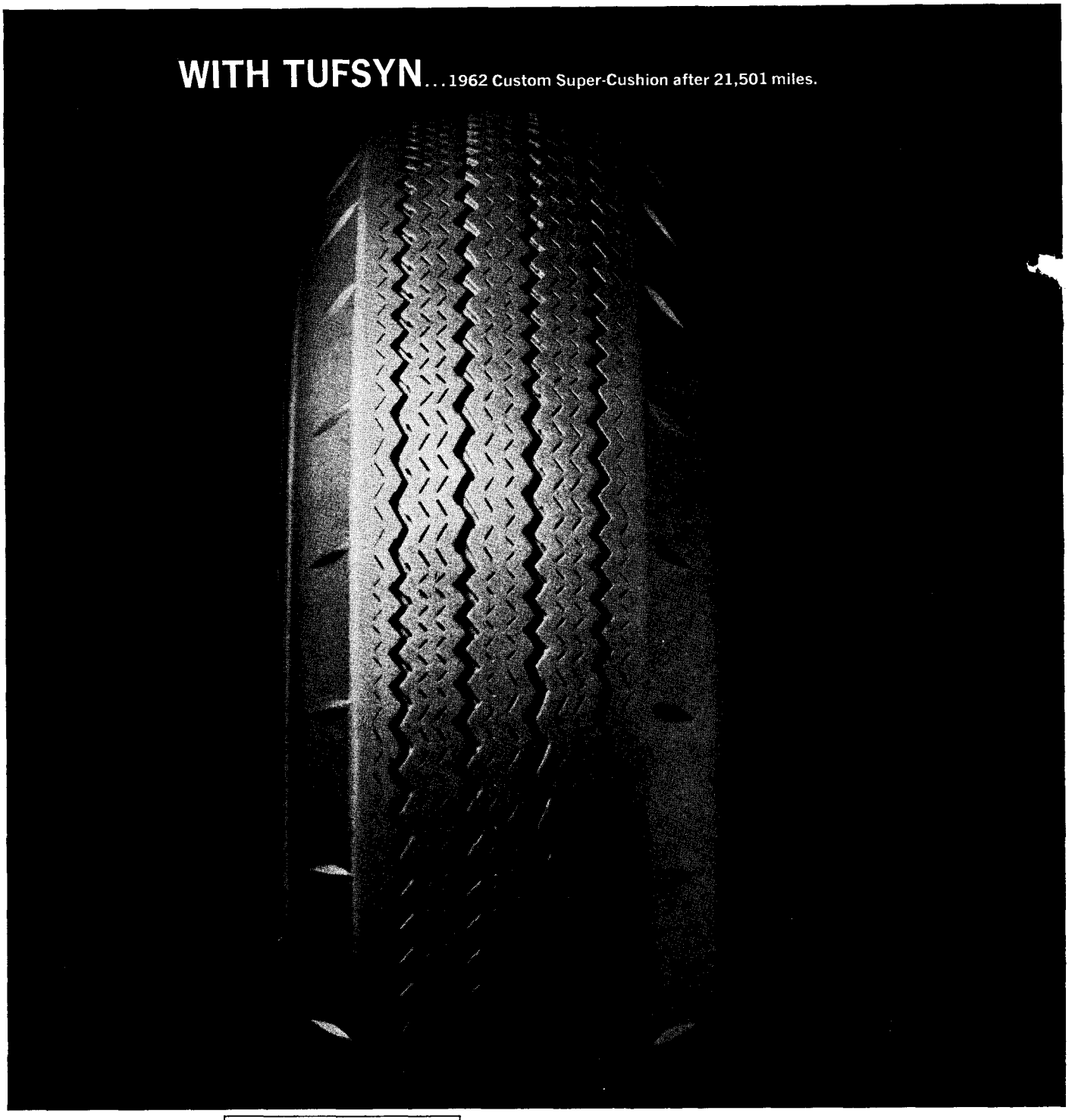


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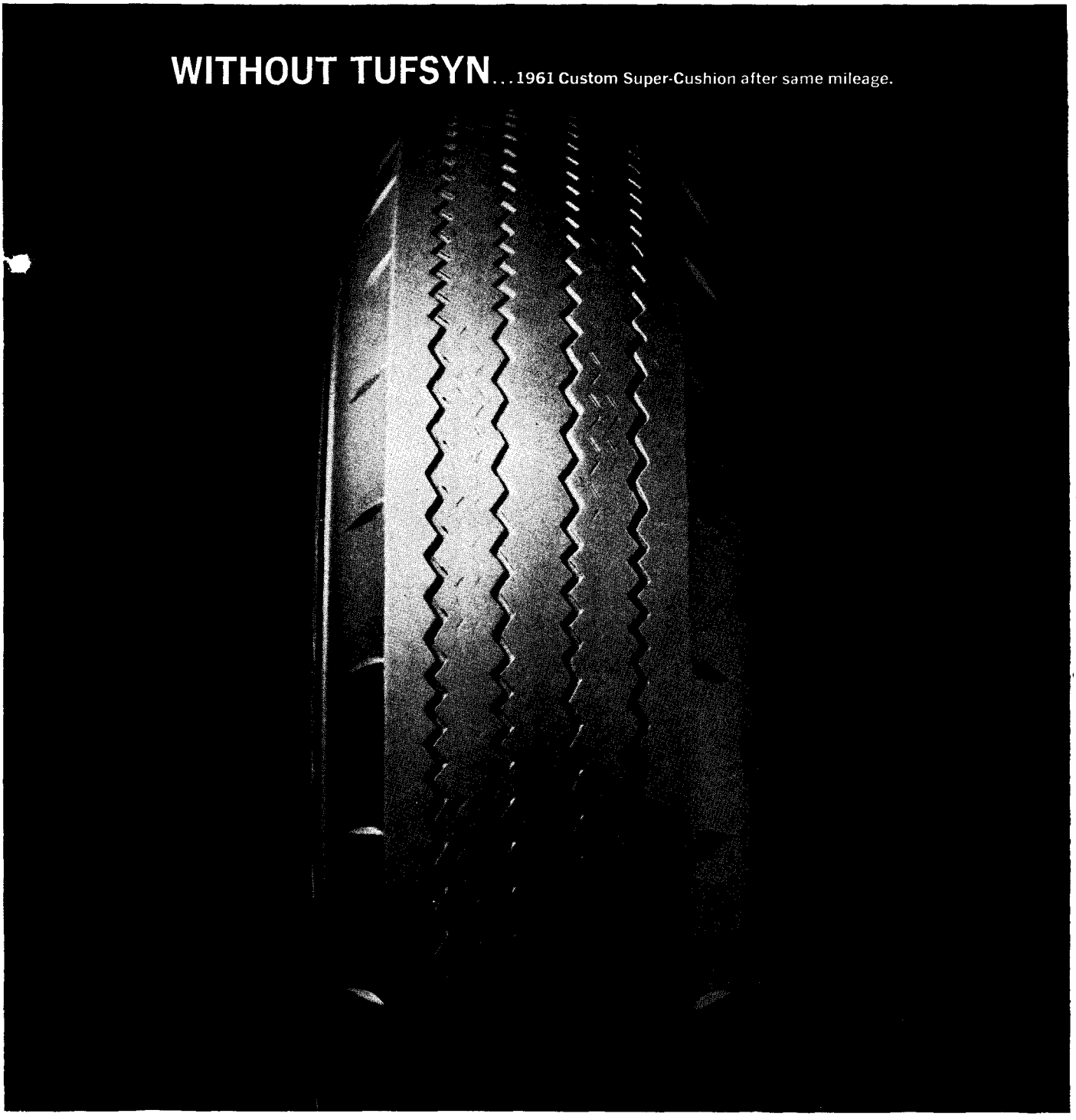


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*Saturday Review*

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MARCH 17, 1962

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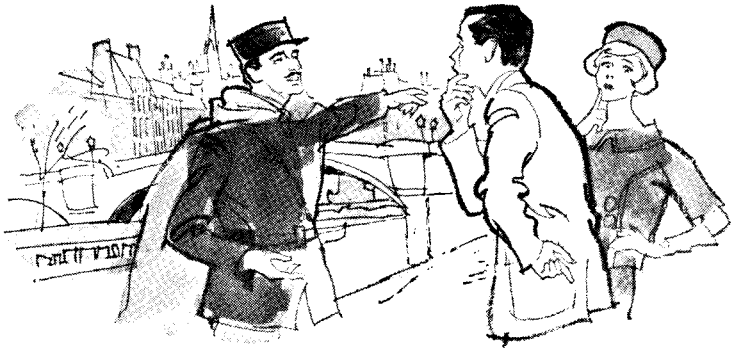

**There we were standing tongue-tied and embarrassed on a foreign street!**

We had lost our way, so we used a few of our "handy phrases" to question a friendly looking policeman. But when he answered, it was like the waiter, the taxi-driver, the store clerk all over again. Try as we might, *we could not catch a single word* — to our unaccustomed ears his syllables just ran together in a blur! Imagine us there, on our vacation, standing helpless and uncomprehending as a pair of stray sheep!

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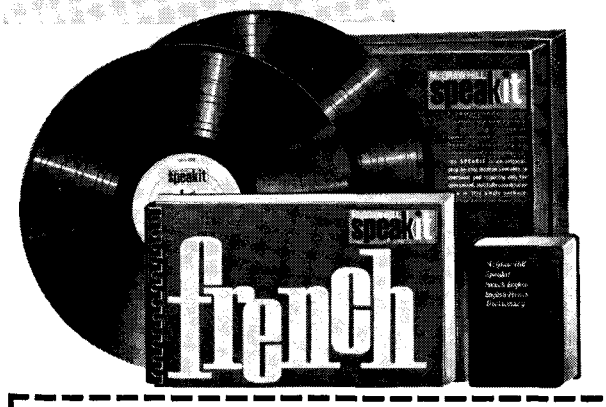


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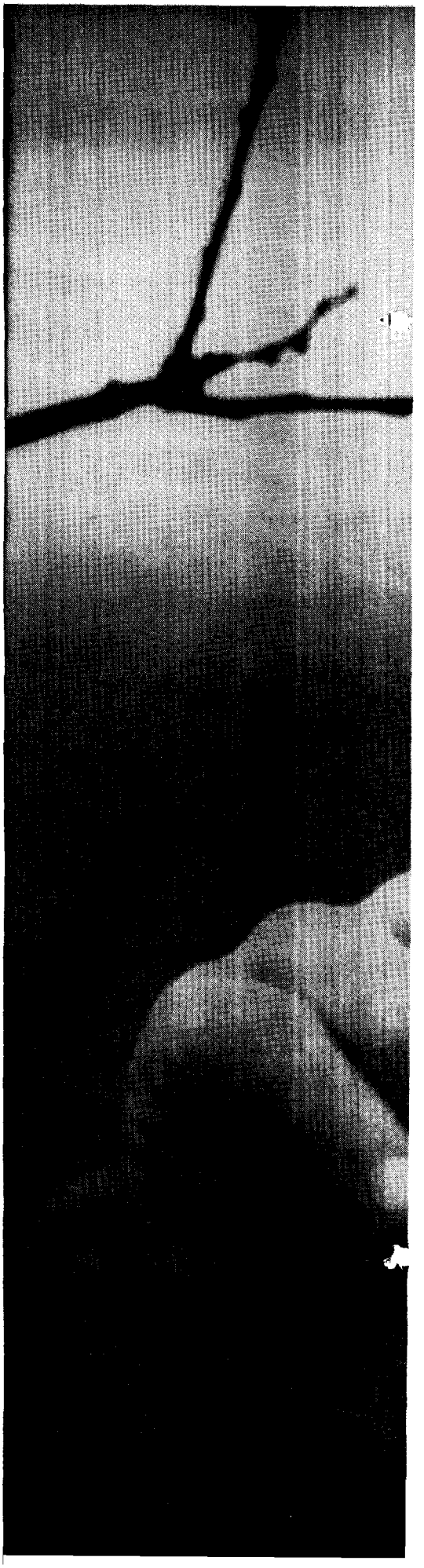

● Why do they stick to the twig? Where did they come from? When will they fall?

The questions of a child come as a summer shower. Suddenly. Insistently. Giving life to new growth.

And this is as it should be.

For "curiosity is one of the permanent and certain characteristics of a vigorous mind." So wrote Samuel Johnson in 1751.

And today, as perhaps never before in history, there is need for vigorous minds with restless curiosity.

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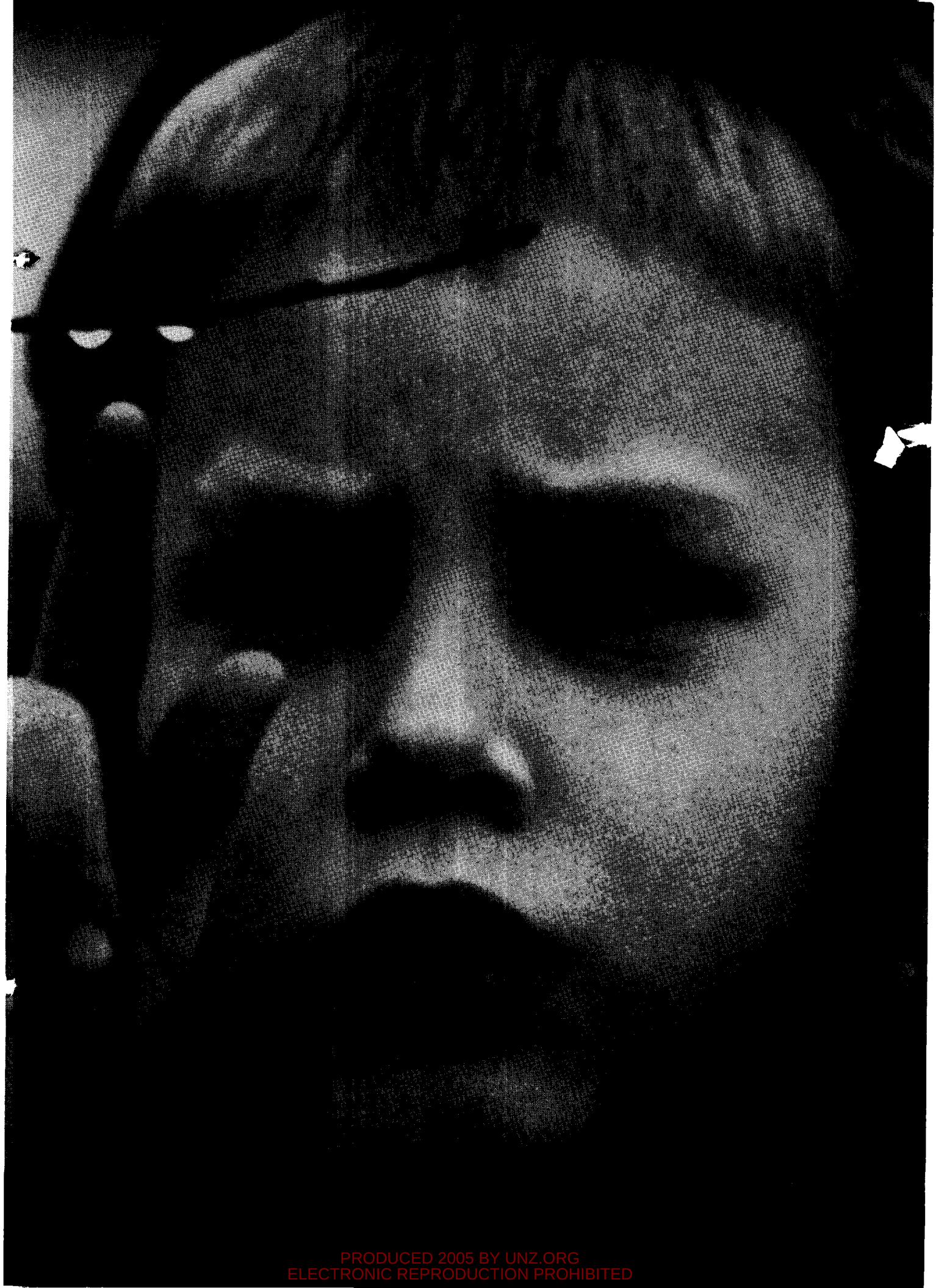

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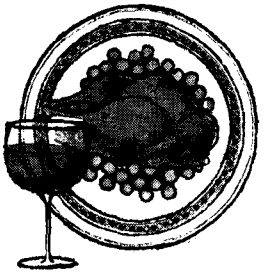
*When she takes fowl (petit poulet)*



*And you want steak (mignon filet)*

*For wine to suit you both, just say*

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## Why Abdul Can't Read

Edited by Martin Levin

### ENGLISH WITHOUT TEARS

"TURKISH is very easy," my friend Mustafa Karan told me when he heard I was going to Ankara for three months to teach playwriting at the University. "The Roman alphabet that Ataturk substituted for the Arabic script is utterly phonetic. It is indeed, though you do have to remember that *c* is *j* and *ç* is *ch*, and a few things like that. It's a lot less bothersome than getting to know how to pronounce *ough* in English.

"Also," my Turkish friend added, "grammar is just as simple and economical. The verb always goes at the end of a sentence." He gave me an example. The five words "The farmer killed his hens" boil down to three, *Çiftçi tavuklarini kesti*. The words break up like this:

| *Çift* | *çi* | *tavuk* | *lar* | *i* | *ni* | *kes* | *t* | *i* |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Plow | er | hen | plural | his | obj.case | kill | past | singular |

I wasn't really dismayed, but I thought I'd better save time by using a word-book and just a few simple expressions. So, as I happened to be in London, I went to Foyles', which is supposed to be the biggest bookstore in England. Yes, they had a thing called "Conversation Book," and it had gone through seven editions—which was comforting. But when I discovered all by my monolingual self that it had been concocted by a Turkish sea captain to help Turks to speak English, I almost left it behind. Then I saw the captain's guide to pronouncing the English words and I fell in love with the little book.

| *English* | *Pronunciation* |
|---|---|
| The boy and the girl are gland | Zi boy end zi gerl are glet |
| You are chewing your words on your mouth. | Yu ar çiuvin yur vords in yur mavz |
| It is over than six | It iz over zen siks |
| It striked eight | It straykit eyt |
| Did you conserve his recpekt? | Dit yu konserv hiz respekt |
| He suffacate his own sentiment | He soffokeyt hiz ovin sentimen |
| You will si zi flavers | Yu vil si zi flavers |
| At wat time you are taking your launch? | Et vat taym yu are teykin yur lanç |
| I am afraid that the hail is caused in jory the fruits? | Ay em afreyt ze heil is kozt in çori zi fruist? |
| Have you ready shoes | Hev yu ridi shûz |
| You did not dried the boody-linens | Yu dit not drayt zi bodi-laynuns |
| Consider it that it is too strong and very good | Konsider it zet it iz tü sthong ent veri güt |
| Will he has no a waistcoat? | Vil he hez no ey veistkôt? |
| What do you writing? | Vat du yu raytin? |
| What do you thing for English? | Vat du yu sing for inglis |
| I am finding it almost easy | Ay em fayndin it olmost izi |

—KENNETH MACGOWAN.

• • •

### ON THE TELEPHONE

I READ in the paper that a man has invented a gadget that can trace a telephone call. It's automatic, and once the call has been made, the gadget can perform its function regardless of what happens in the interim. The soon-to-be-caught caller can hang up, but he won't get off without being identified.

The possibilities opened up by the new gadget are something. Can you imagine what this can do for survey takers? Hook that thing up to the weather forecast number, the time



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number, and dial-a-prayer and you can learn a lot about a lot of people.

Anyway, reading about this new gadget, I began to wonder what it is that has brought so much attention to telephones recently. Perhaps it is this new direct dialing, a thing that certainly has enhanced the telephone's capacity for making the user feel powerful. We play a game at our house called "Place the Place." The person who is "it" dials a code number and then 555-1212, and the other players have to guess, on the basis of the information operator's voice, the name of the place that "it" has dialed. It's a free service of the telephone company.

But to get back to where I started—to the gadget. When I read that story in the paper, I decided to think of other gadgets that I'd like to see invented for use with my telephone. Here are a few that I came up with:

A recording of my name and telephone number for use when I am answered by a recording asking for my name and telephone number. Perhaps it will include a couple of beeps.

A button that I can push when my calls are answered by the question, "Would you hold on please?" The button would energize a circuit that (1) begins to charge the other party for the phone call and (2) sounds a loud buzzer on my phone when the other party is ready to talk.

A circuit that will go into operation after I have been called by a solicitor who is methodically calling names in the directory and after I have finally convinced him or her that I am not interested in subscribing to the paper, sheathing my house in aluminum, or what have you. The circuit will automatically call the solicitor's number and play a fifteen-minute recording describing the right of the individual to be left alone provided he is not bothering anyone.

A recording of a Viennese voice stating that when a caller has been told that he has a wrong number and believes he is being lied to, it might be a sign of latent paranoia in the caller.

Enough about gadgets. One more thing about telephones, though. I've been told that the telephone companies are going to conduct a brotherhood campaign in this country next year, with a slogan that admonishes people not to judge one another by the colors of their skins, but by the colors of their phones. And I've been told that the marketing acumen displayed by the telephone people in this country is being matched throughout the world. In Europe, the phone companies have a special instrument for sale at a premium to members of royal families. It's a quaint little number that's called The Peasant. —ROBERT BARASCH.


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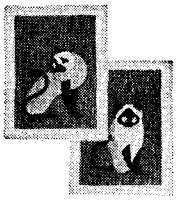
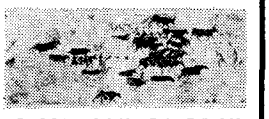
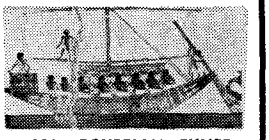


**P-847. JAPANESE CATS.** Cats in black, white and a soft bluish-gray, against a background of warm burnt sienna, on hand made Japanese rice paper. 19″ x 14″ picture on 24″ x 18″ sheet. Silk screen. *The pair, special* **3.95**



**P-815. SAHARA ROCK PAINTING.** One of the most beautiful of the magnificent prehistoric Tassili rock frescoes, only recently discovered in the Sahara. Cattle in greens, browns, purples and reds, against a soft beige background. Silk screen. 42″ wide x 14″ high picture on a special parchment paper. *Special* **5.95**

**P-866. KLEE: PUPPET SHOW.** A charming and nostalgic silk screen reproduction in bright yellow, blue, purple, red, magenta, green and pink. 23″ x 16½″. *Special* **3.95**



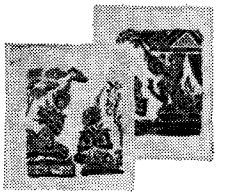
**P-820. EGYPTIAN FUNERARY BOAT.** A scene from the Tomb of Menna at Thebes, depicting the funerary voyage of the dead; filled with many varying shades of green, gray, yellow and off-white, with reddish-brown figures. Silk screen. 16″ high x 32″ wide picture area. *Special* **2.98**

**P-874. PICASSO: BULLFIGHTER.** This handsome and vibrantly sensuous figure in profile is silk screened in shades of rich purple on a sheet 26″ x 20″. *Special* **1.98**

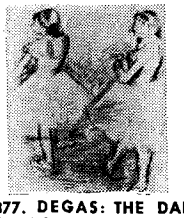
**P-862. MARINI: TWO ACROBATS.** Richly colored with black, gray, olive-green, yellow-ochre and red-orange. Silk screen. 22″ x 16″ picture on 26″ x 20″ sheet. *Special* **2.98**

**P-861. MARINI: THE RIDER.** A familiar theme of this modern master, in black and gray with a red border. Silk screen. 20″ x 16″ picture on 26″ x 20″ sheet. *Special* **2.98**

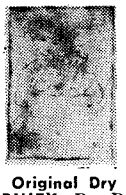
**P-865. KLEE: SINBAD THE SAILOR.** The famous *Arabian Nights* hero in blues from sky to midnight, highlighted with vivid pinks, marigold, red, white, black and warm orange. Silk screen. 16½″ x 23″. *Special* **3.95**



**P-828. BANGKOK TEMPLE RUBBINGS.** Rama and Sita, the idealized lovers of Buddhist legend. Silk screened in charcoal gray and light gray on special hand-made paper 24½″ x 19½″. *The pair, special* **2.98**

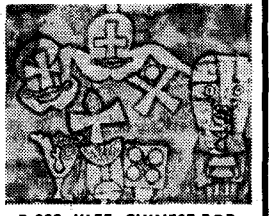


**P-877. DEGAS: THE DANCERS.** The delicate pastels of the figures are individually hand-colored (pochoir process) to duplicate the soft tones of the original. Green background. 20¼″ x 15¼″ on 25″ x 19″ sheet. *Special* **3.95**



**P-827. Original Dry Point: MATERNITY.** By Robert Cariola. Ltd. edition signed by artist. Original dry point engraving evoking the charm of motherhood in simple incisive lines against a soft gray background. 17½″ x 11¾″ on 22½″ x 17½″ paper. *Special* **9.95**

**P-878. DEGAS: DANCER WITH FAN.** This pochoir (individually hand-colored) collotype on a green background reproduces exactly the delicate pastels of the famous masterpiece. 20½″ x 14¼″ on 25″ x 19″ sheet. *Special* **3.95**



**P-888. KLEE: CHINESE PORCELAIN.** Charming, oriental fantasy in red, blue, brown, tan, purple, white, green, yellow, grey and silvertone. Red background. Silk-screen. 17″ x 21″ on 20″ x 26″ stock. *Special* **3.95**

**P-795. MATISSE: CHARIOT.** A charmingly gay panel of highly decorative shapes in light purple, blue, green, orange and black dramatically set against a white background. Silk screen. 16½″ high x 38″ wide. Matisse at his most lighthearted. A magnificent wall decoration for home, office, or classroom. *Special* **2.98**

**P-859. WINSLOW HOMER: GULF STREAM.** A silk screen reproduction of one of Homer's most popular oil paintings, dominated by dark blue-greens, with grays, reds and browns. Original in Metropolitan Museum of Art. 12½″ x 20″ on 20″ x 26″ sheet. *Special* **3.95**

**P-843. BYZANTINE MOSAIC.** Gold, black, red, blue and purple dominate this striking religious scene. Silk screen. 29″ x 22½″ on 35″ x 26″ sheet. *Special* **4.95**

**P-860. MARC: THE BLUE HORSE.** Silk screen on Canvas. Blue horse against green, yellow, pink, gray, purple, red and orange. 24″ x 18″ picture, on 30″ x 20″ canvas. *Special* **7.95**

**P-816. RENOIR: CLOWN IN WHITE.** A portrait of his son in clown costume. Red-haired figure in pink and white; tan foreground against a blue and green background. Silk screen. 16″ x 22″. *Special* **2.98**

**P-805. AZTEC GODDESS—Pre-Columbian Masterpiece.** A Maize Goddess, with massive headdress and ornaments executed in detail. Silk screen reproduction in stone-colored brown, on hand-made Japanese rice paper. 36″ x 24″. *Special* **2.98**



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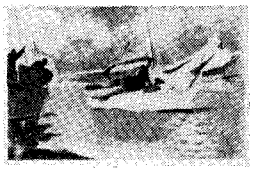
**P-794. CHINESE TOMB TILES.** Two magnificent silk screen reproductions on fine quality rag paper, done in pale aquamarine, Chinese red and subtle off-white. Each panel is 14" high x 38" wide; together they make a striking wall decoration over six feet long. *The pair, special* **5.95**



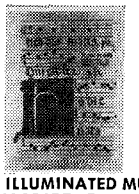
**P-724. WINSLOW HOMER: FISHING BOATS, KEY WEST.** Small boat anchored in calm water alongside boat in deep shadow. White boat contrasts sharply with leaden sky and blue water. 14" x 21¾". Silk screen. *Special* **2.98**

**P-873. PICASSO: APOTHEOSIS OF THE BULLFIGHT.** A brilliant montage of evocations of the bull ring and the spirit of the torero, in rich purple. Silk screen. 26" x 20". *Special* **1.98**

**P-887. KLEE: FLOWER MYTH.** Familiar and exotic forms in reds, blues, browns, tans, purple, white, greens, yellow-greens, grey and silvertone on a red background. Silk screen. 22" x 12" on 26" x 20" stock. *Special* **3.95**

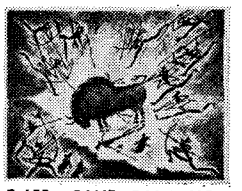
**P-891. JAPANESE CRANES.** A handsome serigraph in orange, greys, black and metallic gold, from the lid of a Japanese writing box, attributed to Ogata Korin, 1653-1716. 17" x 19" on a 23" x 27" sheet. *Special* **2.98**

**P-723. WINSLOW HOMER: SLOOP, BERMUDA.** Watercolor with vibrant blues and greens, creamy whites evoking atmosphere of the sea against storm-gathering sky. 15" x 21½". Silk screen. *Special* **2.98**

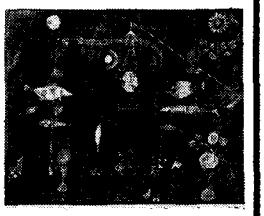


**P-776. ILLUMINATED MUSIC MANUSCRIPT.** Imported vellum simulates time-worn beauty of 16th century Spanish original. Black and red hand-lettered bars. Initial letter of gold, purple, green, red, blue. 26" x 19". *Special* **4.95**

**P-844. GAUGUIN: NAFEA.** Two South Seas maidens in pink and red. Rich background of greens, orange, purples, yellow. Silk screen. 22½" x 17" on 35" x 23" sheet. *Special* **3.95**

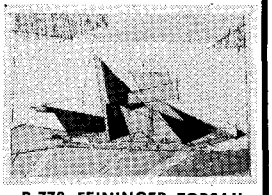


**P-659. CAVE PAINTING—THE BISON HUNT.** Monumental wounded bison surrounded by hunters moving in for the kill. Browns, terra cotta, sand colors, ochre, yellow and green. 21¾" x 27" on a 26" x 34" sheet. *Special* **4.95**



**P-825. KLEE: FISH MAGIC.** Tropical fish in pink, red, blue and yellow. Underwater flowers of blue, pink and red against a red and blue-grey background. Silk screen. 17" x 21¾". *Special* **3.95**

**P-817. ETRUSCAN FIGURES AND HORSES.** Simple, stylized figures in reddish-brown, green and black against a soft tan background; from the Tomb of the Baron, Tarquinii, painted about 510 B.C. 14" high x 32" wide. Silk screen reproduction of an ancient masterpiece. *Special* **2.98**



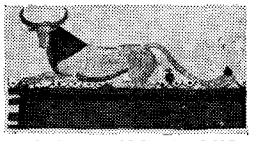
**P-778. FEININGER: TOPSAIL SCHOONER.** The linear sensitivity and precise construction of this unusual watercolor are matched by the fluidity of its tonalities of gray, blue, umber, yellow and black. Silk screen. 26½" high x 30" wide. *Special* **2.98**

**P-857. HOMER: PALM TREE, NASSAU.** Silk screen of famous watercolor. Mediterranean blues and greens against touches of gray, yellow, pink. 20" x 14" on 26" x 20" sheet. *Special* **2.98**

**P-829. FOUR LAUTREC POSTERS.** *Aristide Bruant, Moulin Rouge, Jane Avril, Divan Japonais.* Vivid blacks, reds, greens, yellows. Each 30" x 20". *Set of four, special* **3.88**

**P-824. KLEE: BIRD GARDEN.** A delightful arrangement of red and white birds among plants of pale and medium blues, blue-green and green, set off by the yellow and tan gate and rich red-brown background. Silk-screen. 17" x 23¾". *Special* **3.95**

**P-823. FRANZ MARC—ON CANVAS: RED HORSES.** A fine animal study by the modern German master. Brilliant reds, blues, blue-greens, yellows, and yellow-greens on an orange background, silk-screened in rich oils. 17" x 26" on a 20" x 30" canvas. *Special* **7.95**

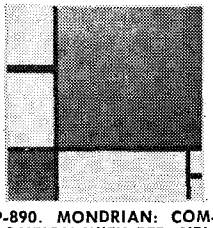


**P-818. ETRUSCAN TOMB PAINTING: CROUCHING BULL.** A fascinating bull in pink-beige, red-brown and blue, from the walls of the Tomb of the Bulls, one of the oldest sources of paintings at Tarquinii, at least 2600 years old. 16" high x 32" wide. Silk screen. *Special* **2.98**

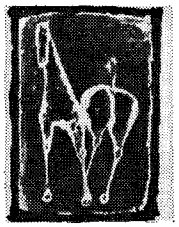
**P-819. EGYPTIAN TOMB PAINTING: FURNITURE BEARERS.** From the Tomb of Ramose at Thebes; an example of the Transitional Phase of the XVIIIth Dynasty. Reddish-brown figures predominate against a tan background. Silk screen. 20" x 32". *Special* **2.98**

**P-797. CRETAN WALL PAINTING: BULL DANCERS.** This late Minoan frieze, of about 1500 B.C., is from the Palace at Knossos. Silk screened on rag paper in reds, blues, yellows, browns, grays and black. 17" high x 46" wide. *Special* **5.95**

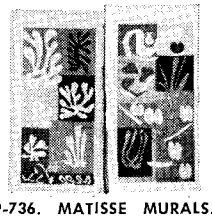
**P-807. FRIEZE FROM A CHINESE TEMPLE.** This treasure of Oriental art, more than 18 centuries old, makes a marvelous wall decoration for home or office. A unique silk screen reproduction of a Han Dynasty stone rubbing in vermilion and gray on a stylish modern panel shape. 12½" high x 50" wide. *Special* **2.98**



**P-890. MONDRIAN: COMPOSITION WITH RED, YELLOW & BLUE.** The plastic purity of Mondrian's abstract art is brilliantly apparent in this beautiful silk-screen reproduction. 19" x 19" on a 23" x 26" sheet. *Special* **2.98**



**P-889. MARINI: HORSE.** A handsome silk-screen reproduction showing the linear vitality of the famous Italian modern. Red ochre, green, black and gray. 22" x 15" on 20" x 26" stock. *Special* **2.98**



**P-736. MATISSE MURALS.** Two late works, *Snow Flowers* and *Vegetables*, each 35½" x 14". White flowers against green, orange, maroon, beige. Vegetables in white, green, yellow, blue. Limited ed. *The pair, special* **3.98**

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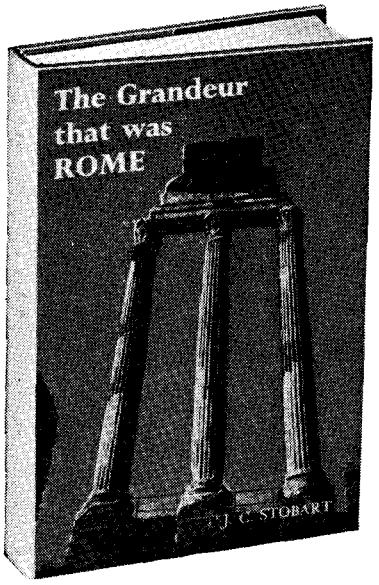


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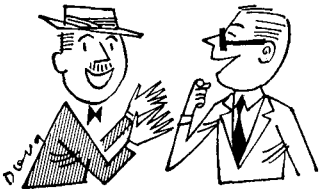
# TRADE Winds

**WE HAVE BEEN** able to observe at close quarters the behind-the-scenes machinery of one of the more fascinating and popular television shows on the air—"Candid Camera." As the brain child of Allen Funt, the show enjoyed moderate success during its evolution from the original "Candid Mike," but during the last few years it has quickly soared to such popularity that it is now



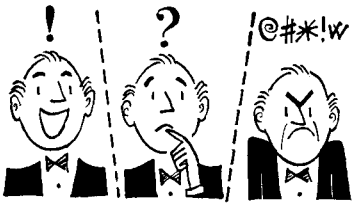
the highest-rated show on the CBS-TV Sunday night line-up. The show, which is often hilarious, hardly suggests the deadly serious and often tedious work behind it. Each laugh is achieved only at the expense of long and arduous labor.

Contrary to the suggestion of some critics, the show is not based on sadistic humor, nor is it an invasion of privacy. With rare exceptions the "subject"—as the person involved in a segment is referred to—enjoys the situation as much as the audience does. When the average subject is told that he is on "Candid Camera," the reaction is nearly always one of delight. Part of the reason is that the segments are designed to bring out the better side of a person's nature, to appeal to his sense of honor or duty, or to create bafflement or puzzlement rather than shock of any kind. The private life of the subject is carefully avoided, and the locales selected for the scenes are those which are public, where the subject reacts in a normal way to an abnormal situation.

**ALLEN FUNT IS** an exacting perfectionist who works around the clock to see that optimum results are achieved from the daily footage brought in by his crews. Usually two crews are simultaneously at work at different locations (the cost of the operation averages nearly $3,000 a day). Five film editors screen the "dailies," looking for the best reactions of the subjects shot, who sometimes number twenty or thirty in a single day. They are constantly on the lookout for subjects who may have been aware that they were under the camera's scrutiny, who may have gone along with the gag by acting a role instead of being themselves. If a subject is even suspected of play-acting he is dropped from the show.

**A FREQUENT COMMENT** by subjects who are told that they are on "Candid Camera" is: "I always thought I'd never be caught off guard." But very few do discover the camera—not one in several hundred—the reason being, of course, that they are preoccupied at the time, and fail to notice the hidden camera grinding away. What's more, only an infinitesimal number of subjects fail to sign the required release, granting permission for the show to use the picture. The most pressing question is: When am I going to be on the air?

**THE AMOUNT OF** back-breaking work that goes into four or five minutes on the air is prodigious. Recently a segment was designed to show how a husband would react if his wife got a strike every time she hit any pin whatever on




the bowling lane. The camera concentrated for the most part on the husband as he watched the wife racking up a perfect game, while he struggled along with his average score. One husband—a fairly good bowler—began by giving his neophyte wife a few pointers on the game, and then watched her as she made four straight strikes, thanks to a special Rube Goldberg machine designed by the "Candid Camera" staff. His first reaction was one of husbandly admiration. Later, he shifted from joy, to puzzlement, to irritation, to almost angry amazement as she pulled down a 270 score. (The machine would not be operated if the wife threw a gutter ball, which she did three times.)

**THE PSYCHOLOGICAL PROBLEM** of setting up this part of the show was a real one. If the wife found herself bowling a perfect game, the letdown would be abysmal when she learned it was a mechanically designed Olympian triumph. What's more, she might be thrown into a fit of false delight. On the other hand, if she were tipped off ahead of time that she was to star on "Candid Camera," she might become self-con-



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scious and nervous. The problem was solved by telling the wife at the desk, out of earshot of her husband, that a magazine article was being written about a husband's reaction to his wife's superiority, and that he would be interviewed after she had bowled a perfect game. She was sworn to secrecy, and of the thirty-odd subjects photographed, not one wife broke the code.

**BUT THE SHOW** doesn't depend on gags and improbable situations alone. Its segments with children have been among the warmest seen on the air. Funt, who has three children of his own, has a special knack for bringing out a youngster's natural charm. One of the most appealing spots showed a three-year-old girl who was confronted, a few days *after* Christmas, with Santa Claus, who asked her what she wanted next year. But her desires had all been fulfilled, and she explained this, standing silently afterward looking at Santa Claus with love and affection. Then, with an impulsive movement, she went forward to him, kissed him on the cheek, and left abruptly with tears in her eyes.

Some of the facets of American life seen on the show have been considered by savants as classic portraits of the contemporary scene. Noting the fantastically bizarre gestures used by steel workers in directing the derricks and cranes to their proper position, Funt sent out his crews all over Manhattan to capture them in action. A montage of their movements, scored to special music, became a ballet that could take its place in the Museum of Modern Art film library.

The mail constantly brings in requests for other classics recorded by the cameras, some of which appeared years ago. Soon these requests may be fulfilled, if plans go according to schedule. Funt is working on a full-length feature film for theatre distribution so fans can watch all the classics to their hearts' content. —JOHN G. FULLER.

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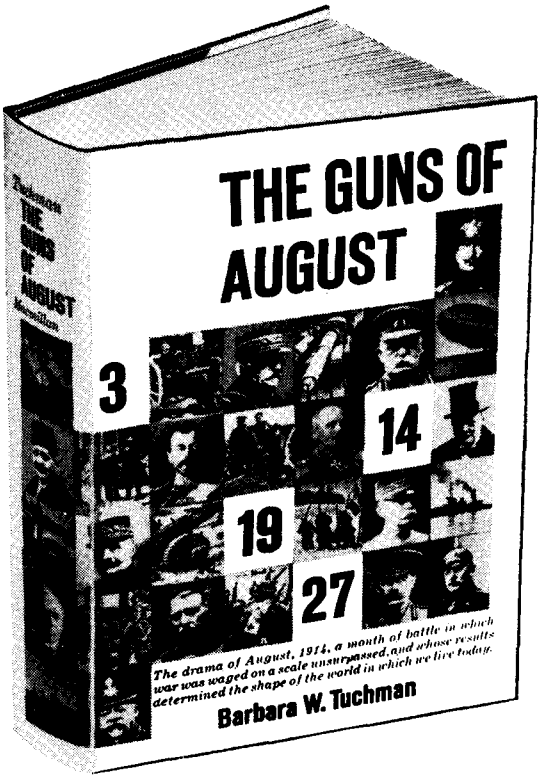
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*Saturday Review*
MARCH 17, 1962

# Countdown at the U.N.

". . . This Administration intends to explore promptly all possible areas of cooperation with the Soviet Union and other nations 'to invoke the wonders of science instead of its terrors.' Specifically, I now invite all nations—including the Soviet Union—to join with us in developing a weather prediction program, in a communications satellite program, and in preparation for probing the distant planets of Mars and Venus, probes which may someday unlock the deepest secrets of the universe.

"Today this country is ahead in the science and technology of space, while the Soviet Union is ahead in the capacity to lift large vehicles into orbit. Both nations would help themselves as well as other nations by removing these endeavors from the bitter and wasteful competition of the Cold War. The United States would be willing to join with the Soviet Union and the scientists of all nations in a greater effort to make the fruits of this new knowledge available to all. . . ."

*—President Kennedy in his State of the Union Address, January 30, 1961.*

By RICHARD N. GARDNER, *Deputy Assistant Secretary of State for International Organization Affairs. Mr. Gardner, who has been closely concerned with the U.N. space program, is on leave from his post as professor of international law at Columbia University.*

THE COUNTDOWN begins next week for one of the most difficult—but potentially one of the most hopeful—space launchings yet to take place.

The event will not occur at Cape Canaveral or at an unknown site within the Soviet Union. It will not even involve an actual missile. Instead, the launching pad is over at Forty-second Street and the East River on Manhattan Island. The event is one that has been more than two years in the making—the launching, with the United States, the Soviet Union, and twenty-six other countries aboard, of the U.N. Committee on the Peaceful Uses of Outer Space.

There is no doubt that the Committee will get off its launching pad. The real question is whether it will achieve a useful orbit.

Experience has taught us to appreciate the difficulties as well as the possibilities inherent in cooperative space activities. The dawn of the space age fostered unrealistic notions of how technology might heal the breaches of the Cold War. Outer space, however, cannot be regarded as a realm divorced from the political realities of life on earth. As one of our leading space experts likes to say, "Space is a place, not a topic." The things nations do in space are largely extensions of their earthbound activities; they will inevitably reflect military, political, economic, and scientific interests. Early difficulties in developing a U.N. program of outer space cooperation provide convincing evidence of this fact.

YET recent events justify a mood of cautious optimism. In his letter to President Kennedy of February 21 congratulating the U.S. on the successful orbiting of Lieutenant Colonel John H. Glenn, Premier Khrushchev noted significantly: "If our countries pooled their efforts—scientific, technical, and material—to explore outer space, this would be very beneficial to the advance of science and would be acclaimed by all peoples who would like to see scientific achievements benefit man and not be used for 'Cold War' purposes and the arms race."

The next day the President replied: "I am instructing the appropriate officers of this Government to prepare new and concrete proposals for immediate projects of common action, and I hope that at a very early date our rep-



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resentatives may meet to discuss our ideas and yours in a spirit of practical cooperation."

The significance of this exchange is enhanced by the basis for cooperation which has been laid in recent months. The United States, of course, has called for cooperation with the Soviet Union in outer space on many occasions. This offer was eloquently restated by President Kennedy in his first State of the Union message on January 30, 1961. Further impetus was given to the idea when, on September 25, the President laid before the United Nations a four-point program of space cooperation under United Nations auspices. The program called for a regime of law and order in outer space; the registration of satellites and space probes with the United Nations; a world-wide program of weather research and weather forecasting; and international cooperation in the establishment of a global system of communications satellites. A resolution embodying the President's program, co-sponsored by the U.S. and several friendly states, was placed before the United Nations on December 4. The Soviet Union, after some apparent hesitation, decided to co-sponsor the resolution—with only a few minor amendments. Moreover, it cooperated in the solution of the procedural difficulties which had hitherto prevented the Outer Space Committee from beginning its work.

What happened to produce this modest advance in U.N. space cooperation? How substantial a cooperative venture does it portend?

To answer these questions we must take a closer look at the program which was recently approved by the General Assembly.

The first part of the program looks toward a regime of law and order in outer space on the basis of two fundamental principles:

1) International law, including the United Nations Charter, applies to outer space and celestial bodies.

2) Outer space and celestial bodies are free for exploration and use by all states in conformity with international law, and are not subject to national appropriation.

The General Assembly did not seek, quite rightly in the judgment of the United States, to go beyond these two principles and to define just where air space leaves off and outer space begins. It has been the general view, not challenged by any nation, that satellites so far placed in orbit have been operating in outer space. But the drawing of a precise boundary must await further experience and a consensus among nations.

The U.N. program takes international law and the U.N. Charter as the standard for space activities. Mankind would thus be free to use space on the same basis as it uses the high seas—free of any restraints except those on illegal activity such as aggression and exclusive use. This formula is designed to promote the maximum exploitation of space technology in the service of human needs. It is designed to prevent space and celestial bodies from becoming the objects of competing national claims.

Within this general framework, the Outer Space Committee, through its technical and legal subcommittees, will now seek to develop further standards for the conduct of space activities which will serve the interest of all nations —standards covering such matters as liability for injury caused by space vehicles and the return of space vehicles and personnel.

A second aspect of the new U.N. program is the registration of objects launched into orbit or beyond. Under the resolution, information on these objects is to be furnished promptly to the outer space committee through the Secretary General, for the use of all members of the United Nations.

To fulfill its obligations under this part of the U.N. resolution, the United States has submitted a comprehensive inventory of all U.S. satellites in sustained orbit and will keep this initial registration up-to-date by the periodic filing of new information.

The establishment of a complete registry of space vehicles marks a modest but important step toward openness in the conduct of space activity. It will benefit all nations, large and small, interested in identifying space vehicles. It might make a modest contribution to the eventual establishment of a system of pre-launch inspection as part of a comprehensive disarmament agreement.

The third part of the new space program looks toward a world-wide program of weather research and weather prediction.

The space age has brought a revolutionary advance in meteorology. Orbiting weather satellites, supplementing other advances in meteorological technology such as sounding rockets, radar, and electronic computers, make it possible now for the first time to keep the entire atmosphere of the earth under constant observation.

The United Nations program calls upon the World Meteorological Organization (WMO), in collaboration with UNESCO and the scientific community, to develop two kinds of proposals. The first is for an international research program to yield information essential for improved weather prediction and perhaps eventually weather control. The second is for an international weather service program—a global network of regional weather stations to receive, process, and transmit meteorological information from orbiting weather satellites as well as earth-based instruments.

The United States has offered to make the weather data received from U.S. satellites available for this international program. Indeed, we are already making available to other countries the information received from our Tiros satellites and are developing methods to permit direct transmission of satellite cloud photography to any part of the world.

The world-wide program of weather forecasting and weather research could lead to the saving of billions of dollars in the U.S. alone. It holds special promise for countries in the tropics and the southern hemisphere where vast areas cannot be covered by present techniques.

More accurate prediction of storms, floods, rainfall, and drought will bring major savings in life and property. Significant increases in farm production will be made possible as the nature and timing of crop planting are adjusted to take account of future weather patterns.

Increased knowledge of the atmosphere may lead to new solutions to air pollution above our cities. Eventually, it may help us break up dangerous storms and achieve some control over climate and rainfall.

The cost of the world-wide weather program is small

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compared to its potential benefits. The challenge to the U.N. is to develop a program which will encourage the necessary cooperation among nations in research, in the training of weather experts, in construction of weather stations, in the tracking of weather satellites, and in the exchange of weather information.

The fourth part of the U.N. program of space cooperation looks toward the establishment of a global system of communication satellites.

Space technology has opened up vast possibilities for international communications. According to many current estimates, it should be technically possible by the end of this decade to have in operation a global system of telegraph, telephone, radio, and television communication.

The cost of an initial system is estimated at upwards of $200 million. Its benefits would be impressive.

With the aid of satellites, telephone communication between continents will become immeasurably easier. Communication satellites can offer twenty times the number of telephone channels available in our existing undersea cables. If intercontinental telephone communication increases sufficiently to fill this huge capacity, it may someday be possible to place a call to any place in the world for approximately the same charge as to another city in the United States.

Intercontinental radio and television open even more dramatic prospects. According to David Sarnoff, Chairman of the Board of the Radio Corporation of America, there are now some 100 million television receivers in use in seventy-five countries of the world. By the end of this decade, when a communication satellite network could be operating, there will be some 200 million receivers. Programs will have a potential audience of nearly one billion people.

This fundamental breakthrough in communication could affect the lives of people everywhere. It could forge new bonds of mutual knowledge and understanding between nations. It could offer a powerful tool to improve literacy and education in developing nations. It would enable leaders of nations to talk face to face on a convenient and reliable basis.

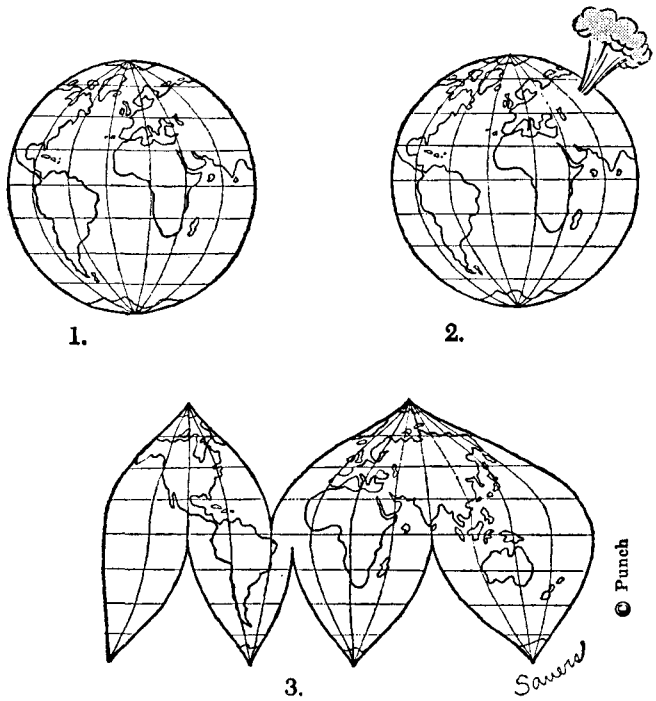
Some time in the future lies the prospect of direct broadcast radio and television. When this day comes, it may be possible to beam programs from communications satellites directly into people's homes.

The satellite system likely to be in use within this decade, however, will be for point-to-point relay between central installations in different countries. This means that the benefits of space communications can be made available to all peoples only through political as well as technical cooperation.

The United Nations program represents a modest step toward world-wide cooperation on these problems. It starts from a principle now unanimously endorsed in the U.N. resolution—that satellite communication should be available to the nations of the world as soon as practicable on a global and nondiscriminatory basis. This is a valuable recognition that, in principle, efforts should be made to develop a single commercial system for all nations of the world rather than competing systems between contending political blocs.

A second principle underlying the program is that the United Nations should be able to use communications satellites both in communicating with its representatives around the world and in broadcasting programs of information and education. Within the next year or two the U.S. will be able to offer its satellites, on an experimental basis, for live TV transmission across the North Atlantic of brief broadcasts from the United Nations.

A third principle is the importance of technical assistance and economic aid to develop the internal communication




systems of the less developed countries. A country with an inadequate telephone and radio system and no television at all cannot participate fully in a global network of communications.

Beyond these principles, there is general agreement on the important role in space communications that should be played by the United Nations and its interested specialized agencies. The International Telecommunication Union has already laid tentative plans to call a special conference in 1963 to make allocations of radio frequency bands for outer space activities. It is now proposed to broaden the scope of this conference to include consideration of other aspects of space communication in which international cooperation will be required.

Meanwhile, the ITU, like the WMO in the weather field, is charged with the responsibility of framing more specific proposals for consideration by the Outer Space Committee, the Economic and Social Council, and the General Assembly.

THIS review of the details of the program of space cooperation sponsored by the U.S. in the United Nations suggests some tentative answers to the questions asked earlier. It suggests that the program was endorsed by all U.N. members because it promised practical benefits to many nations—so much so as to be immune from effective partisan attack. It suggests that the program will achieve results so far as the specific proposals of cooperation commend themselves on a basis of national self-interest.

A program of space cooperation under U.N. auspices serves the national interest of the United States and other countries for three main reasons:

In the first place, it provides a way, despite political differences, to exploit the enormous possibilities which the space age opens for all mankind. The need for cooperation across political lines is supported by solid practical considerations. It is in the interest of all countries, whatever their ideology, that space and celestial bodies should not be the subject of competing national claims, that a comprehensive public registry of orbiting vehicles be maintained, that world-wide weather services be developed, and that communications among nations be improved.

To be sure, the deep political divergencies of our time have placed an upper limit on the extent of cooperation. But it is noteworthy, for example, that the Soviet Union, after years of resisting rules for frequency allocations and usage for radio communication, finally accepted the fre-



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quency allocations of the ITU for its own broadcasts in order to avoid interference and other difficulties in the operation of its radio circuits. Hopefully, the national interest of the Soviet Union will encourage it to cooperate from the outset in space communications.

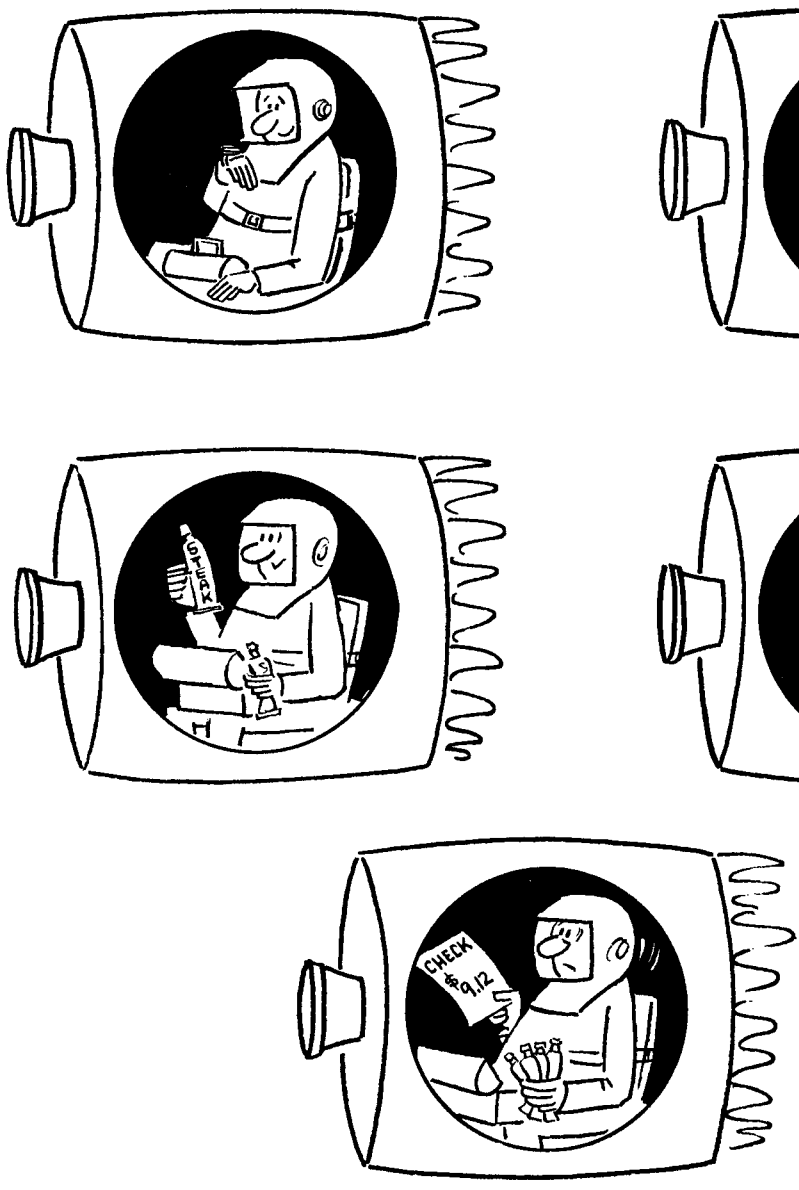
Beyond these practical considerations, the unique impact of outer space on the mind of man can be used to widen and deepen international cooperation. There is a widespread feeling that somehow man must venture beyond the globe in a spirit of cooperation rather than conflict—that activities in space should serve the interest of mankind as a whole. Our challenge is to use the drama attendant upon space technology to open doors of cooperation that might otherwise be locked.

IN the second place, the U.N. program has value quite apart from encouraging valuable cooperation with the Communist bloc. The assistance of many nations is needed if our national space program is to be successfully carried on. In weather and communications, for example, the technology of the United States can yield dividends to ourselves and others only if many nations join in allocating radio frequencies, in tracking and communicating with space vehicles, and in placing necessary ground installations on their territories. The United Nations can do much to facilitate cooperation on a free world basis even if universal participation is not achieved. A good start has already been made in such cooperation through the activities of the National Aeronautics and Space Administration, which has cooperative ventures with some forty countries involving tracking stations, exchanges of personnel, and joint space experiments.

In the third place, the program of space cooperation has deep significance for the U.N. itself. The United Nations and specialized agencies such as the ITU, WMO, and UNESCO will have new responsibilities for registering space vehicles, studying problems of space cooperation, and assisting in the development of world-wide weather and communications services. Such activities cannot fail to strengthen the United Nations as a force for peace by binding its members to it through ties of common interest. This is particularly true for some of the developing countries which stand to derive some of the greatest benefits.

All of these considerations lay behind these concluding words of Adlai Stevenson when he presented the outer space program to the last General Assembly:

"There is a right and a wrong way to get on with the business of space exploration. In our judgment, the wrong way is to allow the march of science to become a runaway race into the unknown. The right way is to make it an ordered, peaceful, cooperative, and constructive forward march under the aegis of the United Nations."



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# Mysteries of the Commonplace

By GRANVILLE HICKS

JOHN UPDIKE began publishing stories in *The New Yorker* in 1954, when he was twenty-two years old, and from the start it was clear that he was a gifted and interesting writer. His first collection of stories, "The Same Door," deserved praise, but it has been far outdistanced by his new collection, **"Pigeon Feathers"** (Knopf, $4); for he has been growing steadily in stylistic power, in architectural skill, and in depth of feeling. Seventeen of the nineteen stories in the present volume appeared in *The New Yorker*, but most of them go well beyond anything that can be regarded as a *New Yorker* formula. (So, it must in fairness be said, do many other stories that appear in that magazine.) Updike is not merely talented; he is bold, resourceful, and intensely serious.

His seriousness is not immediately apparent because he so often chooses to work with materials that seem slight and commonplace. Take such a story as "The Persistence of Desire": a young man, happily married, accidentally encounters a girl he had known and desired when they were both in high school, finds her attractive, and arranges to see her. That is all, and yet Updike manages to say a great deal about love and especially youth.

Take "Wife-wooing" and "Should Wizard Hit Mommy?" These are little stories about domestic life that might easily have been either completely flat or unbearably mawkish. Updike turns them into illuminating comments on the relations between husbands and wives and between parents and children. He is a most redoubtable explorer of the mysteries of the commonplace.

He could not achieve his particular effect without his astonishing gift of language, especially figurative language. "Lifeguard," for instance, is a brilliant virtuoso performance, really a single metaphor sustained by richly textured prose. Here is a passage from another story that suggests how beautifully he can create a mood:

> The sky beneath the shreds of snow was stone-colored. The murk inside the high classroom gave the air a solidity that limited the overhead radiance to its own vessels: six globes of dull incandescence floated on the top of a thin sea. The feeling the gloom gave him was not gloomy but joyous: he felt they were all sealed in, safe; the colors of cloth were dyed deeper, the sound of whispers was made more distinct, the smells of tablet paper and wet shoes and varnish and face powder pierced him with a vivid sense of possession. These were his classmates sealed in, his, the plain as well as the lovely, his enemies as well as his friends, his.

Many of the stories are autobiographical and are closely related, whether the hero is called Jack or Clyde, Allan or William, David or Robert. We see this hero as son, as husband, and as father. We see him as a high school boy in Pennsylvania, as a student in England, as a householder in Massachusetts.

Updike, however, is not merely making use of autobiographical materials; he is engaging in an ardent pursuit of the past. As epigraph he quotes a fine passage from Franz Kafka's "A Report to an Academy," in which Kafka confesses that "the strong wind that blew after me out of my past" is now "only a gentle puff of air that plays around my heels." One of Updike's characters asks, "What is the past, after all, but a vast sheet of darkness in which a few moments, pricked apparently at random, shine?"

Updike's aim is to preserve certain of these moments, not out of nostalgia but because they give meaning to life. His Jamesian eagerness to let no experience be wasted is heightened by his sense of impermanence. The title story tells vividly of a boy's horror of death and his consequent preoccupation with the problems that have always tortured men's minds. The young man who patrols the beach in "Lifeguard" spends his winters as a student, wrestling with the subtleties of the theologians, ancient and modern. "Young as I am," he reflects, "I can hear in myself the protein acids ticking; I wake at odd hours and in the shuddering darkness and silence feel my death rushing toward me like an express train." Looking at the crowd on the beach, he thinks, "No, in relation to other people oblivion is sensible and sanitary."

What Updike is up to becomes clearest in the two stories—if one can call them stories—that conclude the book. The first, entitled "The Blessed Man of Boston, My Grandmother's Thimble, and Fanning Island," is, as the name indicates, a kind of triptych. In the first part the narrator, seeing an old Chinese man after a ball game, meditates on all that could be made of his life. In the second the accidental sight of a thimble inspires a tender portrait of the narrator's grandmother. The third part begins with a quotation from Pascal: "Let us imagine a number of men in chains, and all condemned to death." What the narrator imagines is a group of Polynesians stranded on an island in the Pacific. There are no women among them, and extinction is their certain fate. He imagines the story as told by the last survivor, and he concludes:

> This is the outline, but it would be the days, the evocation of the days . . . the green days. The tasks, the grass, the weather, the shades of sea and air. Just as a piece of turf torn from a meadow becomes a *gloria* when drawn by Dürer. Details. Details are the giant's fingers. He seizes the stick and strips the bark and shows, burning beneath, the moist white wood of joy. For I thought that this story, fully told, would become without my willing it a happy story, a story full of joy; had my powers been greater, we would know. As it is, you, like me, must take it on faith.

The awareness of the ultimate doom, the feeling for details, for the moments that shine, and joy. These are the elements also of the final story, which is, to change the figure of speech, a quartet. The four movements contrast strongly, but there is a recurrent theme —mankind's constant reassertion of its own values in the face of an apparently indifferent universe. "We in America need ceremonies," the narrator concludes, and it is with ceremonies of one sort or another that the story is concerned.

I greatly admire Updike's "Rabbit, Run" (*SR*, Nov 5, 1960), that bitterly honest but compassionate saga of a youth who can come to no good end; but I think that some of these stories, and especially the two at the end, hold out an even larger hope for the future. We hear talk now and then of a breakthrough in fiction, the achievement of a new attitude and hence a new method; something like that seems close at hand in "Pigeon Feathers."



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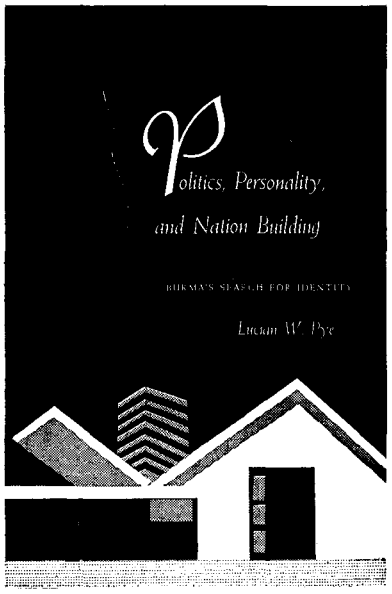
## *Book in the News*




By LIONEL LANDRY, *an old Burma hand now with the Foreign Policy Association.*

EACH of the new nations emerging into independence and, hopefully, the twentieth century has among American officials and administrators its claque of -philes and its cluster of -phobes, both often uncritically in love or at odds with the country that receives their ministrations.

If the critics too seldom examine the cultural roots of that country's odd political behavior, the friends too often fail to find anything odd about the behavior at all. However, when our technical assistance programs seem unproductive, both critic and defender, being Americans, turn their scrutiny to our methods of administration, to our personnel overseas, and to our manner of planning and executing activities for building new nations. Lucian Pye turns his scrutiny in **"Politics, Personality, and Nation Building: Burma's Search for Identity"** (Yale, $7.50), a brilliant essay on developmental politics, to the emerging nations and, more particularly, to their leaders.

What has impeded the nation-building process in these "transitional societies"? Mr. Pye looks past the arbitrary, the inefficient, the absurd state decision. He examines the psychological dimension of politics in the new country, the very special nature of "transitional" political life, and the interaction between the individual leader, his society, and the political forms of his cultural unit, forms in bewildering flux between a centuries-old traditional pattern and a dynamic, ill-apprehended, alien, and intrusive new pattern of values. He goes to the social and personal roots of national behavior.

The leader—whether politician or administrator—in the transitional society is caught in more than this rip-tide of colliding currents of civilization. There is also the undertow of deep personal insecurity fostered by the child-rearing habits of societies which mix myth and fact, or which draw meaningless lines between the area of responsibility for one's actions and total inevitability. When, after childhood and the unsettling introduction to the politics of a confused world, he is recruited into active civic life, the cultural and personal insecurities multiply. Decisions become more arbitrary and less predictable, or they are not made at all. Allegiances are not to principles, but to personalities, and one buries one's identity.

In such a psychological and political climate trust disappears, intrigues flourish, and personal dangers multiply further still. Failing trust and predictability, it is impossible to build the "adaptive and purposeful" organizations on which the modern nation-state must rest. The leader is frustrated. Disappointment, bitterness, confusion, and passivity add their burden as the leader descends the long spiral to the point where he can no longer make a real contribution to the nation-building task. His identity and function lost, the society about him grows confused about its competence and its image as well. Psychologically immobilized, leader and society revive ancient forms under bright new labels, and the jungle once more threatens the boulevard. Nation-building has stopped.

Must we despair, then, at this tragic inhibition? Mr. Pye believes not. We must continue to assist in the nation-building process. We must make sure that we foster an organic fusion between new and old, and help bring about a new kind of security in the members of the transitional societies, a security built on a sense of professional and personal competence. Security of personal identity in turn can be the cocoon in which the society at large develops its collective identity. Personal inhibitions, complicated by the often sick nationalism of the new countries, pose the problem; the solution must, equally, deal with human beings, with persons.

Mr. Pye's book really contains two essays, not one. In constant counterpoint to this excellent treatise there runs a second theme. This has to do with Burma, which the author would have us examine as a case study of the transitional society. The choice is odd, considering that almost any other new state might have offered far more congruous and abundant evidence for Mr. Pye's thesis.

We need not agree with President Hoover's reminiscence of the Burmese as "the only truly happy and cheerful race in all Asia" to find them characteristically more open than most of the peoples who share their moment of history, more candid and approachable, displaying a vigorous sense of irony and a greater readiness to act. They seem, certainly, considerably less paralyzed by the identity-destroying inhibitions Mr. Pye describes. It is notable, for instance, that the author, in a relatively short sojourn in Burma, had free, repeated, and often intimate access to seventy-nine interviewees, all people of political status. Such success would be unthinkable in the pathologically suspicious Javanese officialdom of Indonesia. In Java today almost any foreign idea is automatically rejected. The Burmese at least accord it the favor of curiosity.

BURMA is less caught up in the "revolution of rising expectations" than most of her sister-nations, thanks to a bountiful nature; her frustrations are correspondingly lesser. Her confidence in her identity was strong enough from the outset for her to launch and maintain a foreign policy based on universal benevolence, one which met any pragmatic test when Burma's U Thant was voted in, by the unanimous choice of otherwise discordant delegations, to the office of Secretary-General of the United Nations last November. Such recognition is hardly given to pious national sham worn as a cloak over national inaction. One might quarrel, furthermore, with some of Mr. Pye's analyses of the Burmese scene—but no matter.

It is a tribute to the vigor and the soundness of his thesis that it stands up sturdily and valuably despite the choice of Burma as his example. Every illustration he needs can be found in almost every other new nation, in plentiful and vindicating corroboration of his point.

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# Around the Corner from the O'Caseys

***"Tell Dublin I Miss Her," by Dominic Behan*** *(Putnam. 234 pp. $3.50), revisits in the author's memory his spunky countrymen and kin, among them brother Brendan. "Oh, Mary, This London" is the latest book by the Irish novelist and essayist Michael Campbell.*

By MICHAEL CAMPBELL

THE BEHANS passed their Dublin childhood in Russell Street, a collection of Georgian red-brick tenement houses just round the corner from where Sean O'Casey used to live. "The Plough and the Stars" was produced in 1926, and Dominic Behan was born in 1928. This account of his youth is therefore set in almost the same place and at almost the same time as the great playwright's three famous plays. Like his brother Brendan, Dominic is a born writer, but it is still a remarkable achievement to have produced so fresh a book out of this same small corner of Dublin.

Much of the credit must go to the Dubliners. Every crumbling house appears to have been inhabited—and presumably still is, for the area is just the same today—by people of furious individuality. O'Casey only immortalized a handful of them; Behan's cast is entirely new. He persuades us to feel respect and even affection for them all, and that is a bit of Irish sleight-of-hand all right, because there cannot be one reader who would care to spend a single night in their vicinity.

The dominant figure is his grandmother, Mrs. English, the landlady of Number Thirteen and a ruthless rent collector, whose favorite is young Brendan. She sits in a window with Mrs. McHugh, and reputations—if anybody can be said to have any—fall with their every sentence. Mrs. McHugh dies and the author creates a superb farce out of her wake.

> ". . . Paddy! What in the namea God are yeh doin' with Mrs. McHugh?"
>
> "Only movin' her on to the lobby, Kathleen. We'll bring her back in time for the funeral. Up, Arthur, up with your end."
>
> "About time too, Mr. Behan, she's been in the way all night."
>
> "I hope they put somethin' in front of her, I wouldn't like to see her rollin' down them stairs, because we'd have the devil's own job findin' her in the dark."

Kathleen is Mrs. Behan, a gentle and obviously long-suffering woman because she is the mother of Rory, Sean, Brendan, Seamus, Brian, Dominic, and Carmel. Frank, or Mr. Behan, is a charming, vague, drinking, talking father who has difficulties in recognition: "I'm Dominic!" "Ah," he said triumphantly, "I was damn sure yeh were one of mine!" Brendan is absent much of the time, often on dangerous concerns, but he is the subject of a special tribute. "He had such a way with him that would make you go to hell and back, and think nothing of it. Then, of course, he was kind and gentle, and, above all, shy. Whatever he did I imitated, whatever he read I read, whatever he sang or thought worth singing, I learned."

Outside the family there is a score of neighbors, each of them wonderfully alive and all to be dispersed with the Behans to housing estates in "the country" with indoor lavatories. ("Most unhealthy. In a few years the whole population'll be wiped out with typhoid.") Not entirely at random, because the chapters on these two ladies are about the best in the book, I would favor Mrs. Clancy and Mrs. Reddin.

The former is married to a little cattleman who goes to Glasgow on Mondays and comes back on Fridays with a Scots accent. ("Is ma wee woman no' hame? If she disnae cam doon an' open the close, I'll come up an' brak the hoose.") Mrs. Clancy is pictured thinking her thoughts as she walks to the pawnbroker's with thread-worn garments, for which she receives almost nothing. Sausages, and therefore pigs, come to mind. "Who'd ever think they could be so lovely? An' the smell of them . . . can't pass that oul' shed in the summer time." We have left the realm of O'Casey for that of Joyce, but Mrs. Clancy survives that alarming shadow, and indeed there is no reason why Dublin soliloquies should cease because of the Blooms. Sausages she cannot afford, but she makes a meal for two out of fat scraps. Poverty is not stressed in this book, but these people are fighting for existence, and in this connection one notes that Behan agrees entirely with Sean O'Casey in finding Irish women strong and Irish men weak.

Mrs. Reddin's story is grimly effective. She too has her stream of consciousness. It concerns her husband, godlike John Reddin, whom she compares with deformed "Oul Cruk," with whom she now lives. So called because he broke his spine in a fall from a telegraph pole, he revolts her, and she refuses his attentions while recalling her life with wonderful John. Only at the end do we realize that they are one and the same man.

The only parts of this delightful book that jar are the insertions of potted Irish "history," which are self-consciously smart-aleck and serve no purpose except to explain the Behans' absences in jail. Behan *père* is doing his patriotic time when Brendan, later to follow his example, is born. Grandmother Furlong does three years at the age of seventy. And Aunts Emily and Evelyn do five in consequence of being found with sticks of gelignite secreted in their blouses.

The envious said of Mrs. Reddin, who had carpets: "Begod I wouldn't have one of them things, they breed bugs and lice and God knows what, and my man says they suffer from the same complaints as animals, besides I do like to hear myself walk." It seems to me that those last marvelous seven words are the right title for these people, and this book.

*—Drawing by Gerik.*

**Dominic Behan—"a bit of Irish sleight of hand."**



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# The Humorist as Agitated Oracle

***"The Matter with Ireland," by Bernard Shaw,*** *edited by Dan H. Laurence and David H. Greene (Hill & Wang. 297 pp. $5), dusts off the late playwright's sometimes clouded crystal ball. John V. Kelleher is professor of Modern Irish History and Literature at Harvard.*

By JOHN V. KELLEHER

NOTHING is so good as an informed, temperate, well-reasoned prediction for reminding us that all men are indeed created equal and all flesh is grass. Predictions so predictably turn out wrong. Nor does it seem to matter very much who makes them, amateur or savant, Nostradamus, an appointed committee of experts, or George Bernard Shaw. With great regularity time rings up a score of One Hundred Per Cent Error. Or, if some part of a prediction does ultimately become applicable it usually does so in circumstances the prophet had never imagined, the people or the situation to which he originally addressed himself having meanwhile become extinct.

In this very useful book a lot of Shaw's predictions about Ireland—they are of course disguised as advice to statesmen, assessments of the current situation, and so on—are gathered together for the first time. They demonstrate that as a prophet he was up there with the best, fully the equal of Hanson Baldwin or Joseph Alsop or me or you, and, like the rest of us, quite undiscouraged by his nearly invisible batting average.

If one did not know human nature one might think that the man who in 1917 perpetrated "How to Settle the Irish Question" (twenty-three pages in this book, and containing I don't know how many fatuously detailed announcements of what must infallibly come to pass as soon as the responsibility of self-government is thrust upon the Irish) would have shut up about Irish affairs by 1921 at the latest. But, no. There are another 134 pages of closely printed text to go, variously dated up to 1950, and all of it extraordinarily interesting. For though Shaw could be, and frequently was, silly, irritating, and obstinately misinformed, advancing arguments and analogies of an irrelevance

**GBS—"Silly, irritating, and obstinately misinformed [but] an artist."**

not to be surpassed by an agitated aunt, he could no more be uninteresting than he could write turgid prose. He was an artist.

Unfortunately, he was also a skilful and much practiced debater; and when the debater gets in front of the artist it is too bad. Then, instead of insight—and Shaw had insights into the nature of Ireland and the Irish character that prove his deep and genuine feeling, for they could only come from that source—we get telling points meant to reveal important concepts that clarify complicated situations and show the way to the clear and logical resolution of old difficulties. In other words, the debating stuff has sweet damn all to do with anything real or Irish or human. That of course is one reason why his predictions all fail. It is also, one suddenly realizes, why "John Bull's Other Island" is such a bad play, as bad almost as its Preface. Apparently Ireland was a subject on which Shaw couldn't write simply as the artist. Always, or nearly always, the debater gets in the way with his paradoxes and ploys. Why?

Well, I think that one reason is that Shaw was not a very tough man. He was, I suspect, too easily hurt by his own feelings; and one result of that is that he could not permit himself to have a sense of history. He hated many things with a kind of finicky passion. Dirt, ignorance, superstition, exploitation, hypocrisy—but above all he hated suffering and the cruelty that makes it and the "traditions" that offer to justify it. To a man like that history is unbearable. It is the nightmare from which he can only awaken by creating and keeping to a world of rational fantasies.

If you want to see what I mean by that, read this book. Watch him juggle his lively but limited cast of characters: the Orangeman, the Sinn Feiner, the Parliamentary Nationalist, the Irish Protestant (of whom one gathers that though the Irish Protestants are Shaw's own people he is the only actual example). Watch him discuss, describe, explain, and never come near what is really going on. But note that every once in a while something gets past this practiced hocus-pocus and touches his pride or his shame. Then he breaks out in cold fury. Read "The Children of the Dublin Slums" (1918), and understand why a greater writer, Sean O'Casey, reveres Shaw's memory. Like O'Casey, Shaw could be hurt for Ireland and rage for Ireland. Too bad it didn't happen more often. For, curiously, when it did, he would suddenly cease the advice and assessments and predictions. He would just say what he knew. And he would be dead right.

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EDITORS NOTE: *For other views of Erin, see page 45.*

**FRASER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT NO. 972**

*A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 972 will be found in the next issue.*

WPHNU OBFZT ANCH RSP-RLTHT, LUAHPT ANCH GBTAHT.

GNTABFWULF BPCBFW.

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***Answer to Literary Crypt No. 971***

*Gossip always travels faster over the sour grapevine.*

—ANONYMOUS.



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# He Loved Her in His Fashion

***"Shaw and Molly Tompkins," edited by Peter Tompkins*** *(Clarkson H. Potter. 288 pp. $4.95), introduces another of GBS's quasi-inamoratas, a beautiful young actress who ultimately became a painter. Victor Chapin, a student of the theatre, wrote "Company of Players."*

By VICTOR CHAPIN

THIS delightful book has a curious history. Its nucleus is a group of letters written by Shaw to his American friend Molly Tompkins, with whom he corresponded regularly during the last thirty years of his life. Unfortunately, Molly Tompkins's letters to Shaw were not found among his effects; and she decided to destroy her diaries and other documents pertaining to her life. Happily for us, Peter Tompkins persuaded his mother, just before her death, to reconstruct her story for him from memory. The task of writing his mother's autobiography as if she were doing it herself cannot have been easy. As an "as told to" book this must be unique.

Shaw's letters to Molly Tompkins are the main attraction, no doubt, but by no means the only one. They reveal a very human GBS: hard-headed and soft-hearted, a man obviously infatuated with the young Molly Tompkins, who, it appears, had everything: charm, wit, intelligence, breeding, and, as the photographs in this book show, great beauty.

Shaw's letters punctuate Peter Tompkins's reconstruction of his mother's story. It is his triumph as well as Molly Tompkins's that she holds her own against Shaw in our interest, and indeed—just as one suspects she often did in life—steals the show from him. Peter Tompkins's book, which he modestly claims only as editor, reads like a charming romantic novel, though, true to life rather than fiction, the romance in it remains a suggestion. No doubt Shaw saw to that, as, earlier in his life, he did with Mrs. Campbell, Ellen Terry, and Florence Farr. And there was always Mrs. Shaw, the great man's jealous guardian, and Laurence Tompkins, Molly's sympathetic husband, who wanted her to be something so that she would be as preoccupied as he was. Shaw and his wife appear as characters in the story; and while there is no evidence for the authenticity of the scenes with the Shaws, except Molly Tompkins's memory, they are entirely convincing. Besides the Shaws, there are many other fascinating characters, from Gordon Craig to Crown Prince Umberto.

Peter Tompkins, speaking as his mother, tells of her progression from actress to romantic exile to social success in Rome among the nobility to, finally, her real achievement as a painter. The Molly Tompkins he creates is candid, sharp, observant, but never malicious or too knowing. Whatever happens, we never cease to feel her charm and attraction. Her faults were many and almost fatal; but she survives in our affection and interest through all her manifestations. And we are ever conscious of Shaw's benign but clear-eyed devotion to the woman he loved in his fashion faithfully to the end. In his letters he is often scolding but always tender. He is never at a loss for good advice and hard facts. Here we are given the private Shaw, who, on this evidence, is a most attractive person. There are flashes of the better-known public Shaw, including the naïve political thinker who supported Mussolini even when he invaded Abyssinia.

*—Frob the book.*

**Molly Tompkins—From the private Shaw good advice and hard facts.**

The many different Shaws are available to us elsewhere. This book is all we have of Molly Tompkins. Shaw in his letters often told her that she should write, that she had the gift. So it is a shame that her letters are lost. But it would seem from this book that the gift was transferred to her son. Anyone who reads it will hope for more to come from Peter Tompkins.

# Your Literary I. Q.

Conducted by John T. Winterich

MYTH-WHYS

There are many strange circumstances in mythology that we know of, but very few of us have learned the reason for them. Fannie Gross of Asheville, North Carolina, describes briefly nine such familiar predicaments and asks you to give the cause in each case. Answers on page 28.

1. Why was thirsty Tantalus never allowed to get either the water or the fruit almost within his reach?
2. Why was Atlas made eternally to hold the heavens on his shoulders?
3. Why was Ixion tied with serpents to a continuously revolving wheel of fire?
4. Why was Echo punished with the inability to speak first or to remain silent after someone else had spoken?
5. Why was Andromeda chained to a rock to be destroyed by a terrible sea-serpent?
6. Why did Cronus devour his children as soon as they were born?
7. Why was Midas, at his own request, given the Golden Touch by Bacchus?
8. Why was Jason sent to look for the Golden Fleece?
9. Why was Sisyphus doomed to roll a huge rock to the top of a hill as it continually rolled back?



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# Sutures in the Saga of Lorenzo

***"The Collected Letters of D. H. Lawrence," edited by Harry T. Moore*** *(Viking. 2 volumes. 1,216 pp. $17.50), adds new chapters to the life story of the novelist without altering our picture of his contradictory chararcter. Richard Aldington's "D. H. Lawrence: Portrait of a Genius, But . . ." was based on his own intimate knowledge of the "versatile hob-nobber."*

By RICHARD ALDINGTON

FIRST, praise and honor to Harry T. Moore (and his wife) for the years of devoted work that have gone into this collection. Letters formerly mutilated are now given entire; unpublished letters have been tirelessly searched for and tracked down; the text is scrupulously accurate; every recipient has been identified and briefly described in a preliminary *dramatis personae* (and an odd kettle of fish they are); explanatory notes are kept to a minimum but they tell the reader all he needs to know.

The only comparable scholarly tribute to Lawrence's memory, "A Composite Biography," comes from Edward Nehls, another American, and not from any of Lawrence's own countrymen. Moore chivalrously includes the Aldous Huxley Introduction to the "Selected Letters." It is, of course, first rate, but it is no longer needed. Moore's own Introduction is perfectly sound and adequate, and the space should have been used for additional letters.

In addition to filling gaps in known letters, Moore gives hitherto unpublished letters to Koteliansky, the Murrys, Huxley, David Garnett, Blanche Jennings, and even Frieda. Some have been rescued from their semi-obscurity in the memoirs of Jessie Chambers, the Brewsters, Dorothy Brett, Mabel Luhan, and others, including Catharine Carswell. And there are unpublished letters to persons less involved in the Saga of Lorenzo, such as Orioli, Gertler, Enid Hopkins, and Amy Lowell—the last of whom, by the way, stood by him in the evil days of 1915-20, and helped to save him and his wife from sheer starvation. But what has happened to Lawrence's letters to Norman Douglas?

"Every man writes himself down," says Douglas, "But not every man is worth reading." Unquestionably, Lawrence has written himself down in these letters, and unquestionably he is infinitely worth reading. "Before everything I like sincerity, and a quickening spontaneous emotion," he writes to Blanche Jennings. It is true, and is one of the reasons why these letters are so vividly alive and are so accurate a self-portrayal of this truly extraordinary and complex personality, with his ups and downs, his loves and hates, the beautiful "light" side and the repulsive (his own word) "dark" side. Moore is perfectly right in placing Lawrence's letters as high in literature as he does, though I think his nearest affinity is with Byron, who wrote his letters with much the same careless abandon and devil-may-care verve. Even at the height of their lifetime fame (and Byron's was vastly greater), neither seemed to think his letters might be published—or would have cared a bit if he had known.

**D. H. Lawrence—"the poet and the preacher . . . who wanted to be a lord and ruler."**

Naturally, such a collection of letters must mean more to the specialist than to the layman, but under Moore's skilful guidance even the most casual reader has the essential thread to guide him through this minotaur's maze. Here is the poet and the preacher, the plebeian who wanted to be a lord and ruler, the "versatile hob-nobber" who turned nearly all his friends into enemies and lived much of his life in solitude with Frieda, the man as sensitive as "a quivering greyhound" who was indomitable and unbeatable, the reckless adventurer who (when he could) prudently liked to "keep a little money between myself and the world," the man who ran away with someone else's wife and nevertheless in all sincerity preached that marriage is for life and inviolable.

IT IS impossible in a few lines even to summarize the new information about DHL contained in the hitherto unpublished letters, because it is all a matter of details which amplify but do not really alter the essential Lawrence as we already know him. The one possible exception, and in any case the most interesting new contribution, is the series of letters written in 1908-10 to Blanche Jennings. She was a Liverpool post office clerk, a Socialist-suffragette, and she doesn't escape scolding for it—"you have cultivated a sort of ethic-intellectualism." This sounds unpromising, but in fact he was writing more for himself than for her, and the letters date from a time when the naturally sweet and poetical side of him had not been spoiled by self-conscious intellectuals and then been made bitter almost to the point of craziness by persecution and poverty.

Certainly they are self-centered and sometimes a little wordy, but the descriptive passages show already the born writer Lawrence was, and the ex-cathedra assertions are truer and more sensible than some of his later paradoxes made out of sheer perversity to annoy someone. "To be poor and sensitive is to be twice cursed." "Hedonism won't wear." "The deep damnation of self-righteousness sticks tight to every creed." "It is as undesirable to be city-bred as it is to be bred in corsets." "I am very conceited but not lofty." And, to finish, the true but most softening admission: "I am very fond of myself." But who isn't? Lawrence was so exceptional that his self-love seems virtually inevitable.

His presence took one out of the world of common air to a brighter, more thrilling world where one seemed to breathe pure oxygen. "Why do you always talk of Lorenzo?" said Pino Orioli to me. "He is *dead*." (Very Italian-peasant that!) And now dear Pino himself is dead, but the soul of Lawrence goes marching on. If he had not lived and suffered intensely in making his books, we should all be the poorer.



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FICTION

# A Wild Oat Outside Rome

***"Fausto's Keyhole," by Jean Arnaldi*** *(Atheneum. 280 pp. $4.50), tells of a weak young Roman's one glimpse of a larger life through a love affair with a plump American tourist. Joan Bostwick, a frequent contributor to SR, is a free-lance writer and critic.*

By JOAN BOSTWICK

THERE is no hideous snarl of problems to untangle in Jean Arnaldi's first novel, "Fausto's Keyhole," because the plot line is exceedingly simple. As the story begins, Fausto, an amorous weakling, as out of place in his native Rome as a Boy Scout in a brothel, is all but defeated. As the story ends, Fausto has looked through the keyhole of life, and is all but defeated.

Make no mistake, though. In spite of the fact that the author has used elastic for a story line, stretching it out for fifteen chapters, she is as astute an observer as could be met at any writers' conclave. Her gifts for dialogue and sensuous exposition are undeniable. Her blunder was in trying to offer a picture-window description of a keyhole subject.

Fausto's situation boils down to this: pint-sized and humorless, he is dominated by a father whose commands emanate from a disordered brain; he works unhappily as a hairdresser because of a social system that predestines him to mediocrity, and he is engaged to marry a shrew who seems incapable of saying yes.

Attempting to prove his masculinity, he latches onto a plump American roomer in his mother's boarding house and, with complete sangfroid, attempts his primal seduction. But, oh, *santo cielo!* the annoyances! The room he takes her to is not to her liking, so they head for the countryside where everything from dogs to beggar children plague them. Then, when he is within an ace of achieving his goal, the lady goes all coy and, although she looks and acts like a second-rate courtesan, says no. Eventually, though there is some doubt about who seduces whom, he succeeds, and convinces himself that he is in love. Even the lady—whose name Fausto never knows—is delighted because she has triumphed over her Genesis-bred guilt feelings, and hears heavenly choruses assuring her that she is unsullied by her alliance.

Meanwhile, back at the boarding house, Papa, who incidentally is a keyhole-peeper, and Mama, who is a keyhole-plugger, are worked up to a dandy state of nerves because Faustino has become entangled with *l'americana.* A free-for-all follows wherein Papa belts Mama, and Mama, to her own amazement, belts him back. The American *signora* dazedly wanders in and is assaulted by Papa. But Fausto displays his unsuspected manly fortitude by duplicating Mama's feat, a happy release for all except *l'americana.*

Ultimately, in spite of his lamentable efforts, Little Lord Fausto finds Life's doors closed once more and his view restricted to the keyhole. And to tie it all up in non-Gordian knots, the thought is planted that, while he may not succumb to voyeurism as Papa did, he very likely will be limited to small views of life.

A pity that Miss Arnaldi felt similarly constrained. Perhaps next time she will employ her indisputable ability in the writing of a novel instead of a stretched-out short story.

Jean Arnaldi—"sensuous exposition."

# Bands of the Human Spectrum

***"Devil of a State," by Anthony Burgess*** *(Norton. 282 pp. $3.95), uses an imaginary African capital as microcosm of today's world, seen through satirical eyes. Martin Price teaches English at Yale University.*

By MARTIN PRICE

THIS, the second of Anthony Burgess's novels to be published in the United States, is an amusing satiric treatment, in the manner of early Waugh and early Aubrey Menen, of an East African capital. Dunia is governed by a Caliph, but the Caliph has inherited a British bureaucracy and is entertained (or, officially, "advised") by a United Nations administrator. Dunia is a microcosm, where we find Australian road-builders, English officials, Italian marble-workers, Eurasian herbal healers, Chinese proponents of Moral Rearmament, and, in fact, some representative of every band of the human spectrum. But Dunia is also the somewhat nasty farce of the human condition. There is never a key in Dunia. The British U. N. adviser pitifully bleats, "Why can't everyone learn to behave properly? I mean, it's easy enough, isn't it?" Carruthers Chung, whose "bridge party" turns out to be a public confession of private sins, remarks, "Evelybody is looking for the key. That is the histoly of Western Philosophy. Flom Alistotle to Bertland Lussell. But the key is not there." Paolo Tasca, a savagely exploited son, escapes at last to the locked tower of the mosque and becomes an international symbol as the prisoner yelling for justice; his abuse of his father descends on the town through loudspeakers like the voice of prophecy, and his angry demand for a ticket to Italy makes "Italy" a new freedom slogan.

Dunia is a new state, rich in uranium, plunged into industrial modernity, while its Caliph builds a great mosque to command the admiration of Islam. The disorganization and senselessness of the "devil of a state" are the conditions upon which the numerous individual, interwoven stories are built. The central character is Lydgate, a decent man who has drifted around the world for most of his life, resisting responsibility, trying to evade the people who fight for his soul, settled now in Dunia as Passport Officer with a native wife and children. Lydgate's past keeps returning and demanding its price; it takes the seductive form of his Australian wife, Lydia, and it finally takes a more grotesque form in his original wife, a shrunken but intense



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evangelist. Tomlin, the U. N. adviser, finally breaks under the strain of meaninglessness (unlike Lydgate, he has resisted it with complacency) and goes shuddering back to the Reality he dreads. The young Italian rebel is finally packed home, to be trapped into a hideous marriage that will reward his parents. All the central characters are heading, helplessly, toward the destiny of Waugh's Tony Last, who was doomed to read Dickens to an insane captor in the Amazonian jungle.

The book has a dark cast; but it is also written with a kind of wilful hilarity. Mr. Burgess lets no joke pass, nor does he fail to repeat many; the wit is often fine, but it is indiscriminate and too insistent. As a result, the book is heavily facetious and too pointlessly sardonic. It never decides whether to be farce or parable, and, inventive as it is, it never escapes the shadow of earlier and better works of a similar kind.

**AN ENDURING ROMAN COLLAR:** In the late nineteenth century a wave of Modernism broke over the Roman Catholic Church in France and Italy, leaving more than a few of the clergy with deeply divided consciences. Modernism may do something to explain the apostate priest in Charles Calitri's **"Father"** (Crown, $4.95), but not much.

Giunio Bruno, a bright youth in the impoverished village of Montefumo, is literally beaten into the seminary by his mother. It is, however, not all coercion: in southern Italy at that time there was no other way for a poor boy to get an education, and Giunio thirsted for knowledge. Ordained, he returns to Montefumo. His parishioners, who have never heard that when you pray for potatoes you should reach for a hoe, are sunk in superstition. Prayer and processions are the appropriate remedy for all crises. After a few years of trying to bring enlightenment to these diehards, years climaxed by the suicide of Claudia, the girl who loves him and whom, perhaps, he loves, he tears off his Roman collar, hands it to his mother, and announces, "I was never a priest."

He leaves for America, where he becomes a leader of Italian immigrants, working as teacher, editor, and orator to help them. He marries a gallant Jewish girl and has several children, the eldest of whom tells the story. When Giunio dies, beloved of his people on both sides of the ocean, the Montefumo Society of Brooklyn accomplishes the impossible feat of arranging a Catholic burial with a Requiem Mass in a funeral parlor offered by a young Irish priest who is obviously acting without his Bishop's permission. All this is unbelievable, but no more so than the narrator's concluding talk with his father's fellow seminarian, Simone, now a Cardinal. "It is not the vows which we have taken. . . . It is the love for his brethren which makes the priest," says this Prince of the Church, thereby contravening the whole Catholic concept of the priesthood. He adds, "He was always a priest," and this, for a change, is a fact. Apostate or not, *"Thou art a priest forever after the order of Melchisedech."*

Mr. Calitri writes very well about Montefumo and its lusty inhabitants, who are delightful mixtures of profanity and piety. He draws his minor characters with convincing realism, and his story is deftly plotted. But the hero simply fails to ring true. We are asked to applaud a man willing to use doubtful means so long as it serves a good end. Before ordination, Giunio has lost his belief, but he goes on just the same. What, pray tell, did he say to his confessor? Mr. Calitri does not tell us. He does tell us that Giunio, when troubled by moral problems, "did not dare to talk to his confessor, Father Crespo, about Claudia, knowing without asking what discipline the priest would expect of him."

At Father's funeral his children, Catholic, Jewish, and Protestant, pray together, but this togetherness seems largely statistical. Mr. Calitri has Giunio's widow say, as the body is lowered into consecrated ground, "It is where he belongs." But does he?

—Frances O'Brien.

**SMALL-TOWN SHADOWS:** In "Painting in the Twentieth Century," Werner Haftman says, "When disgust leads a man to stop singing he begins to curse."

The right cursing can be very effective. But, while Babs H. Deal's third novel, **"Night Story"** (McKay, $3.95), contains little enough singing, the quality of the cursing is poor. There is less gusto here (and certainly less delight) than in Beatrix Potter's "The Tale of Peter Rabbit." The book is brief; that is its one strength. It begins at dusk, runs till morning, and in the interim the lives of Jackson Ferguson, Arlie Machen, Julie Hobson, Carter McCain, and Laura Lee Colvin are explored against Southern small-town shadows. Few of the shadows have validity, felt life; the same is true of the characters. There is a tricky reaching after values, not after people. The values seem shabby, secondhand. The people scarcely seem people at all. The end-result is passionless, flat, and disappointing.

There is plenty of surface "action," all right. Toward the first, we are treated to an abortion. Toward the end, we stand by—in this novel we stand by all the way, never quite participating — while Carter McCain, a taxi driver with a darksome soul, goes to bed with the mother of the girl he loves. Throughout, there is a brooding, clinical sense of sociological damnation that seems to have been borrowed from early Faulkner. But Faulkner's intensity isn't present.

On page after page one waits for just that—intensity. It is all that could melt and fuse these rag-tag and bobtail scraps of case histories into meaningful life. There is a kind of craftsmanship, leaden and flat-footed, but there. But behind it there is no urgency, no Hand of Power gripping and shaking and compelling us to believe. And no lyricism. The narrative is just enough to sustain lackadaisical interest. The blurbist claims this to be "a dramatic tour de force, a one-sitting book." It depends, of course, on where you're sitting.

One finishes it with the feeling that Mrs. Deal's night people, in her fictional town of Bellefonte, would have been wiser to stay in bed. At least their dreams could have led them toward a richness of life that this dull book leaves out. —Paul Darcy Boles.

### LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

1. Because he told Jupiter's secrets and served his son, Pelops, to the gods for dinner. 2. For his part in the war of the Titans against Jupiter. 3. To atone for the killing of his family in a fit of madness. 4. She chattered away and deliberately delayed Juno when the latter was trying to catch her husband flirting with a nymph or two. 5. Because her mother, Cassiopeia, had boasted that she was more beautiful than the Nereids. 6. Because of a prophecy that he would be dethroned by his youngest child as he had dethroned his father. 7. For returning Silenus, Bacchus's schoolteacher, to him safely. 8. Because Uncle Pelias wanted to get rid of him so he could keep his usurped throne of Iolcus. 9. Because when Jupiter eloped with Aegina, Sisyphus squealed on him to her father, Asopus.



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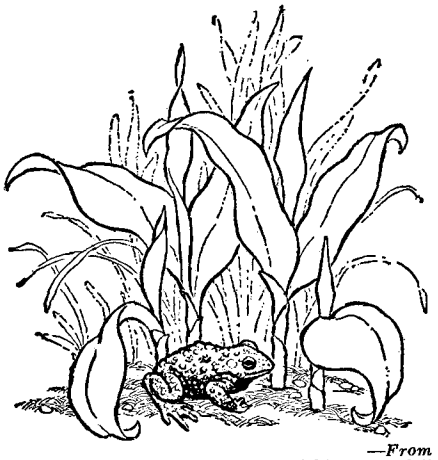
# Some Waspish Words for Bats

***"The Natural World of Louise Dickinson Rich," by Louise Dickinson Rich*** *(Dodd, Mead. 224 pp. $5), seeks to define man's place among plant and animal life. Sally Carrighar, author of the recent novel "The Glass Dove," writes on various themes, but most frequently about nature.*

By SALLY CARRIGHAR



—From *"The Natural World of Louise Dickinson Rich."*

UNTIL recent decades the naturalists, whose task it is to discover, not to experiment, were influenced by the biological sciences only to the extent of making sure that their facts were correct. Maeterlinck, John Burroughs, John Muir, and others who wrote after the advent of scientific thought, but before scientism became ubiquitous, reported responsibly on natural events and also on their enjoyment of them, which at times approached rapture. But in its disciplines science frowns on even the most constructive human emotions, and most of today's nature writers adhere to this point of view. Rightly, they want their work to be accurate and informed; therefore they have read widely in scientific sources, and from these and the general intellectual weather they have absorbed the habit of keeping themselves out of sight.

The well-named "Natural World of Louise Dickinson Rich" is also accurate and informed, but Mrs. Rich disregards the dictum to be impersonal. The result is a book that is devoid of sentimentality but which allows other human reactions to boil up with delightful frankness.

Mrs. Rich absolutely hates wasps. When she says so, giving justice to the wasps but without apologies for her own prejudice, she leads us on to a natural landscape where human beings have the same right to emotions as other creatures—where we, as well as the rest of the animals, have a place and may be ourselves in it. And it is amazing to find what a fresh breeze is blowing when we do come out of the laboratory and look around with a release of long-inhibited normal reactions.

Mrs. Rich doesn't like bats much better than wasps, and individual creatures have tripped her wrath—a certain eagle, for instance, of which she writes, "It was a mean, mean bird." Birds are not her favorite outdoor companions. She likes most of them, is especially fond of some, and writes appreciatively of the beauty and freedom of all of them; but as a group she finds them flittery and prefers toads and particularly furred animals. She identifies with all mammal mothers, feeling a kinship with them not only in their affection for their young but in their annoyance when the young are provoking.

These examples may make Mrs. Rich sound a little crusty. She isn't; she's an intelligent woman with a loving and joyous temperament, whose pages ring with her celebration of plant and animal life and the earth that sustains it. She has an artist's eye for the colors and shapes of things, and a philosopher's habit of seeing relationships—between living organisms, between them and their earth, between this day, so brief, and the long span of time. Her observations of wildlife are knowing, and she gives everything, even the humblest lichen or ant, its rightful name, an evidence of respect that seems affectionate. Such is her talent with words that we too hear the clamoring of her joyous bells; but there is also at times a wholesome corrective in her spontaneous irritation when circumstances are irritating, and it puts everything into balance. When she goes out of doors she goes with all her capacities intact, including her sense of humor.

It's a tricky thing, not often accomplished well, to treat nature humorously. As Konrad Lorenz (probably the supreme nature humorist) has remarked, "The initiated observer seldom laughs at the bizarre in animals." But playfulness in a mind that also has taste and tact is most welcome. Mrs. Rich plays with words and ideas, and she finds reasons to smile, if not to laugh, at many wilderness happenings. She brings, too, with no suggestion of patronizing, some sophistication into her natural world. It is unusual to hear a naturalist say that foxes perform with style. They do; but most naturalists have conveyed the fox's attributes without human connotations.

The world of Louise Rich is New England, a region of diverse and beautiful landscapes. She has found a biological niche for herself on the piedmont, in the mountains, and on the coast, and, having become at home in each of them, she defines what she considers the human place in nature to be:

> Man, who cannot swim as well as a fish, nor fly as well as a bird, nor support himself on bare ledges as well as a lichen, is the observer, the recorder; because there is no one else . . . who is capable of doing it. Perhaps all his other achievements are less than this, that he watches, and makes the record, and tries to find the meaning. He alone cares; and in that caring, perhaps, lies his weakness and his very great strength.

It is the long-delayed expression of human caring that makes Mrs. Rich's book unconventional and important.

**DEER MICE AND SPIDERS SING:** Most contemporary American readers of nature books have been reared on the prose and scholarship of William Beebe, Donald Culross Peattie, Rachel Carson, Sally Carrighar, Edwin Way Teale, John Kieran, the Milnes, and others. They will not tolerate carelessness with facts even if the account is obviously fiction. It is a disappointment, therefore, to find in **"Watchers at the Pond"** (Knopf, $4.50), a first book by a new nature writer, so much inaccuracy that the work cannot be taken seriously. In it Franklin Russell has written about a fictional pond and marsh, and the "northern forest" surrounding it, which, from its animals and plants, appears to be in Canada, where the author lives. Because Mr. Russell reveals an astonishing grasp of the life about a pond it is all the more lamentable that his facts are offset by a multiplicity of ridiculous errors and melodramatic writing.

In "Watchers at the Pond," a red-tailed hawk, which lives all through his pages, has "orange wattles" (American hawks do not have wattles); it kills wild ducks (red-tailed hawks are mostly eaters of rodents and are not swift or agile enough to catch uninjured wild ducks); a bumblebee in spring sucks nectar from catkins (catkins are wind-pollinated flowers that do not secrete nectar); leopard and pickerel frogs call

(*Continued on page* 107)



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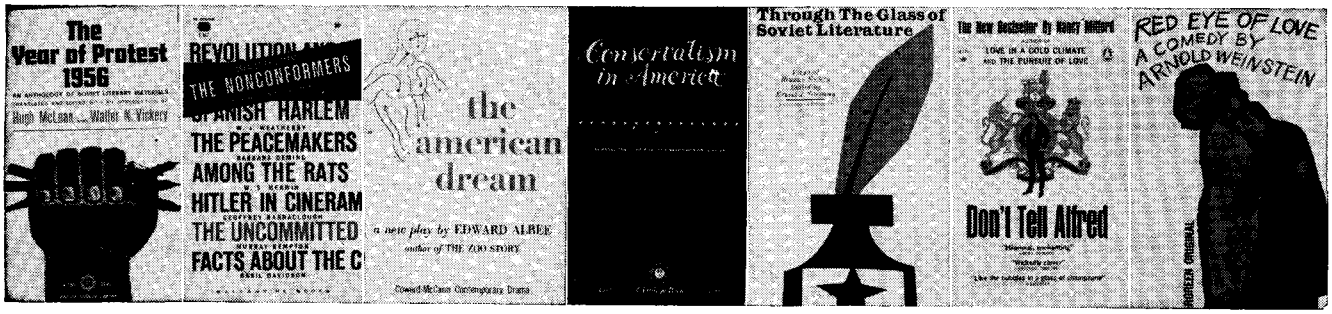


# PICK OF THE PAPERBACKS

**WHAT'S NEW:** A lot of publishers these days are whistling "Hail to the Chief" under their breath while bringing out new books on our President, of which the most recent are William A. Carr's **"JFK: An Informal Biography"** (Lancer, 50¢) and Robert J. Donovan's **"PT 109: John F. Kennedy in World War II"** (Crest, 50¢) . . . Hardly anybody wants to argue about liberalism any more what with all the meaty debates about conservatism going on. Barry Goldwater is a best-selling paperback author, while William Buckley, Jr. has been espousing the far-right cause on the Jack Paar show. Now Cornell University Professor Clinton Rossiter's **Conservatism in America"** (Vintage, $1.45) first published in 1955, has appeared in paperback along with some up-to-date revisions to include the latest word on the right wing. . . One of the most promising new series is Prentice-Hall's Twentieth Century Views under the general editorship of Maynard Mack of Yale. Each book will present contemporary criticism of major literary figures. The series began last month with books on Frost, Camus, and Eliot ($1.95 each) . . . . Penguin's big spring book is **"Berlin, Hostage for the West"** (95¢) by John Mander, British writer and *New Statesman* editor. Reviewing the delicate political dilemma, Mr. Mander concludes that the Berlin situation, while uncomfortable for our side, is a convenient way for the USSR to keep the U.S. and allies on the defensive. . . . It's no secret that the market for science paperbacks is an ever-increasing one, and paperback publishers are eagerly meeting the demands. The newest science series is Pyramid's World of Science, in which both reprints and original books will appear. The first titles include such highly acceptable works as Herbert Wendt's **"The Road to Man,"** Charles Gallenkamp's **"Maya,"** and Alan E. Nourse's **"Nine Planets"** (75¢ each).

—ROLLENE W. SAAL.

## FICTION

The story has been told that Pierre Louys was so irritated by Stendhal's "intolerable prose" that he threw **"The Red and the Black"** (Collier, 65¢) to the floor and stamped on it. Well, times and literary tastes have changed, and today Stendhal's story of conflicts within church, state, the military—in fact, all of early nineteenth-century France—rests comfortably among the world's great novels. This edition, translated by Charles Tergie, is prefaced by Henri Peyre's excellent Introduction. A lesser-known novel by Stendhal is **"Lucien Leuwen"** (New Directions, 2 vols., $1.75 each). Translated by Louise Varese, the first volume tells of a young cavalry officer's love affair with an aristocratic widow in the provincial city of Nancy; the second book follows Lucien's career to Paris, where, through his involvement in high-level intrigue, the whole pattern of post-Napoleonic decadence is laid bare.

Another realm scarcely less real than Stendhal's France is Anthony Hope's Ruritania, that mythical, marvelous kingdom where **"The Prisoner of Zenda"** (Dover, $1.35) held sway. This volume, complete with fine old Charles Dana Gibson illustrations, includes the sequel "Rupert of Hentzau."

**"Don't Tell Alfred"** (Popular, 50¢), the most recent of Nancy Mitford's madcap novels, finds Fanny Wincham ensconced in Paris, where her husband is ambassador. For all the author's great good humor, one can't help being a bit annoyed by a succession of nasty and often gratuitous jabs at Americans.

One of the more surprising things about Harper Lee's **"To Kill a Mockingbird"** (Popular, 60¢)—apart from its being a first novel that won the Pulitzer Prize—is that though it is about children, it is never cloying, never sentimental. Seen through the sharp eyes of a small girl, this is the tale of hidden evil in a somnolent Alabama town.

## THEATRE

In recent years some of the brightest theatrical lights are those that shine off-Broadway. Among the most highly praised of the new playwrights whose works have appeared in the little theatres is Edward Albee, whose play **"The American Dream"** (Coward-McCann, $1.65) offers a wildly funny, often horrifying glimpse of family life. Another young dramatist is Arnold Weinstein, whose comedy **"Red Eye of Love"** (Evergreen, $1.75) satirizes our contemporary ways.

First produced in England two years ago, John Arden's **"Serjeant Musgrave's Dance"** (Evergreen, $1.75) sturdily denounces war in a play about British soldiers of the past century.

The newest addition to the Library of World Drama series is **"Spanish Drama** (Bantam, 75¢), an anthology including, among others, plays by Lope de Vega, Alarcón, Calderón, and Lorca. Angel Flores, who edited the volume, has written a brief but highly informative chapter on the history of Spanish theatre.

"To the French audience, religious substance is not, as almost invariably it is to one of Anglo-Saxon heritage, a *frisson,* a pietism, a social embarrassment," writes Richard Hayes in his preface to **"Port-Royal and Other Plays"** (Mermaid, $1.95), a collection of four works by Claudel, Mauriac, Copeau, and Montherlant. The plays, often subtle, always intellectual, are unashamedly concerned with man's soul and his relationship to God.

## THE AMERICAN SCENE

What's wrong with Suburbia is the question asked and answered at least



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in part in **"The Split-Level Trap"** (Dell, 60¢), a casebook on days and ways in suburban areas. Written by psychiatrist Richard E. Gordon, his wife, Katherine K. Gordon, a social psychologist, and editor Max Gunther, it has, despite the modernity of the topic, all the fascination of an old-fashioned horror tale.

Not all the essays in **"The Nonconformers"** (Ballantine, 50¢), edited by David Evanier and Stanley Siverzweig, deal with the American scene, but many of the best ones are concerned with this country's contemporary problems. The articles range far and wide, reflecting the tastes of such varied contributors as Martin Luther King, Jr., Arthur Miller, Harold Clurman, and James Baldwin.

Two of the ideas most cherished by Americans are that ours is a rags-to-riches nation and a melting pot culture. In his book **"American Life: Dream and Reality"** (Phoenix, $1.95), W. Lloyd Warner, professor of social research at Michigan State University, explores these and other wishful notions, and pinpoints the changes that urbanization and industrialization have brought to our way of life.

Since the first Sputnik soared into the skies, Americans have been suffering from an inferiority complex about our educational system as compared to that of the Soviet Union. Fred Hechinger, New York *Times* education editor, is far less hysterical, and in **"The Big Red Schoolhouse"** (Dolphin, 95¢) he sets forth some facts about USA and USSR schools. *SR*'s Education Editor Paul Woodring wrote the thoughtful Introduction.

Richard Bardolph's **"The Negro Vanguard"** (Vintage, $1.85) follows the careers of distinguished American Negroes from Booker T. Washington to Katherine Dunham, discussing not only outstanding individuals but the society that molded and influenced their actions.

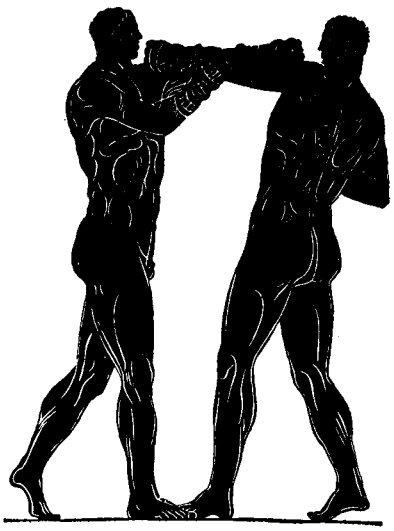
### BEHIND THE IRON CURTAIN

"By a curious paradox, the more immediate and pressing our concern with Russia as a political phenomenon, the more our interest in Russian literature has declined," write Hugh McLean and Walter N. Vickery in **"The Year of Protest: 1956"** (Vintage Russian Library, $1.45). After the death of Stalin in 1953, the atmosphere within the USSR softened; writers began to expand, the literature of the plow and the factory began to be replaced by more esthetic poetry and prose. "The Thaw," as this period came to be called, reached its peak in 1956; then, after the Hungarian Revolution, Khrushchev clamped the lid on freedom and a cold winter again set in for Soviet writers. "The Year of Protest: 1956" is an anthology of the drama, poetry, and fiction published during that brief time.

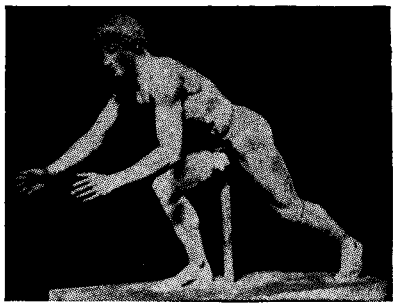
In **"Through the Looking Glass of Soviet Literature"** (Columbia, $1.95), edited by Ernest J. Simmons, a picture of life within the USSR since 1917 has been drawn from intensive analysis of Russian writings. **"The Mind of Modern Russia"** (Harper Torchbooks, $1.75), edited by Hans Kohn, is a collection of well-chosen essays by such representative spokesmen as Herzen, Lenin, and Berdyaev, which attempt to show the course of historical and political development.

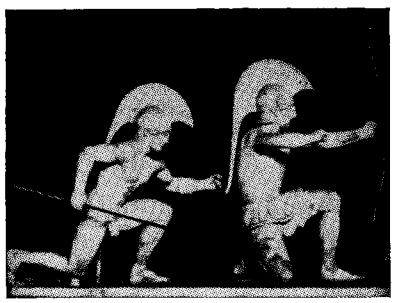
One of the most timely aspects of Soviet study is the relationship of Communist states to one another, the subject of Zbigniew K. Brzezinski's **"The Soviet Bloc"** (Praeger, $2.75). The author, a professor of government at Columbia University, analyzes the areas of agreement and conflict, paying particular attention to the Soviet-Albanian dispute and, in an epilogue for this revised edition, to the devious route of the Soviet-Chinese friendship.

It seems that anyone who was in Russia during the period of revolution has written a book about it, and Sir Bernard Pares is no exception. A frequent visitor to Russia before 1917, Sir Bernard was acquainted with many of the leading personages in the drama that ensued. His book **"The Fall of the Russian Monarchy"** (Vintage Russian Library, $1.45) tells the bitter, bleak tale of the empire's final days.



**"The Glory That Was Greece"** (Evergreen Encyclopedia, $3.95), by J. C. Stobart, takes a long, slow, and civilized look at Greek culture from the Minoan period to the death of Alexander, when the ideals of Hellenism gave way to the details of the Hellenistic period. In this volume 130 illustrations trace the development not only of sculpture but of the unsurpassed architecture and ceramics of the Greek Golden Age.







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# Saturday Review

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# Two Levels of Logic

THERE are two levels of logic on which the decision to resume atmospheric nuclear testing can be considered.

The first level is national and traditional. It derives its basic energy and vocabulary from the long and punishing record of international conflict. Weak nations were gobbled up by predatory nations. Aggression occurred when aggression was possible. Force could only be countered by greater force. Any military advantage had to be recognized and offset.

On this level of logic, the decision to resume atmospheric nuclear tests seems natural enough. The Soviet Union unilaterally broke the informal moratorium on atomic explosions. In so doing, it made substantial gains in its nuclear weaponry. It is possible that the Soviet was able to reduce the weight and package size of megaton explosives, thus making for increased efficiency of the delivery system. This in turn may have led to important advances in the development of missiles that could knock out other missiles before they reached their target. The United States suddenly found itself struggling to catch up. Hence the decision to open up another round.

Even on this traditional level of action and reaction, however, it would be a mistake to suppose that the resumption of nuclear tests will give the American people military security. We are attempting, for example, to devise a missile-destroying missile, but a counter-device already exists. Relatively inexpensive missile decoys can be used to flood radar screens and clear the sky for the lethal messengers.

There is no point at which either side will feel militarily comfortable. If one side is behind, it will want to catch up. If it is ahead it will want to stay ahead. Up and up the competition in killing power will continue. Finally and inevitably, the strategical importance of hitting first will preoccupy the thoughts and fears of both sides.

Thus the self-defeating nature of the logic on the national and traditional level. For it compels each side to keep churning away on the military level, with a dead end for the mutual and ultimate destination. In the competition with the Russians, we are like two sprinters, each desperately determined to win. But the finish line is the edge of a steep cliff. Victory, such as it is, can only be observed on the way down.

Not only is there no way of freezing any military advantage on this level of logic. There is no way of keeping the danger from magnifying in all directions. The failure to achieve an effective ban on nuclear experimentation means that a dozen or so other nations, including Communist China, will be involved in the calculus of atomic power. If the American people have been nervous about the Soviet possession of nuclear weapons, they must prepare themselves for some sustained jitters when the atomic force becomes generally dispersed.

What to do? So long as our thinking is confined to the old level of the national and the traditional, we will discover that the only thing greater than our power is our insecurity. We will find ourselves caught in the hideous dilemma of either standing still, giving a clear field to the other side, or trying to stay in front, with nothing but disaster as the final destination. But if we can emancipate ourselves from the old and unworkable logic, then important new prospects emerge.

THIS brings us to the second level of logic on which important decisions governing our lives and our values can be made. Logic on this level is transcendant. It involves total perspective on the human situation. It requires a sense of ultimate responsibility to the condition of man on earth. It doesn't regard the individual nation as the highest good. The highest good is the preservation of those conditions that make life worth living for the generality of mankind.

If this level of logic could serve as the framework for our philosophy and our decisions, we would not allow ourselves to be exasperated or stymied by military thrusts of the Russians. We would recognize that our security depends not on the pursuit of force but on the control of force. We would mount a world campaign, putting the full communications skills of this country behind the effort to obtain maximum popular support and pressure for a structured and enforceable peace. We would make it clear that we would undertake no measure in our own interests that would run contrary to the human interest. We would seek to have atmospheric testing branded as a crime against the human community, which it is. We would recognize the right of other peoples to keep the air above their lands free of the radioactive poisons that could ultimately despoil their crops and rob their people of their health.

In short, we would accept the fact that something greater than military force must be created if this nation and its freedoms are to survive. This calls for specific ideas and knowledge about what a workable peace under law requires. It also calls for recognition of moral power and the reality of the power of moral response. But moral power requires moral stature. And this is where the problem really resides.

President Kennedy, responding to the Soviet offer for cooperation in the exploration of space, declared that when men venture beyond the earth they should leave their national differences behind. Right here on earth is the place to do something about national differences. Otherwise we may find that the astronauts will roam outer space in heavenly splendor with nothing but an atomic crematorium to look down upon and come back to. —N.C.



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# LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

## COMMON SENSE AND THE U.N.

I HAVE JUST had an opportunity to read Arthur Larson's article "Common Sense and the United Nations" [*SR*, Feb. 24].

While I do not entirely agree with all of his conclusions, I feel that it is the best summary for continued support of the United Nations which I have read anywhere.

CHRISTIAN A. HERTER.
Washington, D.C.

I HAPPEN TO be one of those individuals who have not been too enthusiastic about foreign entanglements, et al. However, I want to congratulate *SR* for publishing the article by Arthur Larson. . . . I have just finished reading Mr. Larson's article, and I am going to go over it again. It may soften my opinion on some of the goings-on at the U.N.

ALVIN C. BOHM.
Edwardsville, Ill.

## INVESTMENT IN PEACE

THE CASE FOR purchasing U.N. bonds which was presented in the editorial "Success Costs Less Than Failure" [*SR*, Feb. 10] seems nearly irrefutable to me. I can only conclude that Congressional opponents either haven't considered these details or feel that $100,000,000 for non-domestic purposes may be hard to sell the home folks—especially when it's not a gift or "our share" as reckoned by a head count.

It's tragic in the age of space shots and doomsday machines that our old nostalgia for isolation and rugged individualism makes even the most basic requirements for membership in a world family of nations so unpalatable to so many. Thank you for your courageous insistence that we devote our fortunes and energies to the best way we know of peacefully regulating a divided world. May such ideas prevail—before it's too late.

WALKER B. LOWMAN.
Columbus, O.

## FALSE STEP?

IN YOUR LANDMARKS OF MODERN ART [*SR*, Feb. 24] critic Katharine Kuh calls Alberto Giacometti's sculptured "Leg" an "unexpected member of the human body." What is unexpected about a leg? Almost everybody has two of them. This leg *is* unexpected in shape, I admit; only a mummy or a man dying of starvation could display such a leg. This "slender monument to loneliness" does not touch my heart. Would not one poor little isolated toe be a more impressive monument to loneliness?

L. F. HAWKINS.
New York, N.Y.

MRS. KUH'S critique of Giacometti's "Leg" is a pure parody of the pretentious bombast that has militated against the wider acceptance of good modern art. But Mrs. Kuh clearly does not intend it as parody; it is a solemn, windy tribute to her own sense of appreciation—and as phony as the "Leg" itself is pointless. A "monument to loneliness"? It is a monument to one critic's foolishness.

WILL GLICKMAN.
New York, N.Y.

THE SCULPTURE is a leg, but is the review a rib?

VIRGINIA KENNAN.
Charlottesville, Va.

BY TAKING MY words out of context L. F. Hawkins has distorted their meaning. I mentioned that as a rule Giacometti depends on the entire figure in his work, but that in this case he "allowed one unexpected member of a human body to act for the whole." If isolated hands by Dürer and Rodin can be expressive, why not a leg by Giacometti?

No, I did not intend to "rib" or "parody" this sculpture, which I find the antithesis of "pointless." History is full of jocular art comments that have boomeranged. Here are a few:

"Degas is nothing but a peeping Tom . . . ."—*The Churchman*, 1886.

"Let us leave it to others to admire the monkeys à la Cezanne, painted with mud, not to say worse."—*La République Française*, 1905.

"Just try to explain to M. Renoir that the torso of a woman is not a mass of decomposing flesh. . . ."—Albert Wolff, 1874.

About Corot: "This black and mangled mass, would that be a tree?"—*Revue Nouvelle*, 1847.

About Rouault: "Behind the epileptic, one detects the fake."—Camille Mauclair, 1930.

Perhaps, after all, it is better to err with "solemn, windy tributes."

KATHARINE KUH.
New York, N.Y.

**"If three high school boys doing odd jobs after school earn twice as much as one high school teacher, how long will it be . . .?"**

## LIBERTY AND LICENSES

HERETOFORE, I HAD consistently regarded John Ciardi and his writings as completely stuffed shirt. Now, however, with his "Confessions of a Crackpot" [*SR*, Feb. 24], I am compelled to revise my opinion and say "excellent writing." I thank *SR* and John Ciardi.

EVERETT HOWELL.
Brownsville, Tex.

I HATE TO THINK what would happen to the country if everybody had John Ciardi's lack of respect for law and order. Licenses —such as for fishing, driving, and operating a ham radio—are necessary in a well-regulated society. We can all be thankful for what Mr. Ciardi sneeringly calls the Man of Reason.

E. C. ELLSWORTH.
Los Angeles, Calif.

WHAT THIS COUNTRY needs is a few more "crackpots" like John Ciardi.

ARTHUR P. MOODIE.
Seattle, Wash.



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## SR GOES TO THE MOVIES

### Long Night's Journey

INGMAR BERGMAN, after the fine *brio* of "The Devil's Eye," has characteristically changed pace in his newest film, "**Through a Glass Darkly**," to create a study in insanity that is at once touching, horrifying, and inspiring. I can think of no previous Bergman work so direct, so simple, so precise in its effects, and so unequivocal in its meaning. He seems deliberately to have eschewed the symbolism, the convoluted flashbacks, and the lush imagery of his most popular films to create a new style with its own rewards—all sinew and bone, stripped down to the essentials. Its story takes no sudden tangents; its conclusion is stated with unabashed baldness.

This does not mean, however, that Bergman has given us an easy entertainment. Quite the contrary. He develops his theme with an agonizing deliberateness, drawing his audience slowly into the private hell of each of his four protagonists. At the center of the film is Karin, recently released from a mental hospital, but already aware that she is beginning to slip back into madness. Martin, her husband, is a doctor; but he is unable to help her professionally, and he soon learns that he is also unable to arouse her sexually. Her father, David, is an author—a cold, egocentric man who discovers, to his horror, that his main interest in his daughter's derangement is as raw material for a novel. Completing the quartet is Minus, Karin's younger brother, an adolescent adrift in the mysteries of sex. They live together in a lonely cottage by the sea, isolated not only from the world but, because of their own special needs, even from each other.

It is this isolation that Bergman finds so dangerous. Where there is no communication, he says, there can be no love. Karin's illness, in its quick, steady advance, precipitates this realization. Rejected by her father, rejecting her husband, the girl retreats to an empty room to listen to her "voices," and to await the coming of God. But the God that comes to her, in a scene as powerful as anything Bergman has ever done, is a monstrous spider whose imagined attack blots out for her the real world. Only then, as Karin is led away to the mental hospital, do father and son make the first moves toward mutual understanding and love.

"Through a Glass Darkly" is curiously reminiscent of a film by another great Scandinavian director, Denmark's Carl Dreyer—curious because, in Hollis Alpert's recent interview with Bergman (*SR*, Dec. 23, 1961), Bergman specifically rejected Dreyer as an influence. "I find myself very remote from him," he said, "and, in fact, his films have never touched me." And yet Bergman's film unfolds with all the uncompromising, unhurried, slow-gathering momentum of Dreyer's "Ordet." Like "Ordet," it works within a narrowly circumscribed group of characters while examining the same questions of God, faith, and love. But where the Dreyer film rose to its climax in the passing of a miracle, Bergman reaches his height in the most horrifying delineation of a mental breakdown ever put on the screen. Ironically, Dreyer moves from his miracle to a finale of despair, while Bergman follows madness with a ray of hope.

As always, performances in the Bergman film are impeccable, particularly with such veterans as Harriet Andersson, Gunnar Björnstrand, and Max von Sydow heading the cast. As always, Bergman stages his scenes with a keen perception of the camera's capabilities —the beam of light that falls on Karin's eye before she opens it, the way he holds the camera on an empty hallway while characters search through the surrounding rooms, the extreme long-shots that accentuate the family's remoteness from each other. This time, however, Bergman the writer seems to have dominated Bergman the director. More of the story is told in extensive and explicit dialogue than through suggestive, elliptical camerawork. I must confess, however, I find both Bergmans equally fascinating.

Bergman has always been able to handle violence, nudity, even rape in his pictures without making them appear tossed in for audience titillation. (In "Darkly," Karin actually seduces her younger brother in one of the most tastefully handled sequences of the film.) On the other hand, in "**The Couch**," the story of a psychopathic killer who times his murders to coincide with his visits to his analyst's office, it is evident from the first frame that everything has been specifically designed to delight the sadists. Produced and directed by Owen Crump from a story that he wrote with Blake Edwards (probably after a visit to "Psycho"), it seems a likely entry for the "Fabulous 52" of 1963. Grant Williams is stony as the killer, Shirley Knight wooden as his girl.

—ARTHUR KNIGHT.



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## The Square Fellow

TO SAY that a play begins like Thornton Wilder, shifts into Duerrenmatt, spreads out into Tennessee Williams, and has touches of Giraudoux and Anouilh would seem to imply a lack of originality. However, Arthur L. Kopit's new farce, **"Oh Dad, Poor Dad, Mamma's Hung You in the Closet and I'm Feelin' So Sad,"** contains all these influences, and still maintains a special character of its own. For what this young playwright fresh from Harvard has borrowed is technique, and what is original with him is the area he so brilliantly, entertainingly, and cruelly explores.

What he does in this play is to describe the whole disgusting top-heavy spectacle of a society whose fantastically unreal myths and traditions lead us either to a perpetuation of these myths and the widening of the gap between them and reality, or to what seems to be a pathological and destructive state of existence. The play's protagonist is Jonathan Rosepettle, a pampered, stammering adolescent who is only a slight exaggeration of one sort of boy found at our best prep schools and colleges. He lives with his collection of nearly a billion stamps, a ton of rare coins, and a trunkful of precociously literary books. His mother, Madame Rosepettle, is a wealthy snob who overprotects Jonathan from the world's cruel realities. Her own frustrated sexual experience with an ugly and insensitive husband whose stuffed corpse she carries with her in a coffin plastered with travel stickers has bred in her a fierce antiromanticism. She has, for instance, a pet piranha fish whom she feeds Persian kittens. She travels with thick black velvet drapes to keep the world out of her microcosm with her "favorite trophy," the corpse, and Jonathan. She makes frequent raids on the world outside, by sneaking about the beach at night with a flashlight to disturb lovers, or by encouraging men to fall in love with her and at the romantic height puncturing their balloons with the terrifying story of the husband she murdered.

While she has the utmost confidence in Jonathan and knows he will be great, although she doesn't exactly know what he's going to be great at, she keeps him locked up. When he falls in love with a girl he sees from his room through a telescope, she brings the girl to him, only to expose her later as a promiscuous hussy. And when all this leads to a drastic result, she can in all innocence exonerate herself by asking, "What is the meaning of this?"

The Phoenix production tells the story with emphasis on its humorous aspects. And Mr. Kopit's play is full of opportunity for stage fun. Being a snob, Madame Rosepettle can make acid and witty remarks galore, and Jo Van Fleet exploits this advantage with the kind of style and beauty Vivien Leigh brought to "Duel of Angels." Austin Pendleton gets a precise delight out of parodying Jonathan's delicacy—a girl's finger poked playfully at his tummy seems to leave him mortally wounded. Sandor Szabo as an aging suitor manages to seem hilariously bewildered, when Madame Rosepettle encourages him to waltz himself giddy, at a point when he would be softly romantic. And Barbara Harris steals the show with her catalogue of droll responses to the incredible absurdities she keeps discovering about Jonathan and his mother. Her all-out seduction scene, which is only an exaggeration of one that has occurred many times in the environs of Harvard Square, is tremendously funny, without being any the less erotic. We truly believe her to be so fiercely caught up in her project that she can, without losing a beat, continue her lovemaking by working around, over, and with the corpse that has ominously dropped out of the closet.

William and Jean Eckart's settings—complete with carniverous plants that move—and Patricia Zipprodt's amusing costumes give the farce a candied coating that keep its harshness from becoming too chilling. And director Jerome Robbins has been thoroughly inventive without ever permitting the proceedings to seem arty. If there is any fault to be found with this production it is perhaps that the moment-to-moment highly extroverted performances may somewhat blind us to the underlying truthfulness of what will strike some as a ridiculously fabricated play. Or is the plight of snobbish and wealthy people a little difficult to make sympathetic to large audiences?

No matter. This is the most exciting theatre the Phoenix has produced in several seasons. Furthermore, it introduces, at the remarkably young age of twenty-four, a new playwright of extraordinary skill, perception, and brilliance. —HENRY HEWES.


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MID-MONTH RECORDINGS

# Music Under the Southern Cross

By ROBERT FARRIS THOMPSON

A LARGELY sympathetic collection of café samba songs, recorded in Rio, has recently been released and is worth acquiring: João Gilberto's "Pops in Portuguese," accompanied by Antonio Carlos Jobim's orchestra (Capitol ST 10280). Gilberto, a thirty-one-year-old guitarist who was born in the northeast of Brazil, sings personably, despite occasional introverted lapses. I suspect João might profit by a season in the boîtes of the St.-Germain-des-Prés district of Paris, where world-weariness in a middle register abounds, and where he might well work this tendency out of his system. At any rate, with or without introversion his work comes across as charming. I especially liked a composition entitled "Doralice," in which Gilberto scissors the sentiment of the verses with shrewd thrusts of the samba beat. Often, as happens here, he manages to elasticize his Portuguese with rollicking dance patterns and the special oscillations of the melodic line on guitar well complement the effect.

"Só Em Teus Braços" (Only in Your Arms) and "Forgive Me If I'm Late" are examples of what the liner notes style "a mood of male intimacy." However, the pieces both seemed to me more sensibly described as portraits of the singer as a young narcissist; one had the uncanny feeling Gilberto was singing these two selections before a mirror, polishing his pathos and trying on masks. The supperclub narrowness of his vocal range was also quite evident here. "O Pato" (The Duck), an amiable animal tale spun around a bit of samba camaraderie, grants João the opportunity to drop the pretense of romantic loss and to sing in his own voice. Thus liberated, he concentrates on a high-stepping urban samba delivery that teaches the lyrics to dance. There is more unmannered rhythmic gaiety in "Um Abraço No Bomfa," an instrumental fragment which might well serve as a kind of cardiograph of the samba pulse, embellished with hardy off-beats apparently struck on the side of the guitar with his knuckles. I found, to my surprise, that I could even listen to a Portuguese version of "I'm Looking Over a Four Leaf Clover" with more than irritated pleasure—the tongue of Camoens lifts to a higher level a song which I have heretofore, rightly or wrongly, associated with the jukebox in the corner tavern.

It is a pity that Portuguese, a language whose short-sounding vowels and sharp accents blended well with Negroidal musical elements in the larger cities of Brazil, was apparently too great a challenge to the writer of the liner notes. For João's phrases are sometimes witty, full of assonance and irreverence, but the liner "translations" forego nuance for the merest summaries. Pity too, that the amusing aural pleasures of Gilberto's Rio accent were not singled out—the speech of Lisbon undergoes a sea change to emerge with effects that when sung sometimes sound like two cymbals gently struck. One can only hope that Capitol will release more of João Gilberto, provided a merciless blue pencil is applied to the touches of international schmaltz and the occasional moments of narcissism which may, to judge from this LP, occur in the course of recording.

Carter Harman, a former music editor of *Time*, has put together an LP culled from field tapes of folk singing and drumming in Puerto Rico, Grenada (an island north of Trinidad), and Haiti for Monitor Records ("Bomba!" Monitor MF 355). I am told that the tapes were cut early in 1961. My primary criterion in listening to this disc was one of quality, for certain ethnic folk recordings have, it seems to me, been marred by what might be termed an evidential approach to documentation—the interest in field recordings as pieces of information, for the light they shed on a given culture, and not in the intrinsic expressive value of the music, its style, and the quality of the style's presentation. (There is also what might be termed the *rara vox* school, which in a virtual confusion of philately and musicology seems to regard the rarity or remoteness of the song as a part of its worth, as if it were an eighteenth-century postage stamp.)

It is clear from an audition of Carter Harman's LP that he chose his tapes primarily for their peculiar perceptual quality, rather than as ethnic curiosities. On the other hand, he balances his largely esthetic choices with satisfactory information about instruments and locales in the liner notes. "Santa Maria," the opening band, is a wholly cheerful example of the *plena*, a kind of Puerto Rican calypso, which regales the ear with a mingling of tambourine-sized drum, the sweetish tones of a diminutive relative of the accordion, and some splendidly structured singing. Harman's recording of a Puerto Rican *bomba*, by an ensemble from Loiza Aldea on the north shore of the island, is perhaps the finest specimen of the genre that I have ever heard. The bomba is said to be the only African dance still extant in Puerto Rico and its best partisans are to be found, unsurprisingly, in Loiza Aldea where there is a heavy Negro population. "The words of this (bomba)," writes Harman, "so often repeated by chanter and public, are in approximate Spanish, but often they are phonetic descendants of African dialect whose meanings the singers themselves never knew." This is a little vague, considering the esthetic importance of the specimen, and one would appreciate information about the relevant "dialect" in question. A transcription of the lyrics would, in addition, have been enormously useful.

The Bomba drumming is intractable and hypnotic: the players of the large, barrel-shaped drums illumine the air with "rolls" and sudden sharp accents in opposition. There is more superb drum work in "Rara No. 2," an especially compelling offering from Haiti. Here Harman has documented a Haitian *vaccine* orchestra in action. (The vaccine is a single-note bamboo trumpet and in the local Rara pre-Lenten festivals vaccine players march down the streets of the cities of Haiti, blowing their trumpets and, simultaneously, tapping out percussion on the sides of the trumpets with sticks.) The vaccine mosaic bears special listening. At one point the vaccines drop out, revealing a drum background that is so eloquently tonal, despite its simplicity, that it is difficult to realize that it is a percussion section. Carter Harman, who has made his home in Puerto Rico, is to be congratulated for exceptionally clear documents which reflect an ear for fine art as well as ethnography.

One of the multiple tragedies of the Congo crisis is the fact that the rich cultural offerings of this enormous nation lie now largely concealed behind a mask of scare headlines. Music is one of the gifts of the Republic of Congo to the world, and among Congolese


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singers none are perhaps more elegantly musical than the Ekonda, who dwell north of Leopoldville. Washington Records will, in a matter of weeks, provide an excellent sampler of their music (a rerelease of Riverside RLP 4006, "Ekonda"), recorded and edited by Professor Alan P. Merriam and his wife. "The leader-chorus pattern provides the basic organizational principle," Merriam informs us, "but it is highly elaborated into a complicated polyphony in which two or more leaders sing against both polyphonic and harmonic backgrounds expressed in as many as four or five distinct parts." Here is a schema for some of the more strikingly evolved songs on earth. "Nsi" (Fish) is a compact experience: a soloist opens the song, then merges his melodic lines with a second part in duet, and finally a full chorus of nine lend their voices to form a structure wherein, as Merriam points out, an excellent grasp of the use of dynamic indicates complete understanding of the possibilities of shading and ornament in song. Those who are "classically" oriented may find absorbing Ekonda song closings which are normally couched in an exquisitely held note followed by a descent of a minor third which is released quickly.

"Bokungu" involves eight singers, two of whom accompany the song with a grooved palm rib rubbed with a flexible stick to produce a sound quite sandpapery and not unlike the gourd percussion instrument of a typical cha-cha band. The leaders of the song deliver their verses with machine-gun celerity; obviously a great deal of virtuosity of diction is required. The tour de force of this LP is "Bobongo," an Ekonda song cycle which takes up the entire first side. The harmonic skills which are vaunted lustily stem from thorough rehearsals and help to slay a common misconception to the effect that African music is haphazard and made up on the spot never to be repeated. The musical wit of the Ekonda singers is almost uncanny; for one final instance they are wont to insert tiny climaxes into the course of their songs, release the tension, and then put the pieces together again at a slightly higher plateau of operation. This special aural trick sticks in the ear—like the surf long after it has ceased. One can only hope that after the political house has been put in order (and recently there seem to be signs that it will be) the Congo government will turn its mind to national cultural treasures and send, among many projects, Ekonda choirs on world tour in the manner of the Ballets Africans. At any rate, to Professor Merriam goes the credit for spotlighting the Ekonda reservoir of musical expertise.

# Musicians in Battle

AT THE peak of the Battle of Gettysburg, the greatest single battle ever fought on the North American continent, a British military observer traveling with General Lee scratched the following item in his diary: "When the cannonade was at its height, a Confederate band of music, between the cemetery and ourselves, began to play polkas and waltzes, which sounded very curious, accompanied by the hissing and bursting of the shells." Coming across this entry as he read himself to sleep a few years ago, Frederick Fennell's senses suddenly sharpened and there was no rest for him that night. His free-running imagination ended in a detailed plan of research submitted eventually to Dr. Howard Hanson, director of the University of Rochester's Eastman School of Music. After years of painstaking labor and an incredibly complex system of sound recordings of actual small bore and artillery fire (on 35 mm), the project soon began to take shape as "The Civil War: Its Music and Its Sounds" (Mercury LPS2-901, $13.95), Volume I, the story of the struggle between brothers told in its cannon fire and music and the fifers, buglers, drummers, and bandsmen who made that music.

First thing to strike your ear as this unusual and original stereo package begins to break upon your senses is sudden awareness that the Civil War songs, bugle calls, and sounds of battle you are hearing are being made with brass instruments and military arms that create different sounds from arms and instruments you have become accustomed to in your own lifetime. The canister and grape fired from a genuine Civil War cannon do not sound like the explosion of a French 75: there is a guttural hiss, a flat, tinny horror about this ancient weapon's sound which becomes absolutely terrifying in the solitary privacy of a fine stereo studio (I used one at the Harvey Radio shop near *SR* because I wanted to be certain I heard the sound of battle at its best). And not only do the weapons of war become unimaginably real, because they *are* real and because the stereo reproduction is a perfection of authenticity, but the music suddenly strikes you as different from anything you've ever heard before, and with good reason.

For the Eastman Wind Ensemble, while playing such familiar airs as "Hail to the Chief," "Dixie," "Bonnie Blue Flag," "Maryland, My Maryland," "Listen to the Mocking Bird," and assorted galops, schottisches, quicksteps, waltzes and marches, is reproducing this indigenous music on indigenous brass instruments. These instruments were collected painstakingly from museums all over America: an E flat over-the-shoulder alto with three string rotary valves; E flat soprano and B flat soprano cornets, over-the-shoulder models, with both string and mechanical rotary valves; an E flat alto upright horn with piston valves; a B flat tenor over-the-shoulder, a French or Viennese collector's item; E flat basses, over-the-shoulder in style and often of large bore. The B flat clarinet and D flat flute and piccolo are authentic antique winds, and the effect on the ear is first one of shock, then intense absorption, and finally total admiration for a Civil War research project in music that actually comes off. This is no fake adaptation, your ear quickly tells you. This is the real thing; and somehow all the old songs are new when played on instruments for which many of them were originally written,

*—W. L. Decker*

**Over-the-shoulder horn (small size).**



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# RECORDINGS REPORTS: JAZZ LPs

| TITLE, PERSONNEL, DATA | REPORT |
|---|---|
| "The Cannonball Adderley Sextet in New York." Julian Adderley, alto saxophone; Nat Adderley, cornet; Yusef Lateef, tenor saxophone, flute, oboe; Joe Zawinul, piano; Sam Jones, bass; Louis Hayes, drums. Riverside RLP 404, $4.98; stereo, 9404, $5.98. | The Adderley quintet—now augmented by Lateef to make a sextet—has been a spectacularly popular group. It has been able to combine the superficially appealing (if not always the best) elements in the various musics of Charlie Parker, Miles Davis, and the "soul" movement in a way which seems, somehow, *right* to many jazz listeners. Unfortunately, the band has now become so buried in its own clichés that what might have been a valuable synthesis is often very close to unconscious parody. |
| "Chicago and All That Jazz." Jimmy McPartland, trumpet; Jack Teagarden, trombone; Pee Wee Russell, clarinet; Bud Freeman, tenor saxophone; Joe Sullivan, piano; Eddie Condon, guitar; Bob Haggart, bass; Gene Krupa, drums; Lil Armstrong, piano; Blossom Seeley, vocals. Verve V-8441, $4.98; stereo, $5.98. | The album's title, as one might suspect, is inherited from a recent NBC television show in which these musicians and a number of others participated. This is not the music that was televised. Two tracks here, piano solos by Lil Armstrong, are without musical interest. Two others, sung by Mrs. Armstrong, Blossom Seeley, and Jack Teagarden, are novelty vocals with a few choruses of musical relief. Most of the other seven are Dixieland warhorses. The ensembles tend to be muddy, and Krupa's drumming is not helpful, but there are several fine solos by Russell, Freeman, Sullivan, and especially Teagarden. |
| Ornette Coleman: "Ornette!" Coleman, alto saxophone; Donald Cherry, pocket trumpet; Scott LaFaro, bass; Ed Blackwell, drums. Atlantic 1378, $4.98, stereo, $5.98. | Coleman's music lacks the conventional chorus structure and is largely random in harmony; he plays over a bass line improvised without reference to a predetermined series of chords. Hence a new listener is apt to feel lost at first. But patience is well rewarded. Coleman's playing is rich in melodic variety, rhythmic nuance, and sonority. This album contains two magnificent extended solos at the medium-fast tempo he seems to find most comfortable. One, on "R.P.D.D.," is built on simple riffs and contrasting modal figures; the other, on "C & D," contains some stunning sequences. A faster piece, "W.R.U.," is spotty. Cherry is improving, but still troubled by technical slips. LaFaro and Blackwell have one good solo each; their accompaniment is sure and functional. The ensemble themes are very raggedly stated; they deserve more care. |
| Stan Getz and Eddie Sauter: "Focus." Getz, tenor saxophone; eighteen strings; Roy Haynes, drums; Eddie Sauter, composer, Hershy Kay, conductor. Verve V-8412, $4.98; stereo, $5.98. | This is by no means simply another example of jazz-soloist-with-strings commercialism. The pieces are, in effect, small concerti for strings and improvising tenor saxophone. The scores themselves are not jazz, and so avoid the usual difficulties classically trained string players experience when attempting jazz intonation and rhythms. Sauter's writing is rich, imaginative, and mercifully free from Hollywood effects—homophonic lushness, decorative harp glissandi, and the like. Getz's playing is marvelously integrated with the compositions, assured and lyrical at all tempos. |
| Dizzy Gillespie: "An Electrifying Evening with the Dizzy Gillespie Quintet." Gillespie, trumpet; Leo Wright, alto saxophone and flute; Lalo Shifrin, piano; Chuck Lampkin, drums; Bob Cunningham, bass. Verve V-8401, $4.98; stereo, $5.98. | These four pieces were recorded at a Museum of Modern Art concert a year ago. Two, "Salt Peanuts" and "Night in Tunisia," are classic Gillespie bop lines; "The Mooche" is a venerable Ellington tune, and "Kush" is a repetitious piece of Eastern-flavored exotica. Both "The Mooche" and "Kush" are tediously arranged. There are trivial solos by Wright and Shifrin, and even Gillespie doesn't always have everything together. However, he can be expected to play at least one brilliant solo in every program, and the one here on "Salt Peanuts" is easily enough to make the concert memorable and the record worth having. Its first three choruses are Gillespie at close to his best. |
| Claude Hopkins: "Let's Jam." Joe Thomas, trumpet; Buddy Tate, tenor saxophone; Hopkins, piano; Wendell Marshall, bass; J. C. Heard, drums. Prestige/Swingville 2020, $4.98; stereo, $5.98. | Fine and mellow, if not exceptional, performances by swing-era veterans. The most important soloists, of course, are Tate and Thomas; Tate's huge, tumbling phrases are as joyful as usual, and Thomas, whose golden lyricism recalls *that* side of Louis Armstrong, is again in good form after years of neglect and relative inactivity. Hopkins's playing at up-tempos, a staccato transformation of stride and Basie, is sometimes stiff, and he is best on the slow ballads, one of which, "I Surrender, Dear," he has to himself. |
| Robert Johnson: "King of the Delta Blues Singers." Johnson, vocals and guitar. Columbia CL 1654, $3.98. | A collection of records made in 1936 and 1937, when Johnson was hardly more than a boy (he died in 1938, not yet twenty-one). Some folk-blues enthusiasts consider him one of the finest performers in the genre, but I am less enthusiastic. His music is crude and rhythmically unsure, even judged by the special standards of the style and the time. Nevertheless, there are moments of intense beauty. The lyrics concern women, fear, and loneliness, and contain some cruelly poetic lines. |
| Gary McFarland: "How to Succeed in Business Without Really Trying." McFarland, arranger and vibraphone; five trumpets; three trombones; five reeds; Hank Jones, piano; Jim Hall or Kenny Burrell, guitar; George Duvivier or Joe Benjamin, bass; Mel Lewis or Osie Johnson, drums. Verve V-8443, $4.98; stereo, $5.98. | Starting with what might be thought (except by the Verve sales department) unpromising material —tunes from the musical "How to Succeed in Business Without Really Trying"—McFarland has arranged an imaginative and unusually varied big-band album. The musicians are among the most competent craftsmen in New York. McFarland's greatest gift so far is that of pacing—the balancing of section work, solos, breaks, accompaniment devices, and different rhythms to achieve a constantly changing texture. The music is rarely very serious and sometimes pretty funny. Clark Terry, trumpet, Bob Brookmeyer, trombone, and Phil Woods, alto saxophone, contribute the best solos. |
| Art Tatum: "The Essential Art Tatum." Tatum, piano. Verve V-8433, $4.98. | Tatum is the fourth great jazz musician (after Charlie Parker, Billie Holiday, and Lester Young) whose "essential" recordings on Norman Granz's various labels have recently been collected on a posthumous memorial album. He was an erratic genius whose music varied widely in quality, and unfortunately this collection seems to have been made with little understanding of its special beauties and failings. As though chosen at random, the pieces range from the excellent ("Would You Like to Take a Walk," "Willow Weep for Me," "You're Blasé"), through the interesting but imperfect ("Tenderly," "Jitterbug Waltz") to the downright bombast of technical display ("Elegie") which was Tatum's greatest weakness. He was merely hindered by accompanying musicians, but one pleasant example of his group work is included—"My Ideal," with tenor saxophonist Ben Webster and a rhythm section. |
| Lennie Tristano: "The New Tristano." Tristano, piano. Atlantic 1357, $4.98. | These piano solos are bound to be controversial. Some listeners will find them emotionless and chilly; others will be intrigued. Except for one standard, "You Don't Know What Love Is," all the pieces are Tristano's, and vary from chordal out-of-tempo playing to the stark extreme of "Bud," which is a single unaccompanied line at a fast tempo and with tediously few relieving rests. In other pieces Tristano simultaneously plays a steady bass line in the right hand and relentlessly long lines in the right. This is an extremely demanding improvisational procedure, and works really well only in "C Minor Complex," where the effect is that of baroque counterpoint combined with modern harmony and metrical dislocations. |

—Matt Edey.



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in tempos suited to the cadence of a soldier at work or leisure.

Splendid as is the band music of Union and Confederate troops here, the problems of recording it must have been pretty staggering, and occasionally some of the ropes and pulleys show through, though this simply makes the thing more authentic than ever. All of the musicians involved had, of course, been raised in an era dominated by the direct, bright sound of cylindrical brasses. Now, playing the deeply sonorous, straight-over-the-shoulder horns, there was a mellow diffusion of sound and there was also a projection to the rear which greatly complicated the seating arrangement. Some horn players had to face front, some sideways, some with their backs to the conductor, the bells of their instruments pointing like so many upturned witches' hats directly at him. Another hurdle was the water problem: brass instruments have long since been equipped with keys to permit quick discharge of condensed moisture. Over-the-shoulder horns of Civil War days had no such keys. At frequent intervals during the recordings, therefore, someone would look desperately at Dr. Fennell and shout "water!" Then would follow a long wet pause while all would pull out the three tuning slides, dump them, blow the instrument free of moisture, then carefully return the slides to precalculated tuning positions. Since tuning was a continuous problem there are here and there a few imprecise notes, yet they are, far from being unpleasant, rather homey and lend that happy outdoor, amateur reality one can remember well from band concerts in a small town many hot, wet summer evenings ago.

Besides band music there are camp, garrison, and field songs played on museum-piece drums and fifes ("The Girl I Left Behind Me," "Liverpool Hornpipe," "Gary Owen," etc.), cavalry bugle signals some of which are first played without drum, then with drum, parade style; and finally Martin Gabel's patriotic narration of "The Sounds of Conflict." This fourth side tells something of the story of Gettysburg, effective if highly oversimplified, including what history calls "Pickett's charge," but which was in reality no charge at all but a simple, massive, frontal assault on an impregnable position, doomed to failure before the first fatal bugle blew it forward. The opening note of "The Sounds of Conflict" is one tremendous explosion from a Confederate mortar that reverberates down and down valley and ridge and field as though it were trying to go back a whole century to bring to life and health again the brave 51,000 who fell during three bloody, fantastic days in a little town in southern Pennsylvania that nobody had ever heard of.

—Richard L. Tobin.

# Cage, Bussotti, Berio

THE NEWEST entry in Time's Contemporary Sound Series offers John Cage's "Aria with Fontana Mix," Sylvano Bussotti's "Frammento," and Luciano Berio's "Circles," an e.e. cummings setting (58003, $4.98 or S/8003, $5.98). No texts are provided. There are, however, many photographs of the performers, who include Mr. Berio, three also with John Cage (two with smirk, one with hearty laugh), and we are offered some extraordinary annotations which I fear will not after all be the last word in illiteracy and pretentious muddle-headedness.

Mr. Cage's oeuvre, as the notes call it, is actually two separate oeuvres "capable of being performed simultaneously as has been done and recorded here." Appalling both in its cynicism and its tedium, it is another in the series of jokes on which the Cage career has been built. While Cage accompanies the voice with prerecorded tape, Bussotti contents himself with piano. We are informed, however, that the piano part is actually reduced from an orchestral score, but also that "the piano adaptation was written by the composer himself, who thereby thought to establish the piano arrangement as an autonomous compositional genre." It is a relief to be offered this assurance of Mr. Bussotti's having thought about anything at all in connection with this piece. Both in Bussotti and Cage, the text is macaronic and deliberately incoherent.

Berio's work by contrast is that of a responsible musician, and in context I am grateful for at least the honesty of the very minor work of art he has produced. His musical language is dreadfully cliché-ridden, a mass of those familiar attractive and tiresome percussion noises and spectacular vocal acrobatics. Precision and economy are far from his art: nearly twenty minutes and his complex color spectrum are a considerable outlay for a work that hardly produces the artistic impact of one of Duparc's lesser songs.

The star of this album is Cathy Berberian (Mrs. Berio), who vocalizes all this music. Limitless technique and an irresistibly aggressive personality serve the composers gloriously. The recording is superb and one can preseume the performances to be authentic and representative. As a historian I am grateful to Time records for its work in keeping the suicide of Western music so superlatively documented. As a musician, I wonder, not without bitterness at past and present neglect, when we will do as much for composers whose musical objects are less immediately titillating.

—Michael Steinberg.


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# Little White Ridinghood

By RALPH SCHOENSTEIN

RECENTLY, I bought my daughter some recorded fairy tales, all of which were beloved classics. But when I played "The Three Little Pigs," I was shocked to hear the big bad wolf come down the chimney, land in a pot of fudge, and become a penitent candy bar who tells the pigs how sweet he intends to be.

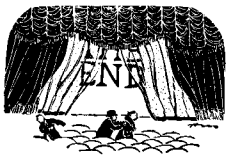
Who had changed the recipe of the pigs' revenge so their foe now finished as a chocolate punster? Had Newton Minow enlarged his jurisdiction to the nursery? Or was the wolf no longer boiled alive because of sensitivities about the Congo?

I soon learned that Cricket Records has removed all the gruesome violence from the bloodier fairy tales so that children won't dream like the Grand Guignol. Such revisions have been made by a fable rewrite man and a child psychologist from Teachers College, who know that Grimm has more gore than the French Revolution and that some of Andersen could haunt Charles Addams. So to avoid causing pre-school nightmares and traumas, all this merry mayhem has been replaced by sweetly innocuous denouements.

My other records were as cleanly laundered as "The Three Little Pigs": in none was a drop of blood or a single head shed. In "Hansel and Gretel," the two children don't kill the witch by locking her in the oven. Instead, they bake her for only a half hour at 400 degrees so she can become a gingerbread witch, a metamorphosis as tasty as the one in "The Three Little Pigs." No doubt she'll be served at the same party as the chocolate wolf.

In a previous version of this tale, the Cricket humanitarians didn't have the heart even to turn the witch to gingerbread. Instead, they let her emerge alive from the fiery furnace in a finish that would have delighted DeMille, especially because she then gave a sermon on how all children should love their stepmothers. I wonder if this earlier version isn't better for a nation with such an alarming divorce rate. The average child won't pay much attention to Dr. Peale, but he'll really be impressed if a witch tells him that it's "Stepmother Week."

"The Pied Piper of Hamelin" has received a splendid job of pest control: Hamelin is no longer threatened by rats but by an avalanche. And the Pied Piper no longer marches the children off to be lost but now leads them to safety. I don't mind the Cricket people saving all those children, but I wonder if they should have done all that ex-




termination, for I suspect that children are more afraid of avalanches than of rats. Most children love rodents, from Mickey Mouse to the singing chipmunks, but you rarely find one who's attached to a landslide—in any but a physical way, that is.

"Little Red Ridinghood" has been edited with the thoroughness of a cardinal at the Cannes Film Festival. In the original, the wolf makes a snack out of grandma and is then turned into wolfburger by a woodsman. But in the Cricket version, he's cheated out of octogenarian hors d'oeuvre because grandma has gone shopping, a mission she's described in a sign on her door. Moreover, he no longer fools Little Red Ridinghood, who knows that he's a shaggy female impersonator. In fact, she so flatters him on his performance that he runs off to go on television, an ending with more horror than the Cricket people realize.

"What a clever disguise!" she tells him. "You're wonderful, Mister Wolf."

"You really think so?" he says.

"Oh, yes! You should be on TV."

"Jumpin' buttercups! I'll go and see about it! Say hello to your grandmother when she gets back from the store."

It's bad enough to commute this villain's death sentence (since he's clearly guilty of attempted murder); but a psychologist who makes *any* wolf say "Jumpin' buttercups!" should be given his place in the pot. I realize that in this Age of Public Relations, every ethnic group must have a lovable image; but one can go just so far in softening predatory villains. No matter how long you've gone to Teachers College, you'll never hear even the mellowest cub say "Jumpin' buttercups!"—whether he be falling into fudge or founding Rome.

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ished horror is gone, all the macabre flights that have always given children a healthy fear of witches, wolves, giants, dwarfs, and the dark. At the end of "The Legend of Sleepy Hollow," Brom Bones confesses to having been the headless horseman and then delivers a zoology lesson: he explains that there's no such animal. In "Rumpelstiltskin," the dwarf who wanted to take the queen's child no longer stamps his way to his death. Instead, the queen makes him the royal babysitter to satisfy his love for children, an ending that rings as true as if Lady Macbeth became a nun.

AS I listened to a rotten dwarf become a penitent male nurse, I realized what a mistake it is to make fairy tales blander than "Father Knows Best," to exorcise their dark magic and fiery enchantment. Even for children, should the wicked be punished by turning them into Hershey bars? And above these esthetic and ethical matters is the vital question of our time: if a child isn't afraid of the dark, how else can you keep him in bed?

Though they're fantasy, fairy tales are actually a way to prepare children for life, which is often grimmer than a witch's diary. Children should learn early that women can be bitchy queens as well as Molly Goldbergs, that the wicked can't be vanquished by making them baby sitters, fortune cookies, or guests on "The Price Is Right." I've been teaching my daughter that life isn't an endless installment of "Lassie": it's "The Three Little Pigs." After all, didn't those pigs survive because one of them had a bomb shelter?

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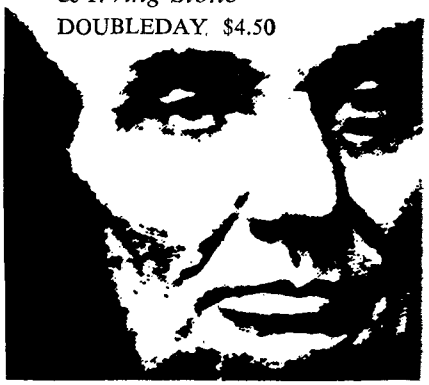

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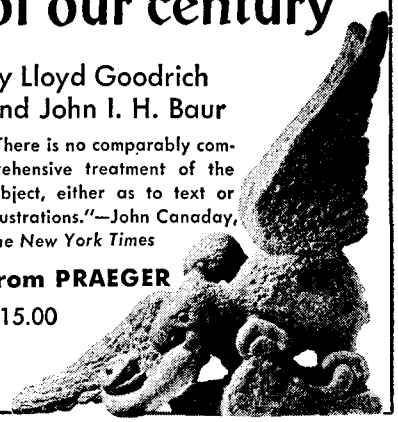

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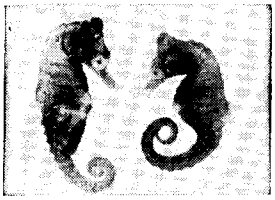

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## A Safe Supply of Happiness

SCHUBERT: *Sonata No. 17 in D, Opus 53 (D. 850). Artur Schnabel, piano.* Angel COLH 83, $5.98.

The neglect of so fascinating a collection of rewarding material as the Schubert sonatas is bewildering, to say the least. That they are heard at all is due in large measure to the devotion of Artur Schnabel, who discovered them when he was still a boy and took special delight in them all his life. In his own words, "I loved them immediately, and my love has been growing ever since. They are a safe supply of happiness."

Schnabel died in the summer of 1951. Ten years later, EMI's Paris technicians made a microgroove transfer of what is perhaps the most perfectly realized of all his recorded performances, this rich D major Sonata of Schubert, one of the longest and most lovable of the series. It may be said with grateful enthusiasm that the transfer is a success, capturing all the magic of the memorable 78s released here some twenty years ago as Victor set DM-888, one of the "Great Recordings of the Century" without question.

In his notes for DM-888, Abraham Veinus quoted Schnabel as saying that Schubert's sonatas had been neglected for so long that "no tradition whatsoever exists for the performance of them. The lack of tradition . . . makes Schubert's piano pieces actually novelties, both for players and listeners. Novelties of such deep originality, spontaneous nobility, and often transcendental inspiration, as expressed in Schubert's music, demand as approach to them an attitude beyond routine or glamour, erudition, fashion or 'relaxation.' They demand concentration and the spirit of reverent gratitude for the release of a fertile effort. They demand, as do all great works of art, uninterrupted participation of all the functions engaged in the give-and-take relation between the individual and art."

Schnabel himself, of course, did much to establish the tradition which had been lacking, the unquestioned authority and infectious warmth of his performances being the result not only of "reverent gratitude" but of obvious and genuine affection for the material. Even those who may have questioned his Beethoven or Brahms were irresistibly drawn to his Schubert, and the pianists of the succeeding generation who have come to this literature have felt, and benefited from, his influence. Webster Aitken, whose EMS recordings of several of the sonatas (including the D major) are still listed in Schwann (but regrettably hard to come by), is very close to the master in his interpretations, as is Joerg Demus, who has twice recorded the great B flat Sonata.

Both Sviatoslav Richter and Emil Gilels are represented in the list of recordings of Opus 53 now, and the work is included in one of Friedrich Wührer's generally admirable "Vox-Boxes" of Schubert sonatas, but, with the long awaited reissue of the Schnabel recording so beautifully accomplished, all other versions tend to sound superfluous.

Since EMI included the C minor Allegretto, which had been the fill-up in the 78 set of the B flat Sonata in its earlier reissue of that work (COLH 33), a minor disappointment might be noted in the absence of the beguiling March in E (D. 606) which occupied Side 10 in DM-888. This omission, however, can only inspire hopes for a collection of short pieces by Schnabel, including the Schubert March, Beethoven's Rondos and "Für Elise," etc. What one hopes for most of all, now that the D major reissue is a *fait accompli*, is the superb "Grand Sonata" in A (D. 959, Opus Posth.), recorded at about the same time (late Thirties). An English record club's recent disc of the A major played by Shura Cherkassky, while undeniably attractive, only adds to one's watchful waiting for the resuscitation of the Schnabel.

—RICHARD FREED.

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Westminster has assembled an internationally-renowned cast, including Jan Peerce and Sena Jurinac, for a truly memorable recording of Beethoven's only opera, *Fidelio*, under the inspired direction of Hans Knappertsbusch. This set, which marks the first appearance together on records of Peerce and Jurinac, is a must for the selective listener. This month's releases include 3 masterpieces of liturgical music, Bach's *St. John Passion* and Haydn's *Seven Last Words of Christ*, magnificently interpreted by Hermann Scherchen conducting the Vienna State Opera Orchestra with distinguished soloists and the Vienna Academy Chorus. Also, a remarkable recording of Campra's *Requiem* by a French ensemble under the direction of Louis Frémaux, and —in a lighter vein—two albums of Viennese waltzes and an album of Hungarian folk music. This is the best in music – for the Selective Listener – on Westminster.

**Beethoven:** Fidelio. Sena Jurinac, Jan Peerce, Soloists, Bavarian State Opera Orchestra and Chorus conducted by Hans Knappertsbusch. (3-record set) WST-318 (Stereo), $17.94; XWN-3318 (Monaural) $14.94.

**Bach:** St. John Passion. Phyllis Curtin, Soloists, Vienna State Opera Orchestra and Vienna Academy chorus, Hermann Scherchen conductor. (3-record set) WST-319 (Stereo), $17.94; XWN-3319 (Monaural) $14.94.

**Haydn:** Seven Last Words of Christ. Soloists, Vienna State Opera Orchestra and Vienna Academy Chorus, Hermann Scherchen conductor. WST-17006 (Stereo); XWN-19006 (Monaural).

**Campra Requiem:** (Messe des Morts), Soloists, Orchestra Jean François Paillard, Chorales Philippe Caillard et Stephane Caillat conducted by Louis Frémaux. WST-1707 (Stereo); XWN-19007 (Monaural).

**Folklore from Hungary:** Soloists, Orchestra and Chorus, "Duna" Ensemble, Budapest conducted by Béla Vavrinecz. WST-17008 (Stereo); XWN-19008 (Monaural).

**Waltzing in Vienna:** 20 waltzes played by the Vienna State Opera Orchestra, Josef Leo Gruber conducting. WST-17010 (Stereo); XWN-19010 (Monaural).

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## MUSIC TO MY EARS

### Meyer in "Orfeo," Tucci in "Aida"—Graham

GLUCK'S "Orfeo" is a work of such eloquence and distinction that its inclusion in the Metropolitan Opera's repertory must, of itself, set aside from the ritual of the ordinary the occasions when it is heard. This, then, is a season of "Orfeo," and its first performance cast a spell that soothed the spirit and glorified the senses as only Gluck can.

It is well known that Orfeo can be sung by a male alto, by a tenor, and by the mezzo voice which has become traditional since Hector Berlioz made the version now commonly in use (for Pauline Viardot in the 1850s). Of the two possible present-day alternatives—male altos being an all but extinct breed—Metropolitan preference has always tended to the mezzo voice, though it might be a profitable digression to venture a tenor Orfeo, or even such a baritone as Fischer-Dieskau, or Gérard Souzay.

Presently the Orfeo is Kerstin Meyer, whose debut in "Carmen" a season ago rather confused the nature of her true abilities. She looks well, carries herself with a suitably male stride, and acts the distress of the bereaved Orfeo with simple dignity. Where the music lies well for her voice—the upper compass rather than the lower—she performs with fine musicality and a pleasant avoidance of the ostentatious.

However, these are qualities on the periphery of the strong central substance of the part (such as Giulietta Simionato delivered in her concert version with the American Opera Society in Town Hall in the fall of 1960). Beside a quaver in the all-important lower range of her voice, Miss Meyer rarely approaches what might be called rapture—that indefinable emanation of emotion which can be transmitted even by a voice lacking richness or vibrance. I was surprised that her "Furie, larve, ombre sdegnate" actually moved the Furies and Monsters of the underworld to relent; it scarcely had so impressive a ring to me. Again, "Più puro è 'l ciel" expressed Miss Meyer's appreciation of the beauty in Gluck's concept of the Elysian Fields more through phrasing and accent than by a sound of real distinction. As for "Che farò," the roster of good performances of it is longer than the list of good Orfeos; it was perhaps the best of Miss Meyer's effort. Lucine Amara was Euridice, in a familiar style, and Anneliese Rothenberger, an unfamiliar Amore, was also a rather small-scaled one. Jean Morel's conducting gave shape and color to the score, though not nearly the dramatic thrust it can have.

On the whole, the visual aspects of this "Orfeo" were more absorbing than the aural, for Harry Horner's settings (of 1938) still provide an atmospheric frame for the action and Violette Verdy (a replacement for the absent Alicia Markova) is an excellent dancer, as is Arthur Mitchell, who shared the place of prominence with her. John Taras designed the choreography, which was theatrically justifying if somewhat showy, in its lifts and leaps, for the repose of the Elysian Fields.

There might have been a slight improvement of the vocal standard had Gabriella Tucci sung the Euridice for which she was originally scheduled. However, the absence of Leontyne Price from the afternoon's "Aida" brought Miss Tucci to this part instead. Its dramatic requirements are perilously close to the limit of her vocal volume, but she took the musical challenge in stride, mingling the vocal surety of her Butterfly with the good stage sense of her Violetta. A painstaking makeup and a suitably servile manner were the outer symbols of an inner identity with the role that promises to develop into something outstanding.

Also new this week was the Amelia in "Ballo in Maschera" of the Chilean soprano Claudia Parada. She performed in a manner to credit her Italian background, with clear comprehension of the role and its dramatic requirements. The abbreviated listening possible on this occasion (see below) left unresolved doubts about the full range of the voice and Miss Parada's control of it. She will be heard again soon.

ANY conductor who performs a Tchaikovsky symphony not numbered four, five, or six is entitled to thanks for enterprise, but mingled with those thanks to Eugene Ormandy and the Philadelphia Orchestra is a query: To what extent is the work they performed on their latest visit to Carnegie Hall a symphony? It bears the description "No. 7 in E flat," which is, of itself, misleading. If anything, it should be called No. 5½. It came between the E minor and the "Pathétique" but didn't meet the composer's standards for publication.

Some of it he later utilized for a little-played Piano Concerto No. 3 and it was from this torso, plus sketches and other documentation, that Semyon Bogatyryev, a contemporary Soviet musician, compiled the score used by Ormandy. What we have is a first movement with more than a little of the formal uncertainty that the composer himself deplored (too often, he said "my seams show"), a slow movement of charm and characteristic accent, a scherzo which has nothing to do with what precedes or follows (it was taken by Bogatyryev from the Opus 72 piano pieces), and a finale with balletic overtones. Bogatyryev has made a conscientious effort to reproduce the characteristics of Tchaikovsky's orchestration, but what charms us in the master's best works are the *deviations* from those characteristics—something beyond the most devoted disciple. It was powerfully performed, as was the double concerto of the Netherlands composer Henk Badings, in which Anshel Brusilow and David Madison, the orchestra's premier violinists, were soloists. This is a work of spirit and strong structure which tends a little to monotony from the recurrent parallel patterns of thirds and sixths (or their chromatic alterations) in the solo parts.

There was also a Philadelphia aspect in the week's concerts of the Philharmonic, conducted by Leopold Stokowski in place of Fritz Reiner, whose doctors decreed a rest between commitments in Chicago. In addition to disposing the strings (cellos across the rear, woodwinds to his right) to the advantage of such specialties as the Shostakovich Fifth Symphony and a sequence of "Parsifal" excerpts, Stokowski provided a compelling performance of the late Robert Kurka's "Julius Caesar (A Symphonic Epilogue after Shakespeare's Play)." This was a creation of Kurka on the way (1955) to his best-known accomplishment, "The Good Soldier Schweik," and shows the declamatory impulse of a composer admired for a shrewd sense of satire. More, alas, of either sort was foreclosed by his death in 1957.

The best of Martha Graham's dance season at the Broadway, is, as tends to be the case, Martha Graham herself, especially her participation in the season's first new work, an exposition of Greek legend titled "Phaedra." This deals in no circumspect way with the obsession of Phaedra that her husband's son Hippolytus (the child of her own sister) who spurned her as, says the program note delicately, "he would have spurned any woman," had actually raped her. Here, clearly, is a field for the widest range of Miss Graham's anguishes and ecstasies, and she tilled it thoroughly. —IRVING KOLODIN.



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# SPRING AND THE WANDERLUST

It is virtually irrefutable that if the Irish are upon us then spring can be but four days behind. And they are upon us, as witness the face on the cover, taken by Hans Hubmann for the book "Ireland," one of Hill and Wang's Terra Magica series. The terra magica in question is further eulogized within by Bob Considine, often said to be the nation's number one reporter, the author of sixteen books, among them "It's the Irish." His scrivenings appear over the Irish impressions of Walt Kelly and under a title warbled nightly and memorably by Ella Logan in the Broadway success "Finian's Rainbow" many seasons ago. Joseph Wechsberg, who rode the Orient Express on its final outing, is this journal's unofficial agent in *Mitteleuropa*, and Eugenia Sheppard, who rode the *France* on its maiden voyage, is the New York *Herald Tribune*'s lively fashion columnist. James Ramsey Ullman, finally down off those mountains, writes on the South Seas, scene of his novel "Fia Fia," out this month. The local man's chronicle of a high-flying tour of the world continues this week on Hong Kong, a piece decorated by Dong Kingman. Some pertinent news of Seattle, where considerable doings are afoot, will further activate, or satisfy, the wanderlust, depending upon how you see it. At any rate the season is in the wings, so unfold the folders, sound the Panpipe, and kindly do not step on the crocuses.

—H.S.

Ross Castle, Killarney

—*David Forbert, Monkmeyer*

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# TO DONNYCOVE, THROUGH KILLYBEGS, KILKERRY AND KILDARE

By BOB CONSIDINE

IF YOU have a raincoat and will travel, try Ireland for a change. Find status, don't just keep seeking it. "Funny thing happened to me going through the Pass of Keimaneigh the other day" is a much more secure throat-grabber at the dinner table than "Guess who I run into while setting at Doney's one night?"

Something happens to Ireland around Patrick's Day each year. The land and its more treasured inns, churches, pubs, and dells become habitable for Irish-Americans and others whose blood has been dismally diluted by years or generations of steam-heated creature comforts. The marrow-deep chill leaves Ireland, headed, one is reasonably safe to assume, for Perfidious Albion. And spring has come again to the lovely isle in whose debt Western man shall remain forever more.

You'll be rained on, perhaps from the time you arrive until about an hour before you leave, at the stroke of which the weather will turn superb. But you'll find it easy to forgive the rain because it's gentle, for one thing, and, for another, nobody around you will be complaining. After all, nobody ordered you to visit Ireland. The Irish are hospitable people, proud without side, never unctuous or apologetic. If you don't like their rain, spend your blooming vacation in Death Valley. Ireland needs rain. How else could it remain the greenest greenhouse on earth, grow the rosiest rosy jaws, alight the bluest blue eyes?

There is no "best way" to see Ireland; no required starting or ending place. A visitor who parachutes into, say, Athlone, in the center of the isle, and strikes out toward any point of the compass, will be as enriched as the man leaving Dublin or Belfast and orbiting the thousand miles of coastline from which once sailed scholars whose torches dispelled the Dark Ages.

What is required of the visitor, notably the first-time visitor, is an attitude. He must realize, upon setting sail, that there are certain things Ireland cannot or will not give him. It has its rich, a conservative tweedy lot, but it is surely not a rich man's land. Its hotels are less comfortable than those of the Continent or, say, Bangkok. Don't go if it's a row of Irish chorus girls you have in mind. They're all working in Las Vegas. Don't expect to hear a new, or even an old, limerick in Limerick. Forget about getting a better Irish coffee than you can buy at P. J. Clarke's on

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**Pogo's landing in Ireland depicted by Walt Kelly (Céad mile failte=a hundred thousand welcomes).**

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Third Avenue. Most of the inland restaurants will never have heard of it. Don't expect food fit for the gods. The gods eat elsewhere, though you'll see one now and then around the grille of the Russell in Dublin, Count Cyril McCormack's place at Old Conna Hill nearby, or the Old Ground in Ennis. And, by all means, don't expect your third cousin, twice removed, the one in the cap and unpressed suit, to be awed by the high gloss of your New World manners or the size of your wallet. He'll probably wonder why you look dazed when he asks your candid opinion on the durability of the poetry of Blind Raftery.

But expect an honest count at the cashier's cage, service folk who quickly become fast friends, a lively interest in all things American. Count on magnificent, though not prevalent, theatre. Feel free to anticipate meeting some of the most darling very old and very young people on earth. Expect to see and bet on the best horses now being bred. Expect earth as black as chocolate, and lipstick on the Blarney Stone. Expect to exhale with sheer joy upon first beholding the Lakes of Killarney, and to be awed at the sight of the 1,200-year-old Book of Kells at Trinity College (a page is turned each day, the better to preserve the illumination). Expect among the younger intellectuals not so much an anti-clerical feeling as a growing resentment of the failure of the home-based Church to produce a Patrick, a Sheen, a LaFarge. In Belfast, expect to meet a man as Irish as Paddy's pig who wants no part of being as Irish as Paddy's pig, if it means separation from the strong arm of Britain and the shadow of the gaiters of the Archbishop of Canterbury. Expect romping hounds on the pleasantly winding roads, sheep with gaily splotched dye-brands, cattle seen hitherto only in ads guaranteeing contented milk. Expect not to be robbed or raped. Expect good hunting, great fishing, and challenging golf courses. Expect to find yourself looking around for a British paper to read, for the Irish press can be surprisingly dull, considering the mentally nimble source.

It is a land that places more sentimental value on Tara of the Kings, ruptured seat of an ancient royalty the present day Irishman would reject, than on the very good rural electrification program and the flourishing new West German and Japanese industrial plants. (The Irish are astounded that American industry has made so little use of the land's intelligent work pool.) Ireland has a per capita birth rate twice that of the U.S., but the marriage rate of 5.3 per thousand is one of the lowest in the world. Twenty-five per cent of the population never marries, and the average age of those who do is thirty-three for men and twenty-eight for women. In a world worried about its population, good old Poblacht na H'Eireann (27,136 sq. mi.) has trouble maintaining a population level (2,834,000) ahead of Brooklyn, whose 2,627,000 souls reside on a chunk of real estate 11.6 miles long and 10.9 miles wide. The land loses about 50,000 residents every year, alarmingly mostly young persons. They are more likely than not the younger brothers and sisters in a farm family whose eldest son, whether competent or a nitwit, is sure of inheriting the acreage and stock when the old man passes on or breaks down. In the nineteenth century the rich delta of that flowing exodus was chiefly American. The blood of impoverished Irish immigrants now flows in perhaps 30,000,000 Americans, including the President of the United States. Today, the young Irishman and woman go to England in search of more opportunity, the land their forefathers cursed. It is an hour away by Aer Lingus, but there's likely to be a job there, and it's easy to get back home in case there's a wake to attend or a job pops open.

The visitor will learn to respect the Irish, once he gets over the shock of not having his ring kissed or his pocket picked. He'll forgive inconveniences that would cause him to boil in other lands: a lumpy mattress, a pillow filled perhaps not with down but with the gravel of County Down. He'll obey a stentorian or trilled "Time, gentlemen!" just when the evening is going well and the peat fire glowing merrily. He'll even find the Cork gin acceptable for a martini, the rugged Irish whiskey —which he seldom thinks of ordering at home—quite potable. He'll rediscover one of the most fabulous drinks in the world, properly brewed tea, and learn why the words Guinness and stout are synonymous.

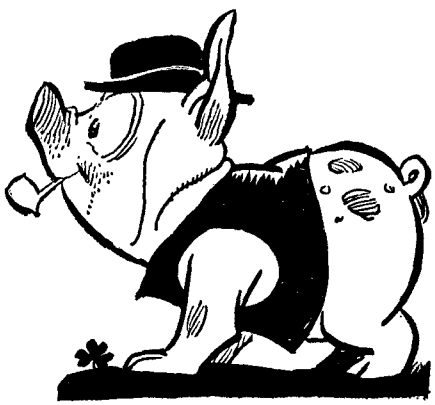
To repeat, start anywhere, end anywhere. Lines of communication, however, tend to demand that one start at the airports of Shannon, Dublin, or Belfast, or the ship port of Cobh. (Despite the fact that most U.S.-to-Europe jets now over-fly Ireland, dollar income from tourists remains at pre-jet levels. The famous duty-free shop at the Shannon airport, once like a country store with a brogue, has taken on overtones of Saks Fifth Avenue or Neiman-Marcus. You can now buy a car there, as well as a clay pipe.)

"Allow 10 Days for the Grand Tour," demands a pamphlet I picked up at Irish International Air Lines in New York the other day.

Don't you do anything of the kind. Allow as much time as you like, or your wife permits. If the cost of traveling concerns you, stay there the rest of your life. Ireland is one of the last bargains in traveldom. A "Rail Rambler" ticket—$25 for first class and $17 for second—gives a traveler full run of the land's entire railroad system for fifteen days. If you decide to stay, it will be a most uncomplicated existence, encumbered only by the fact that you won't be able to drive your car from Eire into Ulster (Antrim, Armagh, Derry Down, Fermanagh, and Tyrone —God forgive them!).

The recommended ten-dayer follows a crablike trek that never strays far inland from the beaches.

First stop working south from Dublin is Enniskerry ("deer herds and waterfall may be visited"). Thousand-year-old very ruined ruins at Glendaloch. Watch the water at Avoca, about which Thomas Moore sang, "The Meeting of the Waters." Try to find somebody in New Ross not related to John Fitzgerald



Kennedy, great-grandson of New Ross's Pat Kennedy, who fled town during the Potato Famine and found passage to Boston in a human cattle ship for $15. Stop a bit at Waterford. There, in the early 1800s, a town sport and widower named Edmund Ignatius Rice, trying to do something about juvenile delinquency and ignorance among the town's young toughs, founded what became one of the finest and farthest-flung teaching orders in the world, the Christian Brothers of Ireland. Finish the first of your ten days at Tramore, "a popular holiday resort." Swim there at your peril, and don't expect to find any resident, however popular, who'll Twist with you.

That's only the first day.

Next day, call for a newspaper while still in bed, read the obituary page, and if your name's not there get up, brush your teeth, and foray. Light a cigarette at Youghal. Walter Raleigh there introduced The Weed to the Old World. Wind up in Cork, and list' to

(*Continued on page* 70)



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# HONG KONG

## *Snakes, Swallows' Nests, and Instant Tailors*

Drawing by Dong Kingman

By HORACE SUTTON

OF THAT vast land mass of China only three minuscule droplets can be visited these days by those who hold American passports—Macao, the Portuguese eyelash hanging on the mainland; Formosa, the large island redoubt of the aborigines and of Chiang; and Hong Kong, the British colony, home of instant suits, refugees, bargain cameras, bargain radios, recorders, field glasses, jewels, silks, furniture. City of bands, shows, views, restaurants, junks, liners, sampans. City of snake-meat sellers, swallow's-nest packers, apothecaries who dispense live seahorses as prescriptions. Home of the floating bordello, the floating restaurant, the shining stainless steel hotel stuffed with Western tourists who have come halfway round the world to view the oddity, the freak, the pleasant peculiarity of an age.

After ten days in the dust of Asia, Hong Kong is the first port of call that functions. "How is it," asked Sun Yat Sen, "that foreigners, that Englishmen could do such things with the barren rock of Hong Kong within seventy or eighty years, while China, in 4,000 years, had no place like Hong Kong?" Kai Tak airport, strung out into the middle of Kowloon Bay, clocks a plane on its runway every half hour. It shuffles out the baggage, it has uniformed customs inspectors, it has an airport tax. It is sophisticated. In Hong Kong the roads are carefully marked, the police are crisp and trim. The new Ambassador, which has risen alongside the reliable old Peninsula, snaps and crackles like a well-drilled Western hotel. The rooms are stingy with space in the modern tradition but one whole wall is window and the view sweeps from Kowloon on the mainland across the fantasy of the harbor to the waterfront of Victoria on Hong Kong Island, then up the hill through the maze of a Chinese jungle to the apartment houses that crown the heights.

Rickshas wait at the entrance of the hotel, but I walked to the Star Ferry remembering the route from three years ago as if it were a garden path down which I had trod all my boyhood. Alongside the Star Ferry's slip is the depot of the Kowloon-Canton Railway which runs to the border at Lo Wu with connections to Canton and beyond, over the Trans-Siberian's rails clear to Europe. In the harbor lay the giant ships tended by a flock of attentive junks that unload the freight and load the provisions. Miss Chan was waiting at Chan Tuck the tailor. When I was here last, in the winter of 1959, she had asked me whether I had wanted East Coast style or West Coast style. They were nuances of the needle trades that were too rarified for my taste. She was, this winter of 1962, equally *au courant*. "You will want three-button suit?" She asked with incredulity. "Mist' Kennedy wear two button suit. Latest style." At Miss Chan's the prices are good but the prices are up. They are up as well at the house of Frank Fong, a deft ladies' tailor who charges $40 to make a suit and $25 to make a dress, your material. Shopping in Hong Kong is losing some of its appeal, for there are the confinements of the $100 duty-free limitation to consider and that irritating requirement of paying 90 cents to the Hong Kong government for a certificate assuring the picky United States Customs that the goods being imported were not made in Communist China. The cost is not nearly so bothersome as the form itself, which, in its seven-part questionnaire, reaches the absolute pinnacle of claptrap bureaucracy. Should

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any procedural doubts linger in the mind, there is the thirty-page booklet published by the U.S. Consulate General's office advising Americans how and where to shop in the Crown Colony. The fact that Americans are sustained here on Communist-grown foodstuffs seems not to be a violation of any law although at one time the U.S. did prohibit the entry of ducklings descended from ducks born on the Communist side of the border.

Despite these harassments and the diminution of the free spending pleasures, there seems no end to the fascination of this British oddity hanging here over the South China Sea. Along the shoreline of Hong Kong Island, not steps away from deep-rooted Chinese life alive with dragon fish peddlers and bootleggers of chow puppies, a mainland delicacy, two vast new hotels are on order, the American with 1,000 rooms and the Queen's with 600. Both expect to open next year. The American, backed by Texas money, will rise like a giant L enclosing an eighty-foot swimming pool. There is to be a ballroom that will seat 1,200 and a night club on the twenty-fifth floor. The Queen's will put its night club one floor higher, alongside its sky-high swimming pool and sun terrace. Don Ashton of London has been engaged to decorate the rooms.

Determined to find the remnants of Chinese life that can be viewed by the holder of a U.S. passport, I walked one day through the narrow streets that begin almost immediately behind the site of the American and the Queen's in downtown Hong Kong. Up along the street with the incongruous name of Hollywood Road sat the letter writers tending to the needs of the illiterate. Whole skinned pigs were being unloaded, and the coffin makers were hard at work nailing and sanding. Live chickens were on sale at the street corner in front of a stall that sold crimson head cushions for corpses, decoratively embroidered with roosters and roses. There were black silk hats with red fringe on the crown in which to bury deceased members of the Ching dynasty, and crucifixes for dead Christians. There were slippers in which the feet of the deceased could be shod before they were placed on a silken foot rest.

Along Ladder Street we walked, with its steep stairway and the old grilled balcony hanging on the house that was used for the set of Suzie Wong. Ladder Street leads to Cat Street, officially known as Lascar Row Upper, a combination thieves', junk, and flea market covered by a canopy of dripping laundry and fried ducks hung to air. Brass opium pipes from Canton, rings of jade or reasonably exact facsimile thereof, vases of jasper, thickets of brassware, decorated dishes clutched by some departing refugee and turned in for quick cash once the Crown Colony was reached, were piled stall to stall. A street vendor hawked dried cakes of bean powder wrapped in coconut and pulverized peanuts, a specialty of people from Swatow.

On Panham Street we looked in on a dealer of snakes, for snake does for the Chinese epicure what caviar does for the French. In the wooden boxes, filed live, lay an assortment of king cobras, banded krait, Indo-Chinese rat snakes, all of them imported for the delectation of the Chinese palate. A good king cobra costs about $7, but an attendant will hold him up at arm's length for one's inspection before dropping him into a sack for the customer to take home. Ladies with rheumatism shuffled in regularly to spend $1.50 for the gall bladder of a snake. The bright green bile is mixed with rice wine and quaffed on the spot.

Not all Chinese like snake meat, warming to the blood as it may be. Many admire swallows' nests, imported from Saigon, Singapore, and Siam by the Kwong Cheong Swallows' Nest Company, which sets deft-fingered lads to twicking out the imperfections with tiny knives. Then they are packed in bright boxes and shipped off to swallows' nest admirers the world over. A Chinese version of a delicatessen next door displayed tiaras of dried oysters, clusters of cuttlefish, whole ducks split and dried, and the skin of a dragon fish that weighed 250 pounds when hauled in, allegedly out of the harbor. Curbstone sellers offered duck eggs rendered delicious, if somewhat speckled, by two months' immersion in lime, and others that had lain suitably long in salted water.

What Chinese do in case of gastric problems, if indeed they encounter them, I'm not sure I know, but I would be secure in the belief that some bizarre cure exists along East Street, habitat of the Honest Medical Co. Ltd., The Sui Cheong-Dealer in Medecine, The Saving Medical Co. Ltd., and that reputable apothecary The Sincere Co. Ltd., whose very name breeds confidence. At the drugstore of Wing Lok there were deer horns which must be depilitized, steamed, then cut in small squares and boiled with chicken four or five hours, or dropped into rice wine and left that way for long periods. In either case, the brew makes a confirmed cure for female complaints. Black deer tails, also in stock, are for impotency in men; frog's nest paste

—*H. S.*

**Mr. Kenneth, Hong Kong style—Even hairdressers work out of doors in the Chinese section of Hong Kong.**



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for skin disorders; seahorses for making soup to treat respiratory ailments in children; not to mention a shiny chunk of marble from which dust is ground, a prime ingredient in the home cure for mental illnesses.

Secure as a hypochondriac who lives next to an all-night drugstore and has a brother who is a doctor, we slipped off to the establishment called Tai Tung, a virtual apartment house of restaurants with dining rooms opening on every floor. Young girls carrying trays paraded through the floors and in and out of the alcoves telling of their wares in a high and gentle singsong. The attractions lose, I'm sure, in the translation, but what they offered in actuality was sour ginger and egg, pig's feet, bits of green and brown sweet gelatin in blocks, steamed doughy buns with lotus seeds inside, shrimp and bean cake, buns with shark's fin filling, pig's tongues, sliced cuttlefish, chopped lengths of intestines, sweet water chestnut paste in blocks, cakes of red rice and sugar cane juice, and rice, shrimp, and lotus seed steamed in lotus leaves. On and on the girls paraded in this daily noontime ritual called *yum cha*, a walking cafeteria in which the diner remains at the table and the food comes to him.

Nathan Road, with its camera shops, its tailor shops, its windows filled with recorders and transistors, may be the playground for the tourist, but Temple Street is a nightly low-class carnival, Asiatics only. We cruised through it one night in a closed car with an Oriental friend at the wheel, running along the lantern-lit lane lined with fortune tellers and their clients squatting nose to nose on the sidewalk, with chess players and mah jongg players clacking their tiles for high stakes in what are licensed as mah jongg "schools," but the euphemism is well known to all parties including the police. There was hot sugar cane juice to take the chill off the night, and fanciers of pornographia could lease the portable projector of a sidewalk exhibitor of dirty movies. At the end of the block sampans waited to take the customers and the fanciers of the local scene out through the dark watery lanes to the typhoon shelter where ladies of the South China evening recline in their gaudy, brightly lighted sampans waiting for trade.

The whole premise of Hong Kong was founded on trade of one sort or another. Britain's commerce with China dates from the 1600s, but the Chinese rulers looked on all non-Chinese, white merchants from abroad included, as barbarians or worse. For 200 years the traders ventured up the Pearl River to Canton during the winter trading season, but for the rest of the year they were required, among other restrictions imposed upon them, to lay up in Macao, forty miles from Hong Kong, which had been Portuguese since 1557. The British were seeking some sort of pretext to open up the China coast, and when China destroyed British opium stocks on the wharves of Canton, John Bull attacked. The Chinese were not much of a match for the Westerners in the early 1800s, and they were forced into a treaty which opened several cities along the China coast to trade and British residence and awarded the harbor of Hong Kong to the far-off Crown. In man's intemperate way, Captain Charles Elliott, who accepted the territory as valued spoils of war, was ridiculed the length of the British Isles. Lord Palmerston, the British Foreign Secretary, dismissed Captain Elliott's acquisition with the tart, if not precisely visionary remark, "It seems obvious that Hong Kong will not be the mart of trade." He recalled Captain Elliott. In 1844 *The Times*, criticizing the new colony, wrote, "The site of the town . . . is most objectionable, there being scarcely level ground enough for the requisite buildings." A newspaper in Macao said it certainly didn't lack for two things, granite and cold water. And in a book called "China" in 1847, one chapter is headed "Hong Kong—Its Position, Prospects, Character and Utter Worthlessness from Every Point of View."

—*H. S.*

**Refugee residence—Enormous blocks of flats house the masses of Chinese who have quit the Communist mainland for the British Crown Colony.**

Still the colony expanded, gaining new leaseholds which last until 1997. Its real estate takes in 391 square miles. Trade is still the essence, even trade with Red China, which pours in its goods, unavailable on the mainland, which are bought at premium prices by Hong Kong Chinese and shipped back to China to help nourish their relatives. A red Chinese bank does a bustling exchange, selling its own currency which is also shipped back to the relations across the border. Ships of all nationalities tie up at the forty-seven moorings in Victoria harbor and at a dozen deepwater berths that can take large ships at dockside. By day the view created by this activity is a ceaseless fascination, but the view by night from my high floor room at the Ambassador was so dazzling that the anticipation of it as I came home each evening never failed to quicken my step along the corridors.

Having seen the harbor in the grand, one may also move closer to see it in detail—aboard the boats of Hong Kong Water Tours, on the 110-foot sailing yacht *Wan Fu* or aboard the *Sea Dragon*, a private junk which can be rented for the rather astronomical Hong Kong price of $60 a day. Divided by members of a sizable party, the cost

(*Continued on page* 67)



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*The patio, Dorado Golf Club, Puerto Rico, a relaxing place to sip a Derby Daiquiri. John Stewart photograph.*

# Today's light, light Puerto Rican rum inspires smooth new cocktail: the Derby Daiquiri

THE DERBY DAIQUIRI is the happy invention of an inspired bartender at the Mai-Kai in Florida. The secret behind the smooth fresh taste of this delightful new cocktail is today's light, light Puerto Rican rum.

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**THE RECIPE:** ½ oz. fresh lime juice; 1 oz. fresh orange juice; scant tsp. sugar; 1½ oz. white Puerto Rican rum; cup crushed ice. Mix 15 to 20 sec. in Waring Blendor; serve unstrained. Or use shaker, ice cubes, and strain.

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—*Gendreau, courtesy Thos. Cook*

# LAST MAN ON THE ORIENT EXPRESS

By JOSEPH WECHSBERG

"ORIENT EXPRESS," it said on the white shield of the French railroad car. And underneath, "Paris - Strasbourg - Stuttgart - München - Wien - Budapest-Bucuresti." It was 8:20 p.m. on the evening of Saturday, May 27, 1961. In five minutes the Orient Express, once a great train of romance and mystery, glamour and nostalgia, would leave for its last run from Paris to Bucharest.

Considering that this was to be a funeral, the mood was pretty gay on the platform of the Gare de l'Est. Few people knew, and fewer cared, that a great era in railroad history was coming to a close. There was the cheerful confusion so characteristic of French railroad stations: kissing couples (not all of them leaving, some had come only for the joy of kissing), large families embracing each other as if parting for life (many would go to Chalons-sur-Marne, two hours away), and there was the usual contingent of crying kids, barking dogs, shouting Vichy water vendors. Conspicuously absent were glamorous adventures, *femmes fatales,* international financiers and superspies. I saw no bemonocled diplomats, rajahs with retinue, Mata Haris. What had happened to the great, super-de-luxe Orient Express?

At the door of a royal-blue sleeping car with the gilt inscription *"Compagnie Internationale des Wagons-Lits et des Grands Express Européens"* a chestnut-brown-uniformed *conducteur* was talking to a Wagons-Lits official who, I gathered, had come as a reluctant pallbearer. He regretted the publicity surrounding the demise of the famous train. Admittedly, the Orient Express would no longer be running, but after all you might still take the Arlberg Orient Express every night from Paris to Bucharest, by way of Zurich, the Arlberg Tunnel through the Austrian Alps between Langen and St. Anton (which gives the train its name), Innsbruck, Salzburg, Vienna, and Budapest. The "Arlberg" has a Paris-Bucharest sleeper and is frequented by diplomatic



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couriers who usually lock themselves in a first-class compartment, and by diplomats, businessmen, journalists, members of delegations—the happy few who manage to get the necessary visas for the trip through the Iron Curtain. And there is the Simplon Orient Express which leaves the Gare de Lyon in Paris every evening at 7:54 and reaches Istanbul—1,889 miles, eleven customs inspections, and seventy-seven hours and thirty minutes later—by way of Vallorbe, Lausanne, the Simplon Tunnel through the Italian Alps, Venice, Trieste, Zagreb, Belgrade, and Sofia. In Nis the train splits in two, with one section going to Thessaloniki and Athens.

Romantic routes, but pretty hard to travel for people without diplomatic passports. Too much red tape, too many visas required. Old Wagons-Lits hands speak nostalgically of the days before the last war when you could go from Paris to Warsaw by way of Berlin in twenty hours and seventeen minutes. Now it takes twice as long despite faster tracks and stronger engines, because of long border stops and customs inspections. Back in 1900 you could take the North Express from Paris to St. Petersburg, as it was then called, in forty-seven hours. No visas were required. Those were the days!

"The paradox of our civilization," said the Wagons-Lits official. "We build faster trains and at the same time greater restrictions than before. *C'est idiot.* A way of life has come to an end, Monsieur. The old Orient Express was part of that life."

The old Orient Express made its first run almost seventy-eight years ago to the day. On June 5, 1883, a train de luxe consisting of two stove-heated, oil-lighted coaches left Paris for the Orient, by way of Vienna and Budapest. In Giurgiu the passengers were ferried across the Danube, continued by rail to Varna on the Black Sea, and took a boat to the Bosporus. Two years later the first direct train went via Budapest and Belgrade to Constantinople (Istanbul). By that time the Orient Express had become the outstanding status symbol of its era, was frequented by incognito Balkan rulers, grand dukes, millionaires, and artists. In the following decades the Orient Express became the favorite train of mystery writers (Agatha Christie, Graham Greene), film makers, and Sunday supplement readers. It became the train of international intrigue and murder, though, to tell the awful truth, no one was ever bumped off on the Orient Express. (During the hectic postwar days an American military attaché disappeared from the Arlberg Orient Express one night in 1948; his body was later found in the Golling Tunnel in the Austrian Alps.) If you read the newspapers at the time of our grandparents, the Orient Express seems to have been the exclusive domain of daring diamond smugglers and beautiful *demi-mondaines*, of great tenors and big gamblers. Everybody on the train was said to have "a veiled mystery in his past and a sinister purpose in his future."

"In the early years of the century the Orient Express was the epitome of elegance on wheels," said the Wagons-Lits official, now almost on the verge of tears. "They had posters in the Paris travel bureaus, 'Take the Orient Express, Most Glamorous of All International Luxury Trains.' What a train it was! Showers on some sleepers. Mahogany walls inlaid with lemonwood birds and flowers. Red plush seats with lace headrests. Silk armchairs in the salon cars. In the dining car there were bone china and Belgian crystal. They would serve caviar and champagne, and the specialties and wines of each country as the train passed through. And the *conducteur* would wish you good night in seven languages."

"My papa, God bless him, worked for The House in those days," said the *conducteur*. Like all employees of the patriarchal Wagons-Lits Company he calls it *"la maison."* "Papa's autograph book had the signatures of all the kings and *milliardaires*. And the tips! Papa said that Italian aristocrats, Russian dukes, and American expatriates were the best tippers. The French and the Germans were not bad, but the British, Swiss, and regular Americans were—thrifty."

YES, you would become an overnight celebrity by making a trip on the Orient Express, or on the Warsaw-Cannes Express or Bucharest-Cannes Express. Deluxe trains where the passengers would pay first-class fare and a 50 per cent premium but no one cared. The landed gentry of Hungary, Poland, and Rumania would bring their own valets and chambermaids, silk sheets and bedcovers. The *conducteur* would make the bed with plebian linen and the valet would put patrician silk sheets over them. A rich countess went to Paris twice a year to have her poodles trimmed by a specialist. Katharina Schratt, the Burgtheater actress and great friend of Emperor Franz Josef, would also bring her dogs on the train, and the cook in the dining car would

(*Continued on page* 72)

**The Orient Express was the traditional favorite of mystery writers such as Graham Greene and Agatha Christie, above. But its most famous role was in the Hitchcock mystery film "The Lady Vanishes," a scene of which is shown here with dark-eyed Margaret Lockwood and Michael Redgrave in a cabin on the train. In 1948 an American military attache disappeared from the Arlberg Orient Express, and his body was found later in a tunnel in the Austrian Alps.**

*—Museum of Modern Art*



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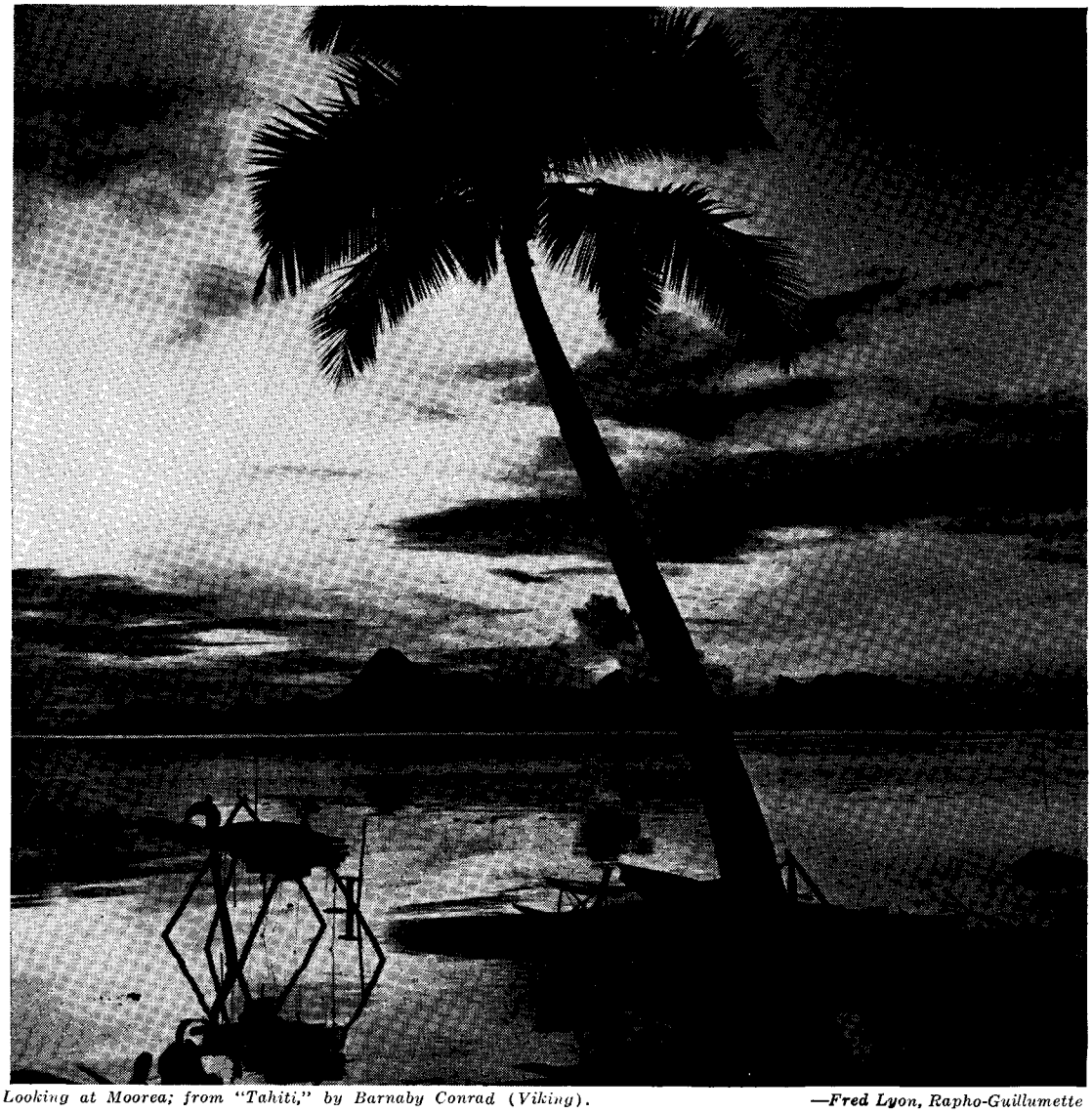

*Looking at Moorea; from "Tahiti," by Barnaby Conrad (Viking).* —*Fred Lyon, Rapho-Guillumette*

# WHO'S SPOILING THE $OUTH $EAS?

By JAMES RAMSEY ULLMAN

A FEW weeks ago the Sunday New York *Times*, always just barely liftable, was a few ounces heavier even than usual. The cause of the extra weight was a twenty-page multicolored advertisement section prepared by the Pacific Area Travel Association (known as PATA), and its title and theme were "Discover the Pacific." In its pages geography was pushed around a bit, to the point where the "Pacific Area" wandered as far afield as India. But for the most part the focus was on those bits of land in the tropic ocean which are known collectively as the South Seas.

*Big stir in the Pacific*, the text and ads informed us. *A gay, festive world, a new playground, a whirlwind of fun. . . . Lovely hotels, pampering service, air conditioning*, they said. . . . *Unspoiled*, they said. And, of course, *paradise*.

Turning the pages, I found myself thinking of a good friend, whom I shall call Raoul, with whom I spent much time not long ago in Tahiti. Not long ago, by the calendar at least, but well in the past as things are moving in the South Pacific, for then Tahiti could be reached by air only in slow and ancient flying boats on a roundabout course, whereas now you breeze down in hours from Hawaii or California. Raoul was a true twentieth-century Polynesian: meaning that, by blood, he was one-quarter Polynesian, one-quarter French, and one-quarter English, with the fourth quarter a blend of Chinese, Portuguese, and American sea captain. But he had been born in the islands. He loved the islands. He loved their beauty, their peace, their remoteness from the toil and trouble of a fouled-up world. And he hated the great airstrip that was then being thrown across Tahiti's lagoon to accommodate the jets that would soon be roaring in.

One day he was talking of this as we drove along the coast road. A procession of trucks rumbled past, bulging with gravel and blasted rock. Then we passed close to the strip, and from behind palm and hibiscus came the clatter of drills and the rasp of steam shovels. Raoul scowled. "This will be the end of Tahiti," he said. "The end of the South Seas. Soon we will be like the Riviera, like your Miami Beach—" He sighed and shook his head. He



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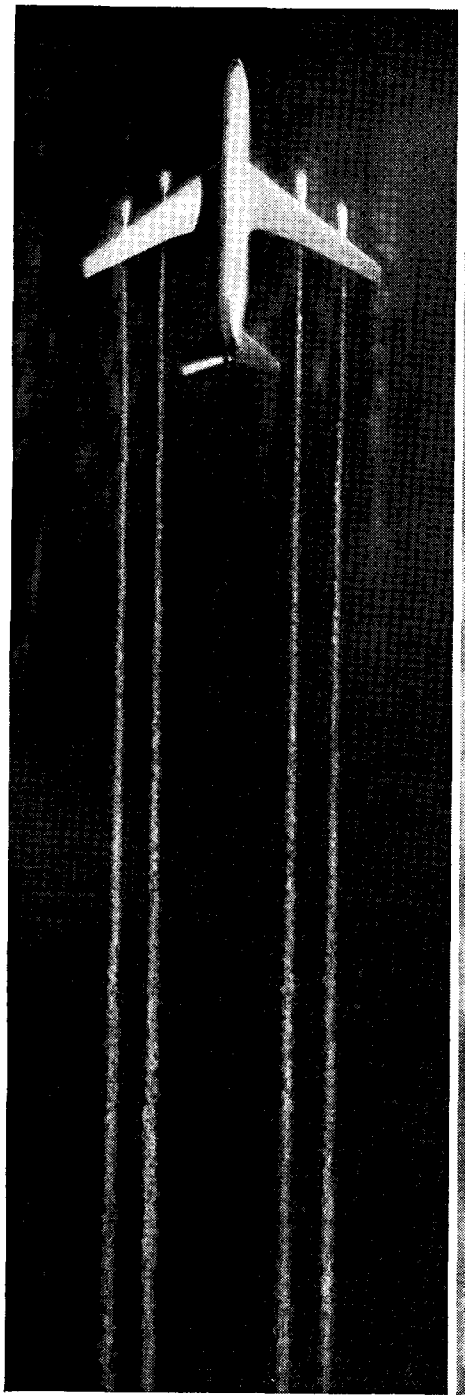

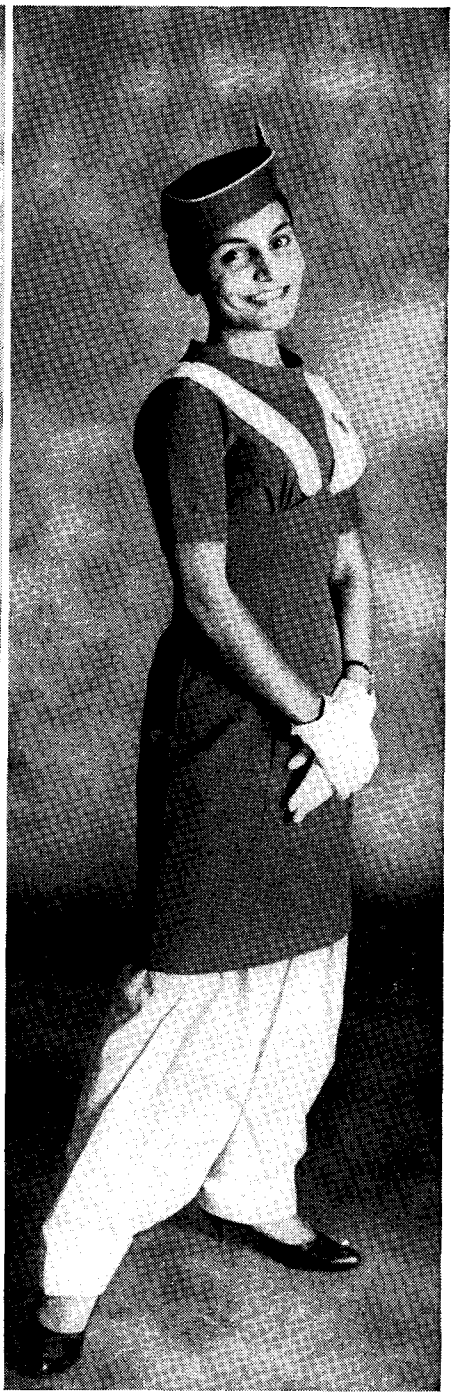

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seemed a sad, almost a broken, man.

Then, a little farther on, we turned off the road and came to our destination. It was a large tract of land facing the beach and the lagoon, and, shaking off his gloom, Raoul led me around it. "Here is where the main building will be," he said. "With kitchen, restaurant, terrace bar. Over here, the bungalows. Beyond, the tennis court, the swimming pool." Pausing, he surveyed the scene. "When my partners and I bought this land three years ago," he told me, "it was for a few thousand francs, almost nothing. Now already it is worth five times what we paid, even before the hotel is built." He rubbed his hands together. The erstwhile gloom had somehow dissipated in the tropic sunlight. "Did I tell you?" he said "—we will have cabanas by the pool. Italian style. They will be extra, of course, above the charge for the bungalows. And for the kitchen we will have a Cordon Bleu chef from Paris—"

He talked on. We moved on. Then we sat for a bit on the beach, and during a pause in the talk we could hear the sound of the shovels and drills up the coast. "Damned machines," Raoul muttered. "Damned planes with their tourists. They will kill the old Tahiti." We rose. "Ah well," he said, as we recrossed the hotel site. He shook his head. Then he rubbed his hands.

It is not only tourists in planes who are sounding the death knell of the old Tahiti—the old South Seas. Nor PATA, with its ads. Nor Raoul, with his lament—and his hotel. It is also the young man of Fiji learning law or medicine or taxi driving. It is the young girl of Papeete drinking a Coke as she goes to the shop to buy a $3.99 Dior copy and an ounce of Hong Kong perfume. It is the chief of a Samoan village who has moved to Pago Pago, where the beer is cold and the water comes from faucets. All this has nothing to do with tourists and it is nothing new under the Pacific sun. The beat—like the beat of everything everywhere—may be accelerating; but the bell has been tolling for a long time.

The lament rises. Tahiti is not what it used to be. Fiji, Samoa, the island of Kapukafuti are not what they used to be. And it is true enough; for nothing, anywhere, is ever what it used to be. The Pacific was not the same after Magellan and his men had sailed through, strewing it first with their garbage and then their corpses. The islands were not the same the day after Cook and Wallis and La Pérouse and Bougainville had set foot on their distant shores. Certainly they were not the same after the whalers, the slavers, the traders, the missionaries, the planters, the governors, the beachcombers, the anthropologists. Nor after a small disturbance called World War II.

Outward change is not all of it. In a subtler but no less potent way the islands have, from the beginning, been molded by what the Western world has thought and felt about them. Through the years they have been symbols of Beauty, Peace, Romance, Escape—and the capitals are not there fortuitously. True enough, they *are* beautiful. The people (especially with cannibalism, infant murder, and human sacrifice well behind them) are charming. The South Seas are, on all the earth, the place par excellence to eat lotus—or drink squareface gin. But their very attractions have, in the world's perverse way, worked against them. Generations of travelers, writers, painters, movie makers, and Tin Pan Alley tunesters have, by sheer number and enthusiasm, turned them into a vast and encompassing cliché. Go out to the islands, and there it is all around you: tune, moon, and lagoon—plus that little brown girl in that little grass shack wriggling her bottom. About the best the Johnny-come-lately can do, struggling for an unhackneyed back-home report, is to swear not to use *paradise* more than once per sentence.

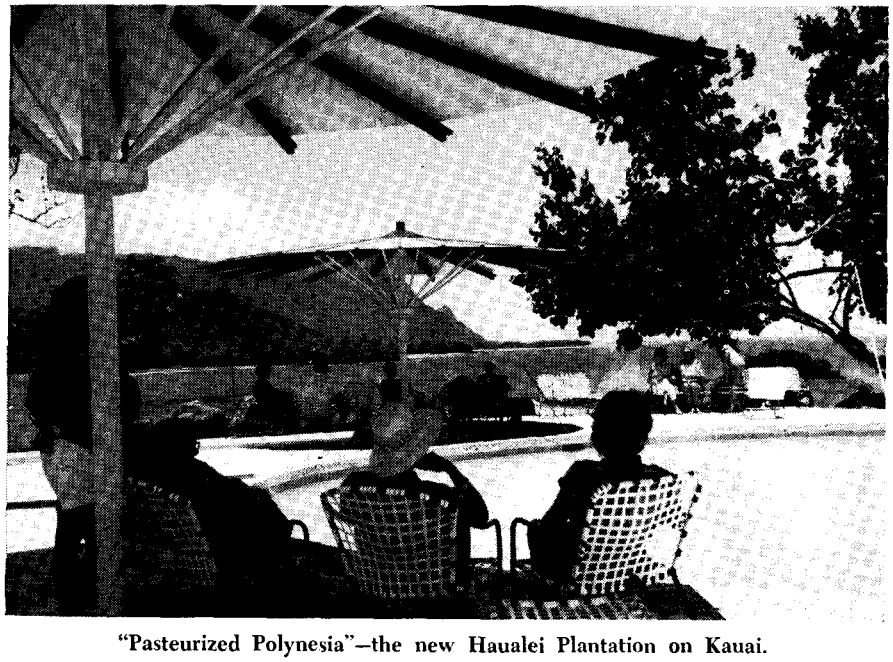
IN my own trip through (new sentence) paradise, I was, as a writer, perhaps more conscious of this than most. For the ghosts of my predecessors hovered close about me. "Little man, what now?" asked Stevenson and Jack London. Behind every siren smile lurked Melville's Fayaway and Loti's Rarahu. Whenever it rained (which was often) Mr. Maugham eyed me sardonically. Worst of all was the very live and ubiquitous ghost of Mr. Michener. After I had been greeted for the hundredth time by an "Ah, you're writing about the Pacific—like Michener," my most heartfelt wish in life was that he would go away somewhere—to a nice high and icy mountain.

Explorer, trader, writer, whatever—men of the West have now been coming to the Pacific for centuries. And they have left their mark. With dream and cliché, with Christianity and tuberculosis, with plantation and school and nuclear fallout. Now by sheer numbers, they are making other marks. Mr. and Mrs. Smith are coming. With the Joneses behind them.

The ocean world, to be sure, is not yet all of a piece. In tourism as in other aspects, some islands have been far more developed—or, if you prefer, more ruined—than others. The leader in all departments is, of course, Hawaii, known in the rest of the Pacific as "Pasteurized Polynesia," which is the pride exhibit in what might be called the new $outh $eas. It is very beautiful. It is prosperous. It is, by and large, a happy example of how men of many races and cultures can meet, mingle and live in reasonable harmony. But as for old days and old ways, they are gone, dead, *pau*. And they will no more return than the skyscraper hotel and Cadillac convertibles will sink into the sea, or than Henry Kaiser will tattoo his thighs and brandish a war club.

From Hawaii down—or up—there is a big jump. Fiji lies smack upon major air and sea routes, and the coastal belt of its main island, Viti Levu, is fast becoming "resorty." But the British move more slowly than we do. The Fijians and Indians (the latter totaling more than half the population) are still deeply rooted in their old, and vastly different, ways. On the smaller outislands, you could—barring churches,

(*Continued on page* 68)



"Pasteurized Polynesia"—the new Haualei Plantation on Kauai.



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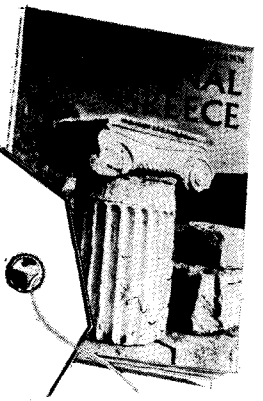

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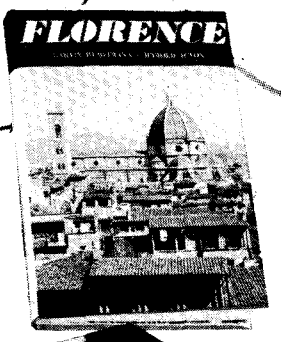


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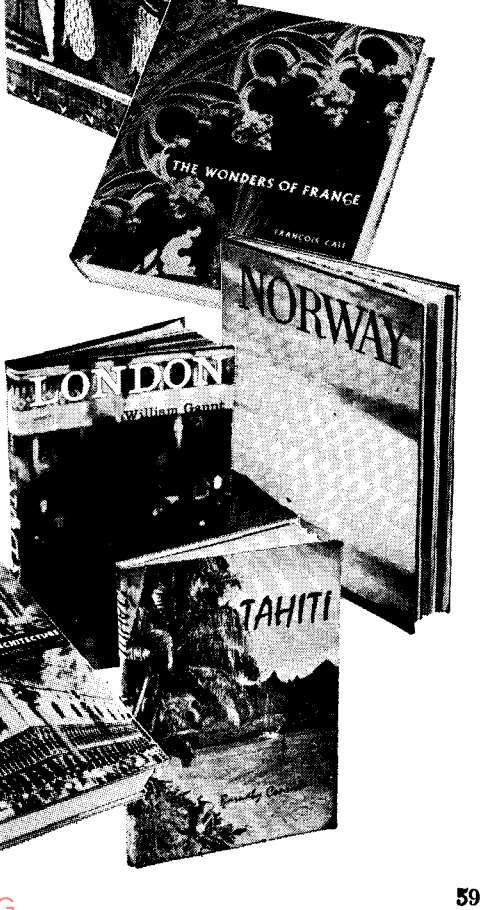


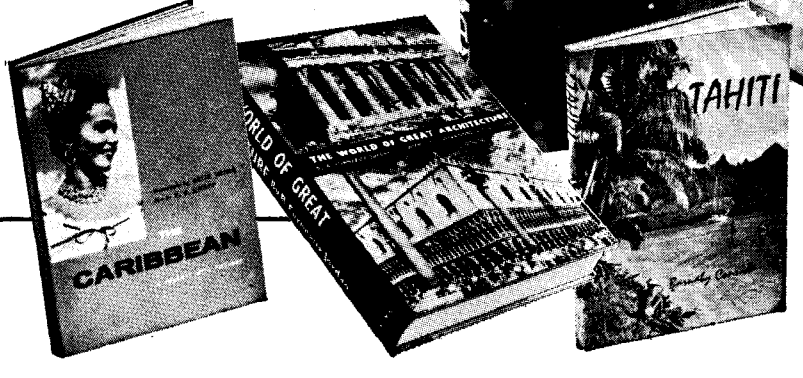


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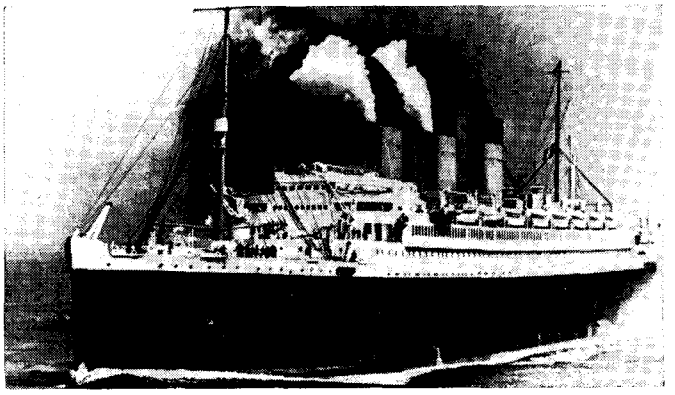

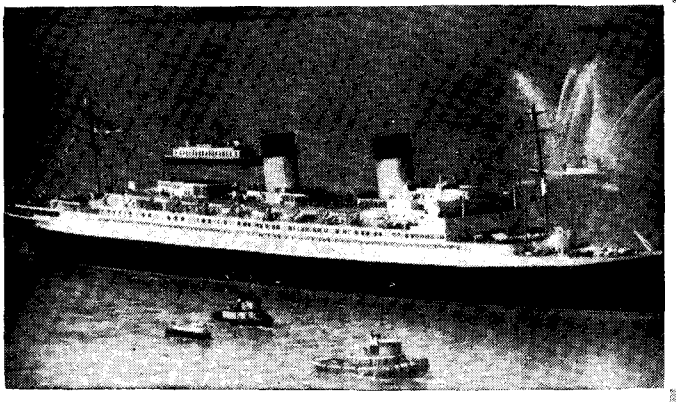

*a lady of fashion reports on the maiden voyage of the S.S. France*

By EUGENIA SHEPPARD

PARIS fashion has been catering successfully to the American mass market for a long time, and it looks as if the new $80 million luxury liner, S.S. *France,* has the same receptive audience in mind.

The beautiful ship, which received an ovation as she slid slowly up the North River February 8 after her maiden Atlantic crossing, ushers in a whole new era of ocean travel, the Democratic Age. That rarified class of traveler, the Hectic Rich, has been quitting the leisurely liners in droves to get to Europe in a hurry by air. The S.S. *France* is in no mood to wait for their occasional favors or even for the chic comeback of ocean travel. The new ship is designed, first and foremost, as a happy hunting ground for the tripper—the camera-slung, sightseeing, label-pasting tourist.

This breed of voyager gets a break on the S.S. *France* in money, comfort, and fun. Though the first class salons and cabins occupy the upper decks, the tourist class space is by far bigger and it is better laid out. Because the decorating is simpler and more functional than in first class, tourist quarters are more attractive.

The tourist class salon is bigger and jollier and has a bigger, gayer, more smoke-filled bar than the chilly, elegant first class salon. Tourist class gets the entire main floor of the ship's full-size movie theatre, while first class is jammed into a small mezzanine balcony. Though tourist class has a far less pretentious dining room than first, the menu is not second class at all. The kitchen is the first in transatlantic crossing history to serve both classes from different areas of the same basic operation. Tourist class has a magnificent afterdeck and an enormous outdoor swimming pool on its premises, two decks below first class, but with ever so much more room and sunshine. First class has its own little swimming pool, but forward and way below. Even the tourist shop is bigger and better stocked than first class.

Though the initial crossing carried

**Ships above, in descending order: the Paris (1921-39), the Ile de France (1927-58), and the France (1962-).**



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This topsy-turvy system makes for happy sailing. You can leave here in the dead of winter, find summer in the South Pacific, and arrive in England in spring. Mad but pleasant!

See your travel agent *soon*.

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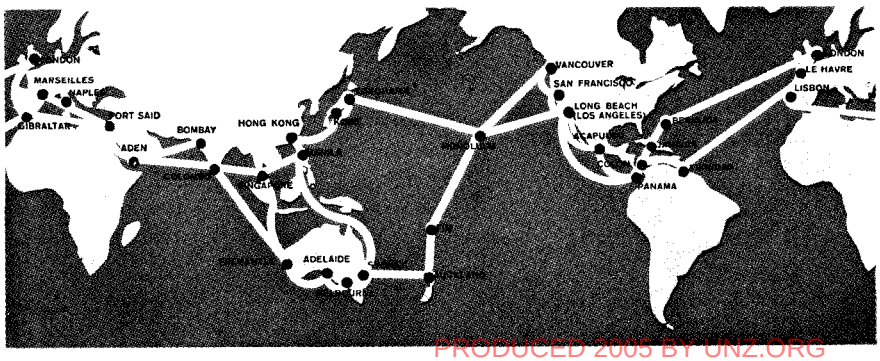


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# These stones still hold the heart of Greece...

Greece takes pride in caring for her Acropolis and Parthenon and other ancient places, keeping them forever "young".

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It is strangely exciting to stand in one of the incredibly lovely temples of ancient Greece. These beautiful antiquities speak of a culture *you* have inherited.

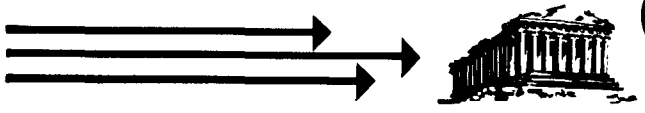
You are looking at the same porticos and pediments ...the same altars and statues...which Greeks through the ages have gazed upon. You are moved to find how much they have to say to you today.

This is the inner tug that is pulling vacationers away from tourist spots elsewhere in Europe. An international "set" foregathers in this setting of art and history, in the brilliant, balmy sunshine and restorative air of the Greek climate.

Visitors accustomed to the niceties of comfortable travel find every luxury here. Hotels are most modern, beach resorts new and delightfully scenic. Don't overlook the *island* places to visit, in Greece's sparkling green-blue sea.

Your Travel Agent has a hundred ideas to fill your trip with pleasure. Or write the National Tourist Organization of Greece, 120 East 56th Street, New York 22.

*Where ultra-moderns gather . .*



# GREECE

*. . . close to every Capital of Europe!*

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400 first class passengers (of which we were one) and about 800 tourists, the proportion on future crossings will be more nearly 1,000 tourists to 200-300 first class passengers. Some of the staterooms used to supply the demand for first class reservations on the first run will revert to tourist.

For the maiden voyage from Europe, one of a Fifth Avenue store's top executives, returning from the Paris fashion collections, raised heaven and earth to get a first class reservation on the ship, but came up with quarters in cabin class. Twenty-four hours out from Southampton he was rubbing his hands with glee, when he found that his approximately $281 cabin (one way) was virtually a line-for-line duplicate of a $481 first class cabin in the same location and just one deck above. His disillusionment with first class became complete after he was invited to dinner in the first class dining salon by an American dress designer and a manufacturer, also on their way back from Paris. Ordering what looked to him like the fanciest dessert on the first class menu, he found himself confronted with what he described later as "just plain old canned peaches with a dab of whipped cream."

A publisher, traveling first class, looked hungrily one noon at the cold roast beef and baked potato luncheon that was being served by stewards to the deck chair brigade on the glassed-in veranda deck. In the first class dining salon he got a cold "it's-not-on-our menu" turndown. After a major crisis involving all the dining room's majordomos it developed that the roast beef was tourist fare and hands-off for first class passengers. Roast beef and baked potato were eventually brought to the embattled publisher.

Seen from the shore or, if you're aboard, from the captain's bridge, the S.S. *France* is easily the charmer of the transatlantic scene. Whether or not you like the black sombreros attached to her red smokestacks to blow the smoke away, you have to admit that her sleek, slim lines and lifted bow make her the handsomest passenger ship afloat today.

The only mass case of seasickness reported struck down the ship's laundresses. What were pointedly referred to by the rest of the ship's personnel as "the American laundry machines" broke down, and the laundresses were too ill to bend over the wash tubs. Laundry hopefully submitted by passengers was returned untouched.

In first class, at least, it wasn't chic to be seasick. The same familiar faces turned up faithfully through the five-day run, for noontime cocktails in the big bar, late luncheon, the movies, more cocktails in a little bar (there are thirteen bars to choose from), late dinner and dancing until at least 2 a.m. After that there was still onion soup.

Monday night of the maiden voyage, just as passengers assigned to the first sitting were entering the dining salon, an unexpected storm broke. It may or may not have been the big blow predicted by astrologers, due to a lineup of major planets. Winds of virtually hurricane force crossed the bow. The ship met her first giant wave with a smack and then a shiver amidships. "It felt like the Twist," passengers said later.

The ship slowed to half of its average thirty knots, and then to four knots for the rest of the night. Except for a few who saw one of the first class library windows blown in, almost none of the passengers realized the seriousness of the storm. Both first class and tourists were engrossed in a Twist contest in the first class salon, enjoying the tilting dance floor and the crashing glasses.

On the bridge the next morning, with the sun out and the forty-five-foot waves reduced to pint-size ripples, Captain Croisile couldn't say enough for the way his ship had come through the crisis. Comparing her to the *Normandie*, which was the same length, he said, "The *Normandie* was an old soap dish. The *France* is a beautiful seagull."

Unfortunately, the clean sweep of the seagull look doesn't carry through to the ship's interior. The public rooms are spacious and well allocated, but evidently they were turned over to a bevy of assorted interior decorators. The decorators must have drawn straws out of a hat to decide which areas each should maltreat. Even the *France*'s most loyal supporters, the French first class passengers on the maiden voyage, looked melancholy as they discussed its decorations. "Much will have to be changed," they admitted.

The S.S. *France*'s interior is as insistently modern as a movie palace or a motel just off the freeway. There are acres of plastic-covered walls. Most of the furniture is either plastic-covered or gadgety.

The ship's first class salons are hung from floor to ceiling with panels of hand-woven tapestry in vivid flower or abstract designs. The color scheme of the first class dining salon is brassy, brownish green, a definitely unhealthy shade carried out faithfully from floor to walls covered with abstract murals on what look like panels of plexiglas. Entrance to the first class dining room is down a shallow grand staircase with a wide oval spread, a natural for professional fashion shows or just showing off the gowns of first class passengers. Even in the new tourist age, the rite of dressing for dinner still separates the first class sheep from the tourist goats. Passengers on the first voyage were pro

(*Continued on page 66*)

Photo by Ewing Krainin

## Sitting pretty in the Pink City

**This is the way to see Jaipur—from a golden howdah atop a painted elephant.**

**From New York, you can take a jet to Delhi, an air-conditioned train or chauffeur-driven car to Jaipur, but once in Jaipur, choose a maharajah's palace for your hotel, and an elephant to see the sights. Just as his ancestors have borne Rajput princes, so will "Hathi" take you up the winding hillside road to Fort Amber.**

**You will literally see the world below through rose-colored glasses. For all Jaipur is sculptured from soft pink sandstone. Visitors affectionately call it the Pink City. Architects call it the most beautiful city in the world. Its people will recount to you romantic tales of chivalry of the proud Rajputs who chose to die in defense of their honor.**

**When you can bring yourself to leave Jaipur, fly south to Udaipur with its floating palaces, to Mount Abu with its marble temples, south to cosmopolitan Bombay.**

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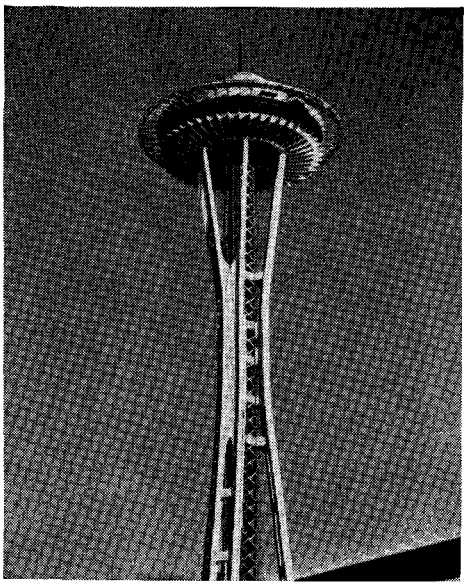
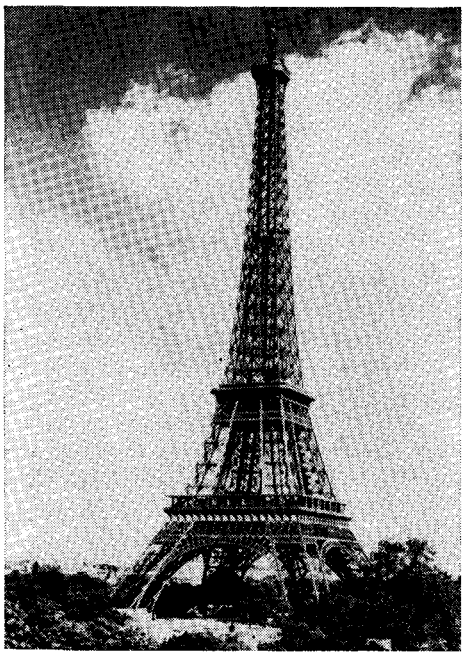
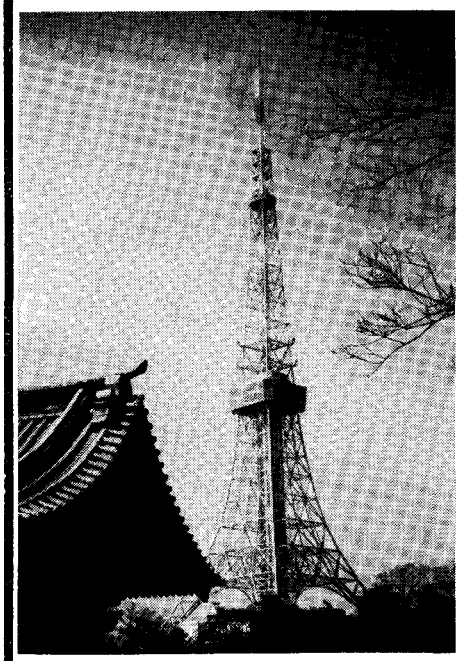


Seattle

**TOWERS:** If you want to encourage the world to beat a pathway to your door, don't mess around with a mousetrap. Build a tower. The citizens of Seattle who privately subscribed $4 million for the Space Needle are confident it will outlast and outpull Mount Rainier as a Northwestern attraction. Fitted with a revolving restaurant and surmounted by a fifty-foot plume of flaming gas, the Needle was built by Seattle and New York architect John Graham, who warmed up for the project with the revolving tower restaurant in Honolulu's Ala Moana Shopping Center. Building a tower to commemorate a fair has seemed like a good idea ever since M. Eiffel was commissioned to work on his lacey spire for the Paris Exposition of 1889. Holland put up its thirty-five-story Euromast, with two restaurants, for the Floriade, the international flower show of 1960. The idea for a Washington monument first occurred to the Continental Congress in 1783 but work didn't start till 1848. The tower stayed at the 153-foot level for twenty-five years until funds were raised to bring it up to its 555-foot height. It was opened in 1888. The Empire State Building's tower was built to moor dirigibles, Tokyo's new tower is for television, but it does a handsome rubberneck trade. There are now four tower restaurants in Germany where diners can nibble a knuckle or a knockwurst *über alles.*



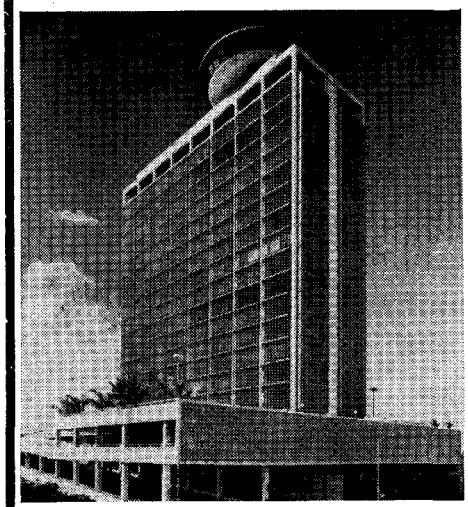
Paris



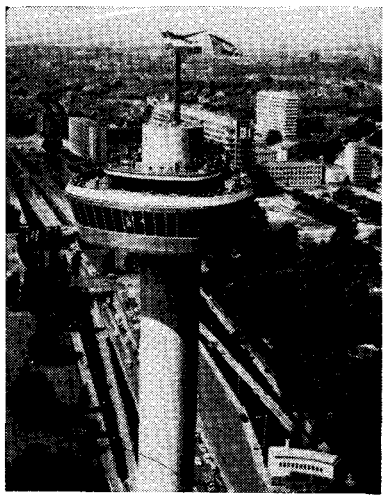
Tokyo

New York

Washington



Honolulu



Rotterdam



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# On Stage In Seattle

*A great program of performing arts will open the striking new opera house and theater at the World's Fair*

**IN THE OPERA HOUSE**

Seattle Symphony, conducted by Milton Katims and Igor Stravinsky with Van Cliburn as piano soloist. (Saturday, April 21)

Ed Sullivan (April 22 and April 25)

Dunninger, The Mentalist (April 30-May 5)

The Littlest Circus (May 6)

San Francisco Ballet (May 7-12)

Science Fiction Panel (May 13)

Seattle Symphony, Isaac Stern, Adele Addison, soloists (May 15-16)

Victor Borge (May 17-19)

Theodore Bikel (May 22)

Philadelphia Orchestra conducted by Eugene Ormandy (May 24-25)

Old Vic Company (May 29-June 3)

Seattle Symphony production of "Aida" (June 7, 9 and 11)

Josh White (June 10)

Norwegian Chorale (June 17)

Ukrainian State Dance Co. (June 18-19)

International Gospel Quartets (June 22-23)

Barbershop Quartet Song Fest (July 8)

Bayanihan Dancers (July 9-14)

New York City Ballet (July 24-Aug. 4)

Comédie Française (Aug. 6-8 and 10-11)

Korean Folkart Co. (Aug. 13-18)

Folklorico Ballet of Mexico (Aug. 27-September 2)

CBC Vancouver Chamber Orchestra (September 10)

D'Oyly Carte Opera Co. (September 18-23)

Rapsodia Romina (September 25-30)

Uday Shankar Dancers (October 2-7)

Foo-Hsing Theatre of Taiwan (October 8-13)

U.S. Marine Band (October 14)

Seattle Symphony (October 16-17)

Robert Frost (October 21)

Carl Sandburg (date to be set)

**IN THE PLAYHOUSE**

Ceylon National Dancers (April 21-28)

Royal Swedish Theatre (April 30-May 5)

Chamber Music, Isaac Stern, Eugene Istomin, Leonard Rose, Milton Katims (May 19)

Seattle Little Symphony Orchestra (May 22)

CBC Jazz Concert (May 23)

Pacific Ballet Company (May 26-27)

Communications Panel with Edward R. Murrow (June 13)

Virginia Tanner Dance Company (June 14-17)

Greatest American Films (July 2-8)

San Francisco Actors' Workshop (July 9-21)

Banraku Theatre of Japan (July 23-August 5)

Richard Dyer-Bennet (August 9-11)

Juilliard String Quartet (August 12)

Cirque Theatre (August 20-25 and September 17-22)

Children's Theatre of America (August 27-September 2)

Comédie Canadienne (September 10-16)

Hal Holbrook in "Mark Twain Tonight" (September 24-29)

**IN THE ARENA**

Ice Follies (April 21-29)

Seattle Youth Symphony (April 30)

Senior AAU National Gymnastic Finale (May 3-5)

Puget Sound 1000-voice Chorus (May 6)

Count Basie and Orchestra (May 7-12)

Benny Goodman (June 11-16)

Lawrence Welk (July 15-16)

Nat King Cole (July 24-29)

Ella Fitzgerald (August 3-4)

Ringling Brothers Circus (August 6-12)

Mormon Tabernacle Choir (August 15-16)

Mormon Pageant (August 27-September 1)

Shrine Circus (September 13-16)

Century 21 Horse Show (September 19-23)

Argyle Regimental Band, Pipes, Drums (October 5-6)

**IN THE STADIUM**

Spanish Riding School Lipizzans of Raflyn Farms (April 21-29)

Roy Rogers Show (June 23-July 7)

Billy Graham (July 8)

Philippine Sport Exhibitions (July 9-14)

Huckleberry Hound and Yogi Bear (July 15-22)

Arthur Godfrey (August 2-4)

International Baton Twirling Championships (August 8-9)

Quick-Draw McGraw (August 12-19)

Motorcyclistas de Transito, Voladores de Papantla (August 27-September 2)

Royal Canadian Mounted Police (September 10-16)

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Sights are as startling as their names in the Pacific, from the exquisite formal gardens of Japan to the serene beauty of Tahiti. Marvels of timeless art and architecture, colorful street scenes, fabulous shopping in exotic bazaars await you, wherever you go.

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THAILAND VIETNAM


# The France

*Continued from page 63*

and con on the merits of the grand staircase, but none of them had a kind word to say for the color scheme.

Cabins are small but, on the good side of the ledger, they are all air conditioned and have their own bathrooms. Don't get to dreaming, though, of the hot and cold salt water baths you could draw on the old-time luxury liners. To save space even many first class cabins omit tubs and offer, instead, a stall shower with a spray that unhooks from the wall, the same kind of speedy, efficient equipment used by small yachts.

Our own cabin was furnished with a convertible sofa bed. Over it hung a photo mural of one of France's great chateaus. The chateau, apparently, represented a view from a window, since it was framed at each side by yellow tie-back curtains. A spotlight mounted in the ceiling at the foot of the bed was trained dramatically on the sleeping area.

An all-purpose chest of drawers responded by pushbutton to become desk or breakfast tray table. Each morning as she took away the tray, our stewardess pushed the retractor button and leaped back, but the shelf nicked her every time as it whizzed by.

The trip was built up in advance as the fashion spectacular of all time but, in the end, the spectacle fizzled.

Singer Juliette Greco who, along with playwright Marcel Achard and his wife, made up the celebrity roster, wore either a cat-like costume of black turtle neck cashmere sweater, black stretch pants, and black suede boots, or else a Chanel suit, tweed for daytime and lame or velvet at night. So many women were wearing so many versions of Chanel suits that the ship might have been re-christened the S.S. *Chanel*.

Few of the first class women passengers wore slacks, but the tourist bar looked less like a ship than a ski resort. The popular costume for both sexes was pants worn with a bulky Norwegian ski sweater.

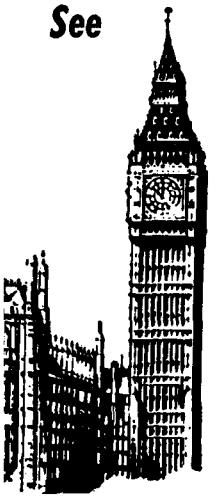
The Captain's Gala finally brought a real parade of grand manner French ballgowns, and none of them more than a year old. Since first class passengers were predominantly French, with a mere sprinkling of Americans, almost every woman owned a fur-trimmed satin evening coat and dress from Balenciaga, or, most popular of all, a draped chiffon by Jean Desses or one of Madame Gres' pleated silk jerseys. The grand stairway to the first class dining salon certainly justified its existence that night.

Among the passengers was Mme. Jacques Rouet, wife of Christian Dior's manager director, whose whole wardrobe came from Dior. Mme. Jacques Derval, wife of the 83-year-old owner of the Folies Bergères, was traveling with a wardrobe of eight fur coats and twelve wigs. Mme. Derval's jewels, too, stood out among the simple, basic diamond necklaces that most of the French women brought along. On the night of the Gala she wore a ruby and diamond dagger thrust through her belt.

The ship's best fashion moment was the morning she entered the New York harbor. Women trooped up the veranda deck wearing a fortune in furs. They were wrapped in sable, sealskin and every shade of mink. Many of them wore tall fur hats and made-to-order Paris boots with stack heels.

Despite this flash of high fashion the S.S. *France* may not be for those seasoned travelers who can talk nostalgically about the elegance and service of the old transatlantic liners. The Compagnie Transatlantique is smart enough to know that, even if it supplied those commodities, many of them would decide to fly anyway.

The S.S. *France* is playing to a new kind of audience. It is the tripper, the once-in-an-age grand tour taker, the Baedeker-bearing tourist who may find it one of the most exciting things, the French have invented since champagne.

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# Hong Kong

*Continued from page 50*

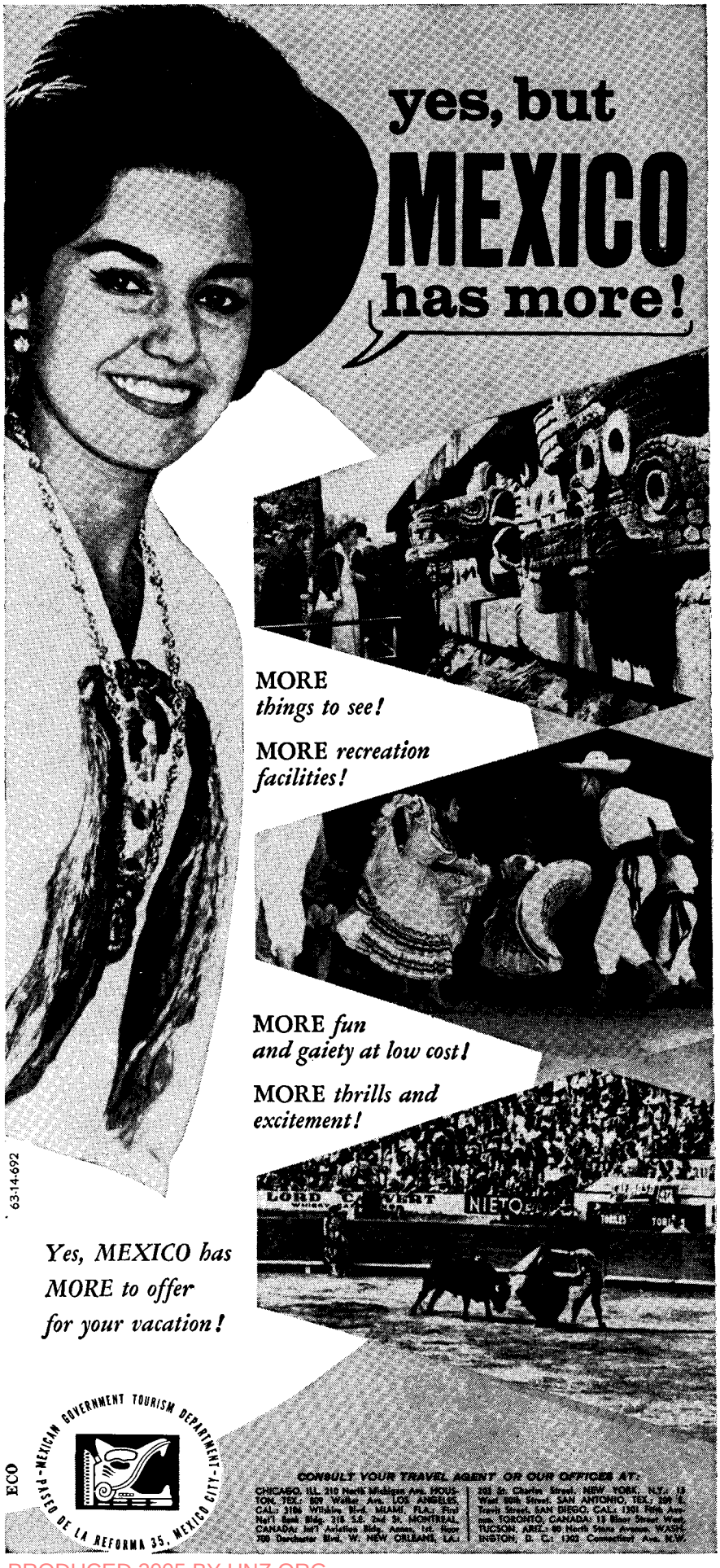
doesn't seem so bad, but in Hong Kong $60 U.S. will buy a tailor-made suit and a half. Money aside, it is truly the way any sybaritic soul ought to go to sea, as I can attest, having been a guest aboard her one afternoon mashed in a sultan's nest of pillows on the high afterdeck behind the wheelhouse. We sailed past liners in the harbor, running alongside the *godowns* where junks from Red China were unloading their goods, poking into quiet coves where small yachts drifted, coming abeam junks with their booms spread for shrimp. The captain ran up the sails, which had been tinted red with gall nuts, and we ran smartly across the bay under the striking apartment houses high on the hill, the waterside villas of the diplomats, the Chinese cemeteries carefully arranged according to the principle of *fung shui,* to come under the favorable influences of the wind and the water.

WE came at last to the harbor at Aberdeen where the water people live, for there are probably 150,000 of them in the junk cities who live in everything from an oceangoing junk to a blue-topped sampan. Many are sea gypsies of the tribe called Hoklo, who came from the province of Fukien. In Aberdeen their craft wheel back and forth in a mad jumble of traffic and activity. Yachts are being built, nets are dried, the water children play. In the middle of it all sit the floating restaurants, gaudy and bovine, the Tai Pak, red and blue and green with a pagoda roof, and the Sea Palace Ltd., a fanciful technicolor copy of the floating marble palace on which the empress dowager of the Ching dynasty squandered the funds that should have gone to the naval forces of the Boxers in their rebellion of 1899.

Looking down on the frenzied scene from its palace of incongruity sits the salmon-hued Victorian police station of the British, and far above it the sleek, cream-white apartment houses of the aristocracy, atop the green peaks. A sampan took us ashore and we caught a taxi that rode us around the ridge of Hong Kong Island and then down the hill to Victoria, where the views of the harbor and its toy boats unfolded one after another. It seemed to me that I was riding the Grande Corniche with its sudden rashes of roadside foliage and its peek-a-boo vistas and I might have expected Nice to loom around the next mountain curve if it weren't for China rising there across the bay.

—HORACE SUTTON.

*(Sixth in a series on a tour of the world.)*



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## South Seas

*Continued from page 58*

cricket, and the knowledge that you won't be eaten—be back in the "Fee-jees" of the early navigators. In parts of Suva and other towns, you may well imagine yourself not in the Pacific at all, but in Benares or Patna. Even in the Grand Pacific and Korolevu Beach Hotels, where the cameras click and the gin-and-tonics tinkle, you are at all times certain that you are not in Brighton or Fort Lauderdale.

Then of course there is Tahiti. And Tahiti is unique. For years it has been the bright particular goal of every wanderer in the Pacific; the haven of adventurers, geniuses, millionaires, bums, crooks, drunkards, movie stars, nature men. Yet for all its vicissitudes, all its defilements, it has never lost its magic as the very essence of the South Sea Dream. It has been years, centuries, since it has been even approximately "pure" Polynesian. It is Polynesian plus French plus Chinese plus a dash of every country, east or west, that ever sent a ship to sea, and it is all of these that add up to the treasured *ambiance Tahitienne.* It is an ambiance at the same time simple and worldy, glittering and slovenly, pure and debauched. Best of all, perhaps, it is epitomized in the Tahitians' own favorite all-purpose expletive, *au'é,* which said one way, means "ah, it's heaven!" and, said another, means "What a mess!"

Thus far the messy heaven—or heavenly mess—has had good staying powers. But whether it can survive the new pressures of plane and cruise ship, cash and credit card, Jones and Smith, is an open question. When I was there, far back in 1960, there was still plenty left of the "old Tahiti"; but that as pre-jet, pre-new hotel, pre-Marlon Brando, and it as still a way-out place to the average traveler. Now, suddenly, it is no longer way-out. Soon visitors will be coming as casually as to Jamaica or Acapulco; and change is inevitable. The jets will roar, the hotels and shops will multiply, the rats and roaches will take to the hills. But it will be a while—a long while, I think—before Tahiti can be mistaken for Hawaii, or Papeete's waterfront for Waikiki Beach.

The hope is in the Tahitians, and quasi-Tahitians themselves. In the Raouls and Pomaas and Luciens and Hap Sungs and Joneses and Schmidts who live there. For though they like money as well as the next man, they more than like—they love—the rare and special quality of their island. The bell may be tolling for the "old Tahiti," but at least it has not *stopped* tolling; the burial has not yet taken place. And if at last it does, it will not be because Tahiti


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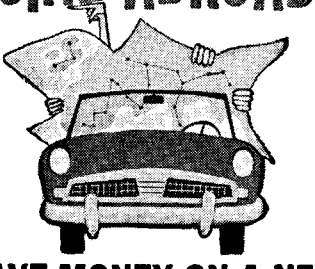

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itself, in all its magic, all its unregeneracy, has not struggled against it. *Au'é*—it will go down fighting.

Hawaii, Fiji, Tahiti: these are the islands that, in their varying degrees, are the most advanced—and/or spoiled. There are others which, while they have had their share of history, are as yet almost untouched by mass invasion. The Samoas, Western and American, are still only a whistle stop for planes and cruise ships. Tonga, the Cook Islands, the Tuomotus and Marquesas are not even that. Least visited in *all* the Pacific, ironically, is an American domain, the vast and sprawling archipelagoes of Micronesia, which we hold as a trust under the United Nations. No casual travelers whatever are allowed in these islands. By decree they are kept untouched, unspoiled, un-"killed."

And what has the result been? Eden? Paradise? . . . Not quite. . . . U.N. commissions reprimand us sternly for not doing enough to promote progress. The islanders themselves complain that they are living in "a reservation, an isolation ward." These highly un-South Sea-ish words are not something I am putting in their mouths; they were spoken to me, just so, by a chief on an island in the Carolines. And the very fact of his saying it is proof that, however remote and theoretically pristine an island may be, it is still a part of the world, and its inhabitants know it. Carolines, Tuomatus, and mythical Kapukafuti may not have gone as far along the twentieth-century road as Hawaii, Fiji, and Tahiti. But they are on it nevertheless, for better or worse, and no amount of wishful romanticism is going to get them off.

Like the rest of the world, the South Pacific is full of contradictions. It is full of change, turmoil, dislocation between old and new. Look to the right and you will see bulldozers, banks, warehouses, radio towers. To the left there are pink hotels, cabanas, cocktail bars, and package tours. But then—and there is still that *then*—look beyond them, look ahead, look behind, and you will see what you have come to see: the lagoon and the palm, the beach and the reef, the gentle blue sea and the gentle brown people. And it may be cliché; it may have been seen and told and retold ten thousand times before you. But still it is *there*. It is real, it is true. And it is beautiful.

You yourself—I myself—each and every one of us who goes to the islands is doing his share to kill them. But we have not quite succeeded yet. Some are more killed, some less. In none will you find paradise; the world we live in is not hospitable to paradises. But there are plenty of places where you can do much worse.


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# Ireland

*Continued from page 47*

the Shandon Bells every hour on the hour. It's sometimes difficult to hear the natives praising them, what with the racket of those damned bells.

Stone kissing at Blarney is uncomfortable and surely unhygienic. But the picture the castle photographer takes of you—to be picked up, developed, by the time you leave the estate—is worth the sprung vertebrae and the pen that fell out of your breast pocket and disappeared in empty space during the buss. Go to bed that night knowing that you'll awaken the next morning and behold the Lakes of Killarney—unless John McShane, the Philadelphia contractor, has sold the area to someone less generous with the exquisite view. My wife and our Dublin-born daughter, all rather uppity about motels, found the Castlerosse Motor Court more than comfortable. Good grub, easy access to jaunting-car—one of the jauntier forms of transportation.

Many guides and most tours seem to give the traveler an either-or choice of Killarney and the Ring of Kerry. A man's a fool to accept less than both. The latter is a brilliant, wild, untrammelled orbit easily done in a day.

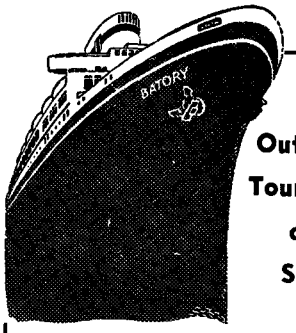
Next day, Limerick tends to be grim, I think. Perhaps that prejudice dates back to some rainy days there, or the inability to get a drink before lunch in the hotel where our driver steered us. But a bit over twenty miles beyond is Ennis, its Abbey and fourteenth-century sculptures, its passel of Considine bars, and the aforementioned Old Ground.

If you're chump enough to leave Ennis, venture northward to a fine golf course at Lahinch, a good spa at Lisdoonvarna, explore the rocky mysteries of Black Head, and so on to Galway. Ptolemy heard about Galway even before the first Irish tenor. He called it Magnata 300 years before Christ. It didn't rhyme readily, so the Irish in time changed it to something that Morton Downey could handle.

You'll be up to your nates in Yeats the following day, along this route. "Yeats Country" is a decent epitaph for Sligo-Drumcliff. The native of the region is proud that the Nobel Prize-winner (1923) trod there, whether or not he understands what the hell the man was saying when, in "Blood and the Moon," he sang:

> Swift beating on his breast in sibylline frenzy blind
> Because the heart in his down-sodden breast had dragged him down into mankind.

(Reminds me a bit of a clash be-

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tween two New York baseball writers who hated each other. One day one of them tried to show the other a clipping of a story he had written. The other guy brushed it away, which hurt the first guy's feelings. "Well, I guess you think I'm a lousy writer," the offended first guy said. "No," said the other, "but you could be, if you had more hustle.")

So, off we go into the wild gray yonder to the Hills of Donegal and homely towns with such lovely names as Ballyshannon, Ardara (dig the tweeds there, buster), Glenties, Maas, Bloody Foreland, and Derry. St. Columba fashioned that one in 546.

You don't get the Giant's Causeway until the ninth day. Then you'll doubt, amid those 40,000 basaltic columns, that it is all that's left of a giant's bridge built from Scotland to Ireland by Finn mac Cumhail (McCool.) The only thing we believe about McCool—and we've checked this with Dan Parker of the New York *Mirror*—is that he was so strong he could pick himself up by the scruff of his neck and hold himself out at arm's length.

Then Belfast, core of an industrial North that tends to feel a little sorry for the agricultural South. And so back down to Dublin, passing, among other places, Drogheda. During one of his sometimes stumbling political jaunts, General Eisenhower was puzzled to see a sea of suddenly bleak faces among Boston Irish when he had a kind word to say about Oliver Cromwell. Oliver once issued an interesting communiqué.

> It hath pleased God to bless our endeavours at Tredah (Drogheda). . . . The enemy were about 3,000 strong in the town. They made a stout resistance, and near 1,000 of our men being entered . . . I believe we put to the sword the whole number of the defendants. I do not think thirty of the whole number escaped with their lives. Those that did, are in safe custody for the Barbadoes. . . .

Ireland has moved more poets than almost any land. Most have been moved to rapture:

> O Ireland, isn't it grand you look—
> Like a bride in her rich adornin'?
> With all the pent-up love in my heart
> I bid you top 'o the mornin'!
> —John Locke

There were crabs among the sweet singers, too:

> At last I went to Ireland
> 'Twas raining cats and dogs;
> I found no music in the glens,
> Nor purple in the bogs.
> And as for angels' laughter in
> The smelly Liffey's tide—
> Well, my Irish daddy said it,
> But the dear old humbug lied.
> —G.B.S., natch.

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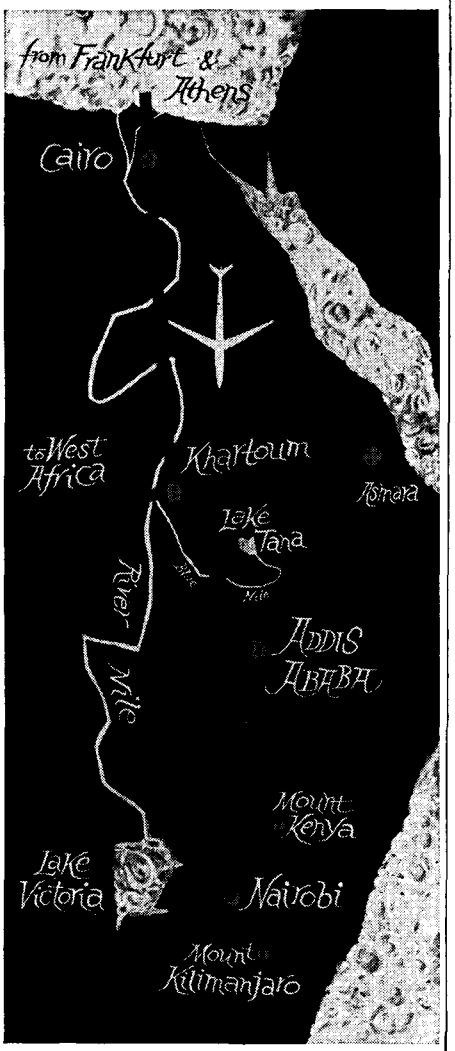


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## Orient Express

*Continued from page 54*

make special dishes for them. (The dogs liked *Naturschnitzel.*) The Viennese beer magnate Dreher didn't trust the food in the dining car, excellent though it was, and had the Hotel Sacher deliver a seven-course meal in a hamper to his compartment on the Orient Express. On the other hand, no one bothered about speed in those leisurely days. In Belgrade the Orient Express waited an hour for the night train from Bosnia. In wintertime the train often got stuck in snowdrifts.

Edwardian elegance and Hapsburg charm were the trademark of the noble Compagnie Internationale des Wagons-Lits, which was founded in 1876 by Georges Nagelmackers, a Belgian engineer with a flair for big figures who got the great idea on an earlier coast-to-coast Pullman trip across the United States. Nagelmackers's dream was to set up a Continental version of the Pullman Company. This wasn't easy since almost all European railroads were operated by state monopolies; and later on the Continent became split by political borders and customs tariffs. But two years after Nagelmackers had hitched his first sleepers to the Paris-Vienna and Berlin-Ostend trains, he had signed up twenty-three countries. The first all-sleeper train ran between Calais and Nice. The Blue Train, as it became known, has operated ever since despite wars, strikes and catastrophes. Nagelmackers's cosmopolitan outfit is incorporated in Brussels, has its headquarters in Paris, is controlled by French, Belgian, Italian, British, Spanish, Swiss, and Dutch interests, and has over 20,000 employees and more than 1,200 sleepers and dining cars running on both sides of the Iron Curtain.

The Wagons-Lits Company has better diplomatic relations than NATO. In Western Europe the posters in the dining cars praise the capitalistic delights of Deauville, Monte Carlo, and Bad Gastein. In the Eastern world they extol the virtues of Peace and Democracy. But even the Company cannot stop the inexorable advent of history. The Orient Express was overtaken by the march of events and the speed of the airplane. Long before its last run it had become an anachronism.

Precisely at 8:25 p.m. there was a commotion on the platform, the young couples kissed each other madly, and then a whistle sounded and the Orient Express started to move for the last time. The two sleeping cars, to Vienna and to Salzburg, were sold out; everybody was going to the Vienna Festival, elderly British couples, American tour-


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ists, a few German businessmen. No one in our sleeper was going farther than Vienna; I might find some Orient-bound travelers in the next coach, the one going to Bucharest, said the *conducteur*. *Voiture* 35 was a dilapidated coach, half first class and half second class, that must have been written off as expendable a long time ago by SNCF, the French Railways. No one was going to Bucharest either. The French families going to Chalons drank Beaujolais supérieur and ate sandwiches, and a few German and Austrian students were talking about the fun they'd had in Paris. There was no dining car on the Orient Express. On a seat was a copy of *France Soir*, with a headline, "Perhaps in Six Years in 90 Minutes from Paris to New York."

I went back to my compartment in the sleeping car. The corridor was empty; everybody had gone to bed. The walls had somber-gray composition paneling instead of the nice old birds-and-flowers designs. The window rattled cheerfully but there was cold and really hot water in the wash basin. I filled out my customs declaration and gave it with my passport to the *conducteur*, who assured me that we would not be disturbed by the border control in Kehl.

When I woke up in the morning, I saw the woods and mountains of Bavaria. It was a sunny day with a pleasant touch of coolness in the air. I shaved, dressed, walked over into the dining car that had been hitched on at Stuttgart early in the morning, and sat down across from a gloomy Frenchman who brightened up when he heard that I was American and spoke French. He was disgusted by the German businessmen all over the car who were full of good cheer, very active, talking business while they had a substantial breakfast—three-minute eggs, ham, sausage, cheese, jam, and tea—and read company reports while they were eating.

"Formidable specimens of the new prosperity," said the Frenchman. "Building up capital reserves and making export deals at breakfast time. It frightens you."

The Frenchman and I had only coffee and rolls. The coffee was strong and aromatic—a sign that the dining car crew were Viennese. The headwaiter, a friendly fellow, invited us to come back for lunch, they were going to have *Zwiebelrostbraten* and *spaghetti à la Vienne*. The Frenchman said he was certainly not going to eat spaghetti in *Vienne*—he went there to hear Karajan—and he paid and walked off.

In Munich the Orient Express briefly lived up to its name. Old mustachioed peasants in dark suits and old women with headkerchiefs sat down in the


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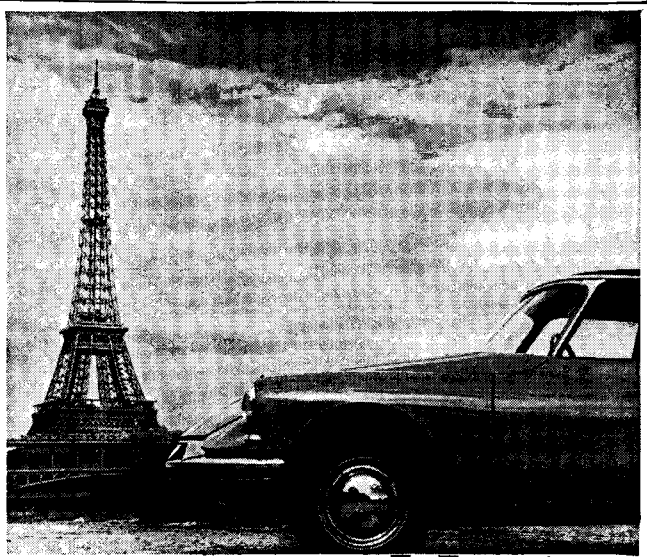

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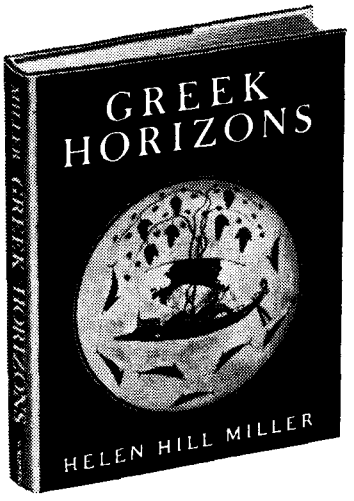


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Bucharest coach. They were Hungarians who after years of waiting had been permitted by the Hungarian authorities to visit their children in Germany. Some had new shoes and new luggage, and all had baskets with beer and wine and food. There were tears on the train and on the platform as the train began to move; many of the people would never see each other again, and they knew it. The old peasants stared out unhappily, and the women cried for a long time after we'd left Munich. The Orient Express had become a train of sadness.

I skipped the *Zwiebelrostbraten* lunch and went back to the dining car for coffee early in the afternoon. A few nondescript businessmen sat there. Two pretty American girls, pleasant in a wholesome way and about as mysterious-looking as the smiling girls on the toothpaste ads. I asked the Austrian headwaiter whether the *femmes fatales* and *demi-mondaines* were still traveling on the Orient Express.

"I haven't seen any lately," he said. "Maybe they're all in a hurry and take the plane. . . . Let me show you something."

He came back with an old menu, dated June 5, 1903, which he'd been given by an old colleague. That day—the twentieth anniversary of the Orient Express—the passengers in the dining car had been offered *foie gras, saumon fumé, oeufs à la gelée, sole Metternich, poulet en cocotte,* followed by dessert, cheese, coffee.

"And now we're serving *Zwiebelrostbraten,*" said the headwaiter. "It's quite a letdown, isn't it?"

We were joined by the *conducteur* of the sleeping car, who kept reminiscing about papa and the old days. "Papa loved to tell the story about that chic brunette on the Blue Train who came to the Paris station with a man, kissed him passionately, and cried as she boarded the train. Papa envied the lucky man until Dijon, when another fellow got on and joined the brunette in her compartment until Marseille. When he left, she cried bitterly, but four hours later she was expected by a third man in Cannes, and you should have seen how she kissed him! Papa always wondered which one of the three had been her husband."

"Maybe she wasn't married at all," said the Austrian headwaiter.

The French *conducteur* shook his head. "*Mon vieux,* papa had been working thirty years for The House. After thirty years with the Wagons-Lits a man knows whether a woman is *demi-monde* or respectably married. Papa was quite sure that the brunette was a respectable, married woman."

The pretty American girls were talking to two suntanned Austrians at the


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next table who told them what to see and do in Vienna. The girls made notes. The gloomy Frenchman enroute to Vienna to hear Karajan came over and asked me whether there was *quelque chose à faire* in Vienna *after* the opera. He'd heard there was a strip tease that beat anything they had in Paris.

"Not that I would bother in Paris," he said. "That's strictly for the tourists. But in Vienna it may be different." I gave him the information and in return he advised me to buy the shares of a certain French company that were listed in New York among the over-the-counter securities. The young Austrians ordered a bottle of wine and asked the American toothpaste girls whether they might bring the wine over. Everybody was having a good time, except the old people in the Bucharest coach who were drowning their sorrow in Munich beer, and attacking the *Wurstbrote* which they had in their baskets.

At Vienna's modernistic West Station nearly everybody left the long train. Only two cars—the Paris-Bucharest coach and a second one to Budapest—were pulled by a small steam engine to Platform 6, where the atmosphere was distinctly Balkanic: unshaved men without ties, peasant women in drab clothes, surrounded by cardboard boxes tied up with thick strings. A less glamorous crowd could hardly be imagined. Hercule Poirot would have turned away in disgust.

Everybody was speaking Hungarian. Two women in faded-elegance suits with American and French fashion journals under their arms said tearful goodbyes to two robust Austrians, perhaps relatives and perhaps not. A dark-shirted boxing promoter with a fat cigar and a flying bag marked "Olympic Airlines" and a dapper fellow exuding the confidence that comes from having a diplomatic passport were the only relaxed people. Also present were a gloomy couple whose luggage was covered with hotel labels from many Communist capitals; two Indian women in saris; an Egyptian businessman from Cairo; an old American lady visibly moved at the prospect of soon seeing her folks in the Old Country; and an aggressively cheerful young man from Guinea in a new blue suit, with a Swiss gold watch.

At 4:15 our condensed Orient Express digest left Vienna and reached the Austrian border station of Bruck an der Leitha a few minutes after five. An Austrian passport official in civilian clothes walked through, glanced at the passports, wished everybody *"Gute Reise!"* and went off. The train pulled itself together reluctantly. It had become very quiet in our car. The two women put away their fashion journals.


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# Biwako

■ Biwako Nakamura has two great interests, mountains and music. This is very Japanese. For in Japan many sages feel you can achieve serenity and enlightenment through a close study of nature and art. As a hostess aboard a DC-8 Jet Courier of Japan Air Lines, Biwako certainly shows serenity and that native desire to serve which every Japanese girl possesses. It's one of the reasons your flight to the Orient is so delightful, as you fly amid the calm beauty of Japan at almost the speed of sound.

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The train slowed down. Beside the tracks stood a high watchtower; guns and searchlights were mounted on the platform. Beyond the tower we saw a freshly plowed field. It is no secret that the field is thickly sown with mines. Until two years ago the Viennese papers often published hair-raising stories of people who had lost an arm or a leg when they ran through the minefield. Nowadays such stories have become rare. The Iron Curtain is almost impenetrable. The stories from the border now are about Hungarian border guards who shoot at their Austrian colleagues. Border guards don't have the *savoir faire* and civil manners of diplomats.

As we passed the watchtower, the train came to a standstill. Two Hungarian soldiers carrying tommy guns got aboard, and stood by the doors until the train reached the Hungarian border station of Hegyeshalom.

Suddenly the small train was surrounded by uniforms—soldiers with guns, elegant officers in boots walking up and down the platform, two officers who came in and took away our passports, customs officials who looked at the luggage. They ignored my bag, but made the old men and women open everything and created considerable confusion before they went off again. A man asked everybody how much money we carried and made up detailed lists of all foreign currencies we had to sign. Two fellows in dirty overalls came in and lifted the seats. A soldier crawled under the coaches, and another tramped over the roof. I don't know what they were looking for; would anybody try to swindle his way in? Somebody said they were looking for "anti-state leaflets." No passenger was permitted to leave the car. When the two Indian women wanted to get off to stretch their legs, the soldiers trained their tommy guns at them. The women boarded the car hastily. I thought they looked a little shaken.

An hour later our passports were returned. The train—it now had half a dozen cars—left again. We passed the town of Gyor, where the Revolution had succeeded in October, 1956, for a few days, and the town of Komarno. At half past eight the train arrived at the gloomy depot of Budapest.

For a while there was confusion, as most of the people got off, among them many of the old men and women, and then the station became quiet and deserted. The dimly lit station buffet offered cheap candy and postcards. A couple of women in overalls began to wash the windows of our car which was hinged to the Budapest-Bucharest train. Obviously in these latitudes the Orient Express has been a fiction for years. It had become a train like any other train, without dining car, without


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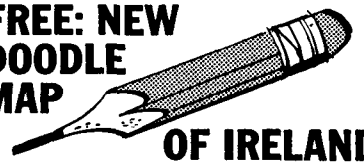

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sleeper, without a *conducteur* saying goodnight in seven languages, or for that matter in one. I saw no Merry Widow, no Gypsy Princess, no Countess Maritza. Where were they now? Maybe in New York and Hollywood, like the Gabor sisters.

During the long night that followed there were two long stops, in Lökös-haza, the Hungarian border station, and then in Curtici, the Rumanian frontier. The flags and uniforms had different colors, but all the uniforms had Russian-style shoulder epaulets, though the Rumanian border guards looked more elegant than the Hungarians. The rigmarole was the same: passport control, currency control, luggage control. In Lökösháza I counted seventeen officials, policemen, guards, officers, and soldiers who came into our compartment, for some reason or other. By that time the fiction of the elegant Orient Express had become a bad joke. All in all, the border patrols between Vienna and Bucharest lasted four hours and eleven minutes.

In the early dawn I saw the posters and slogans and red stars in all Rumanian stations we came through. The train was crowded—shepherds, soldiers, peasants, workers, women, and uniformed members of working brigades, everybody with much luggage. The train got slower and stopped more frequently now. Unlike the faster Arlberg Orient Express, which goes from Arad to Bucharest by way of Sighisoara and Orasul Stalin, our Orient Express, or rather its caricature, turned south toward Timisoara (Temesvar) and Orsova where the Danube goes through the Iron Gate. In Turnu-Severin we saw the river with the cataracts and channels. We also saw the barbed-wire fence with the high watchtowers, this time guarding the Rumanian-Yugoslav border.

By that time the Orient Express had lost much of its initial speed, most of its pretense, and practically all of its one-time elegance. It was just a cheap, slow train, puffing its way through the plains of Wallachia, past small villages that seemed lost in the backwoods of the Balkan. All bridges were guarded by soldiers, and even the smallest station was decorated with a red star. There were more geese, sheep, chickens, than people around.

Exactly at 6:56 p.m., forty-six hours and thirty-one minutes after leaving the Gare de l'Est in Paris, the last Orient Express arrived at Bucharest's North Station. Everybody was glad the trip was over. Leaving the Paris-Bucharest car, I saw the battered copy of the *France Soir* under a seat. Part of the front-page had been torn off. and the headline now said, In 90 Minutes from Paris to New York."


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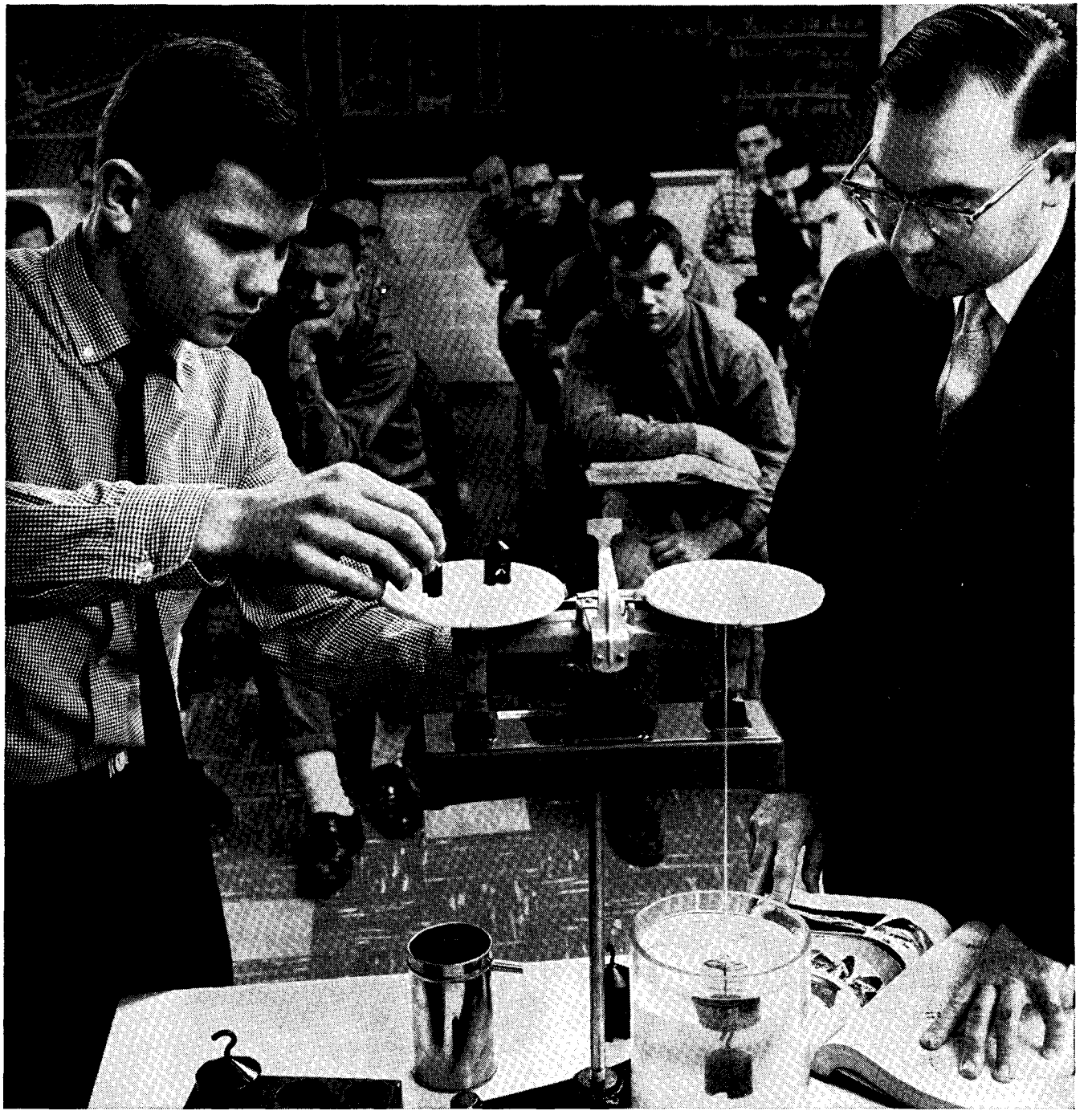

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# EDUCATION IN AMERICA

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*Associate Education Editor:* JOHN SCANLON

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*Correspondence regarding manuscripts or editorial content should be addressed to: Editor, Education Supplement, Saturday Review, 530 Fifth Avenue, New York 36, N.Y.*

## *The Giant Teaching Machine*

IN AMERICA this is the age of the teaching machine. Yet the largest such device in the world is probably to be found in beleaguered Berlin.

It is about twenty-seven miles long, and strung with barbed wire. It teaches vivid, unforgettable lessons in the meaning of democracy and communism, of freedom and tyranny, of man's humanity and inhumanity. It is The Wall.

If seeing is believing, if experience is really the best teacher, then one of the most compelling exercises in education any American student of current affairs can take today is a trip to Berlin. The Wall instructs the observer with visceral clarity in the essential nature of the East-West crisis. It defines the stake the U.S. has in the stern duel of wills and ideals now taking place in Berlin.

During his recent visit to the occupied city, Attorney General Robert F. Kennedy reacted strongly to the first-hand impact of The Wall. He was one more of many who, after studying the lessons of The Wall, have "graduated" in their awareness that West Berlin is an indivisible part of the free world.

One man who has repeatedly observed the teaching power of The Wall is General Lucius D. Clay, the personal representative of President Kennedy in Berlin. It was through Clay that an unusual train of events was set in motion several weeks ago after he had arranged for Walt Kelly, the creator of Pogo, to tour The Wall. Kelly, a man of wise and gentle wit, was deeply moved as he ranged the length of the barbed and guarded barrier, noting the crude memorials erected where men and women had died trying to escape to freedom from East Berlin.

At the end of his tour Kelly discussed with General Clay his conviction that the American people should understand much more fully than they now do the great drama of modern politics being enacted in Berlin. To that end he suggested that a Freedom Forum be held in the West German city for perhaps 1,000 student leaders from college campuses throughout the United States.

Their very presence en masse in the city would demonstrate to both West and East Berlin our nation's commitment to maintain the security of West Berlin. The students would then carry the lesson of The Wall back to their campuses to infuse their fellow undergraduates, faculties, friends, families, and neighboring communities with a stronger understanding of the significance of West Berlin to America's continued security in a troubled time of change and challenge.

General Clay not only concurred, but offered full cooperation with such a forum, including his own personal participation in a full briefing for the students on the military and political situation in Berlin. Mayor Willy Brandt immediately volunteered to address the students on West Berlin's interpretation of the lessons of The Wall.

The administration and faculty of the Free University of Berlin were consulted. The use of the university's dormitories and mess halls for minimum fees was assured. Members of the faculty and of local student

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associations offered to give special lectures and arrange hospitality for the Forum visitors. It was suggested that visits and seminars in East Berlin could be arranged so that the students from the United States could hear the East Berlin-Communist interpretation of The Wall at first hand, and debate the U.S.-Soviet views of co-existence. The project received the unofficial blessing of Edward R. Murrow, director of the United States Information Agency.

Pan American World Airways, which serves Berlin, offered to mobilize necessary air capacity to lift the students to and from this country at the minimum possible rates if this proved desirable. Ground arrangements, such as taking the students into Berlin by autobahn in a fleet of buses through the Soviet checkpoints, supplemental accommodations, etc., were offered at minimum cost by American Express when it was informed of the suggested Forum. The West German government quietly encouraged the project.

The idea swiftly sparked many other interested quarters. The National Student Association in this country volunteered to sponsor and promote the Forum on U.S. campuses if requested. The still informal and unofficial group working with Pied Piper Kelly on the idea recognized that an authoritative academic blessing on student participation in the Forum would be necessary. President Robert W. McEwen of Hamilton College was consulted and agreed to head a committee of educators to ask college and university heads from coast to coast to encourage their student leaders to participate in the Forum and to help arrange the necessary attendance credentials. President A. Whitney Griswold of Yale University gave helpful counsel and offered to assist. President C. Easton Rothwell of Mills College warmly endorsed the plan. Chancellor John R. Everett of the City University of New York responded favorably to the project.

A single newspaper story, based on an unofficial report out of Bonn, inspired inquiries from all over the country from students, parents, and teachers asking about enrolling in the Forum. Business and professional clubs offered to send qualified students from their hometowns to such a forum. Radio and television stations offered nationwide coverage at the proper time.

The suggested time for the Forum is late August, when many students will already be in Europe on vacation. It would last about four days. The cost to participants would be modest.

It has also been suggested by various educators that the idea is so vital that a similar forum should be held for university faculty members—perhaps 500—earlier in August. The authorities in West Berlin have tentatively agreed.

Such is the power of an idea and of The Wall.

There is as yet no formal organization to launch the Forum. Except for one unauthorized news report there has been no publicity. This is the first public discussion of the idea, and it is taking place in this space for this reason: The volunteer group working on the Freedom Forum wants some advice from *Saturday Review* readers.

It is this. Despite all the favorable straws in the wind, a number of advisors have been of the strong opinion that the American college community, both students and faculty, is not actively interested in Berlin or The Wall. These advisors say the college community takes the conflict for granted and would not, despite the preliminary interest shown, interrupt their European holiday even for a few days to expose themselves to the harrowing experience of The Wall and its disturbing lessons in the history of our times.

We ask the educators, students, professors, parents, business, professional, and community leaders among our readers two questions:

If you were satisfied with the official and educational auspices of such a Freedom Forum in Berlin this August, would you encourage, indeed urge, qualified college and university student leaders and faculty members to include attendance at the Forum in their European holiday plans for this summer? Do you think it unrealistic to assume that 1,000 students and 500 faculty members would welcome an opportunity to attend such a forum in order to 1) bring home their observations of the continuing crisis in Berlin, 2) have a full-face intellectual exchange of views with German students East and West, and 3) contribute to the resistance morale of the 2,200,000 residents of West Berlin who are standing up day after day to the Communist pressure from the East?

*Saturday Review* believes that travel is a unique form of education and recreation.

It is to the serious purposes of travel and to the stern teacher in Berlin—The Wall—that we summon our readers, asking them for guidance on the final decision whether to stage the Freedom Forum, and thus to make possible another chapter in the dialogue that must grow between the student leaders and other intellectuals of this country with their counterparts around the globe. Your responses, which will be forwarded to the people interested in organizing the Forum, could well be decisive. —WILLIAM D. PATTERSON.

# Letters to the Education Editor

### PROGRESSIVE EDUCATION

"IS PROGRESSIVE EDUCATION OBSOLETE?" by Dr. William Van Til [*SR*, Feb. 17], is one of the finest articles on the subject that has been published in the continuing back and forth among those who attack and those who defend American education. Certainly the movement toward modernizing education—call it "progressive" if you like—released creativity as no other educational movement has done within the past fifty years. Moreover, those who were inspired by it and trained in its exercise, have continued to be leaders in educational thought and action. All those who currently have the good fortune to work with such leaders will, in their turn, become creative.

The citizens of America who depend upon the public schools for the continuance of democracy have much for which to thank the progressive education movement.

GERTRUDE NOAR,
National Director of Education,
Anti-Defamation League of
B'nai B'rith.
New York, N.Y.

I WAS AMUSED by William Van Til's loaded question, "Is Progressive Education Obsolete?" Since the article was given as a speech before the John Dewey Society, can there be any doubt as to his answer?

Mr. Van Til claims that the failure of progressivism is that it "has never been tried on any significant scale." I submit that if it had been tried for any longer period of time or on any larger scale, the damage to the minds of children would be irreparable.

REGIS A. COURTEMANCHE.
Springfield Gardens, N.Y.

IS PROGRESSIVE EDUCATION obsolete? I must answer in the affirmative. The progressives have never been able to distinguish the important cleavage between the objectives of social and academic education.

Progressive education has failed and must continue to fail because of its false premise and fallacious objectives of a social or home education as contrasted to the true aims of academic disciplines.

V. W. CATHER.
Portland, Ore.

MAY I CONGRATULATE you upon your editorial perspicacity in publishing "Is Progressive Education Obsolete?" Many of my colleagues have joined me in exclaiming on the freshness, timeliness, and significance of the article by Dr. Van Til.

MOREY APPELL,
University of Wisconsin.
Madison, Wis.

I AM WRITING especially to commend you for publishing the articles by Professor William Van Til and Dr. Harold Taylor. Both of these articles help to bring the public discussion of education into balanced perspective. *SR* is performing an invaluable



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service to public education by bringing the issues in education to its readers in a dignified and responsible manner.

George E. Axtelle.

Carbondale, Ill.

If Dr. Van Til's objective was to discuss the question, "Is Progressive Education Obsolete?" he has failed. He devotes only his last few paragraphs to this question and then only nominally.

In the first part of his article Dr. Van Til lapses into the all too popular habit of eulogizing his personal exemplars (Dewey, Counts, Bode, Kilpatrick) and of taking pot shots at those scholars who disagree with "progressive education."

Ernest P. Johnson.

Poughkeepsie, N.Y.

For more than thirty years now, educationists have been defending progressive education almost entirely in terms of its goals . . . .

Historically, however, progressive education is more than a mere statement of purpose. It is a method—Kilpatrick's project method—which progressives claim is superior to all others in encouraging the development of these desirable attitudes and values. Unfortunately they have never bothered to produce valid experimental evidence to support their claim. All public school experience with this method seems to show that it is incapable of producing acceptable results.

E. V. Kenner.

Los Angeles, Calif.

## HOWE ON SUPERINTENDENTS

The concern of Mr. Howe about "The Care and Feeding of Superintendents" [*SR*, Feb. 17] I share, but these concerns need to be extended to the principals of secondary schools and of elementary schools. In fact, we have not studied the structuring of our educational system in terms of its effect on those who hold administrative positions. We have yet to develop the administration-teacher relationships most beneficial for the growth and development of the faculty. Certainly the flurry of interest in merit salary increments was a partially ineffective and distorted effort to do what can only be done after a deeper insight into the structure of the school from the standpoint of the education of students.

Frederick L. Redefer,
New York University.

New York, N.Y.

Superintendent Howe points a problem not unique to the training of school administrators. Certification and accreditation agencies have done to professional curricula in colleges what single-adoption textbooks have done in the public schools.

Overspecialization and stultifying courses can be overcome by teaching from a more broad base of knowledge. A professional training program cannot be judged by course titles and descriptions. Its success or failure still lies with what is done within each course offered.

Samuel A. Moore,
Idaho State College.

Pocatello, Idaho

## TEACHER EDUCATION

The article by G. K. Hodenfield, "Nobody Asked Me, But . . ." [*SR*, Jan. 20], made me feel I was born twenty years too soon. When will the program he outlined get started?

Dorothy A. Leach.

Warrenville, Ill.

## OUTSTANDING SCHOLARS

Michigan, Harvard, Yale, Harvard, Columbia, Columbia, Yale, Johns Hopkins, Bryn Mawr, N.Y.U., and Yale.

So runs the list of the institutions taught at by the Ten Outstanding Scholars [*SR*, Feb. 17] selected by the American Council of Learned Societies. Although doubtlessly all ten are fine educators, it is discouraging to find the list of awards reading almost as a "Who's Who in Big-Name Colleges and Very Important Universities." Is the august Council aware that professors of just as fine caliber teach at small colleges and lesser-known universities? Or is the Council even aware that such lesser institutions exist?

Francis de Caro.

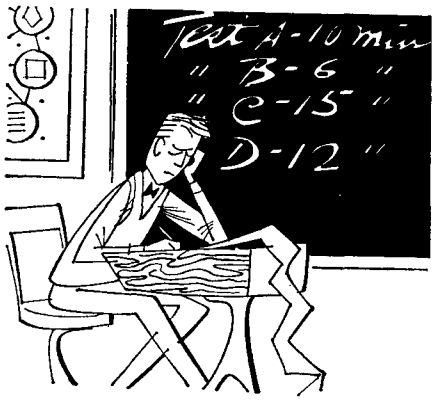
Brooklyn, N.Y.

## FOREIGN UNIVERSITIES

The list of "Other Foreign Universities Open to U.S. Students" in the chart "Where Americans Study Abroad" [*SR*, Feb. 17] overlooked a university which I feel certainly should have been included.

The International Christian University in Tokyo is the only university in Japan where students who do not know the Japanese language, but who do know English, may study.

The number of American students enrolled there is probably greater than at the University of Tokyo, which you list. One




of its better-known recent graduates was John D. Rockefeller IV.

Ruth McAdow.

Houston, Tex.

## "LET'S READ"

I was quite interested in the "revolutionary" approach to reading represented in Frank G. Jennings's review of "Let's Read," by Clarence L. Barnhart [*SR*, Jan. 20].

The reason for my interest is that it sounded very much like the way I was taught to read about sixty years ago, and the way my mother inadvertently learned to read about ninety years ago.

Louise Montgomery Cross.

Riverdale, N.Y.

## THE AMERICAN COLLEGE

In regard to the panel review of "The American College" [*SR*, Feb. 17], those of us who feel that the only salvation for American education is in the synthesis of modern knowledge with our educational techniques must disagree with William Fels in his statement, "If educators have not heretofore heeded scientists, it is because scientists have given us little to heed, and that so unsophisticated as to be virtually useless."

As an art teacher who has devoted his adult life to the advancement of an education dedicated to the development of creativity—in myself as well as in my students—I have always found that scientific inquiry has given us a great deal to "heed." If we fail to do so, we shall continue to work in ignorance with outmoded concepts of the facts of life.

If American educators have yet to face up to Dewey and Freud—to say nothing of the exciting scientific discoveries of our immediate epoch — perhaps we can take heart, for evidence points to the probability that the Russian educators are hung up on Pavlov.

Herbert Jepson,
Chouinard Art Institute.

Los Angeles, Calif.

## MORE ABOUT INFINITIVES

How disillusioning it is to read in Letters to the Editor [*SR*, Feb. 17] that "our editors think . . . that some infinitives deserve to be split . . ."! Is it possible that *SR* is being swept by the wave of literary

(*Continued on page* 106)



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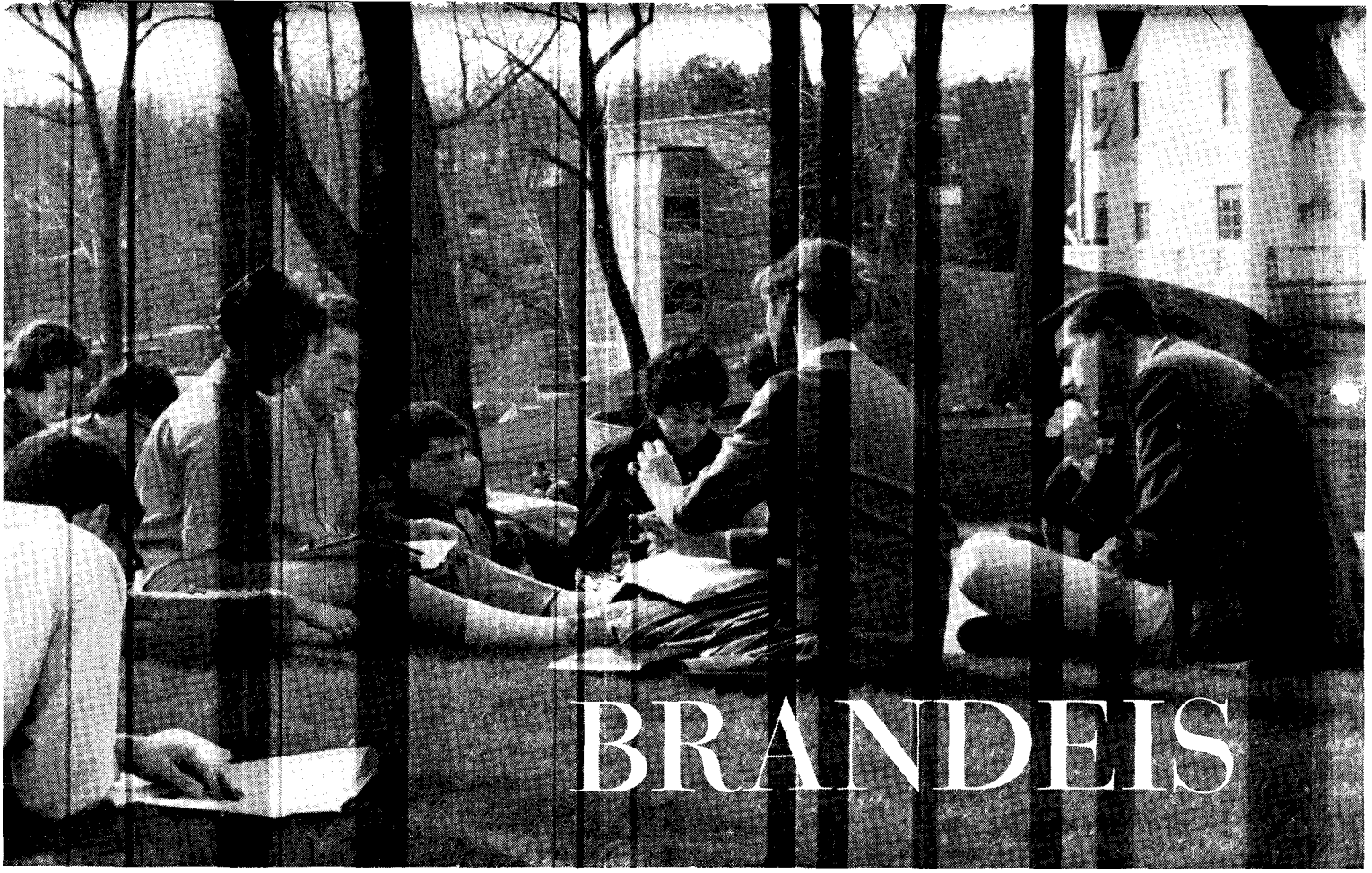


# A YOUNG UNIVERSITY IN A HURRY

*During the middle and later years of the nineteenth century, private colleges sprouted up across the country like crocuses in a springtime landscape. There have been fewer new ones in recent years. They are badly needed because enrollments are bulging but starting a new private college has been made enormously difficult by the mounting costs and the problems faced by a new school in gaining academic and public recognition. Brandeis University is a lusty young newcomer to the educational scene—one that has won out against the odds. The author, who was Editor-in-Chief of Coronet magazine until its recent demise, has been observing the growth of the university since it was founded thirteen years ago.*

By LEWIS W. GILLENSON

ABRAM LEON SACHAR, the President of Brandeis University, was reflecting on the spectacular achievements of his thirteen-year-old institution.

"The future," he said in explanation, "is just not what it used to be."

His borrowed aphorism well describes the Brandeis pressure-cooker approach to its task and why what happened, happened so rapidly. Even by the conservative measuring rod educators use to judge a school, the Brandeis results tend to dazzle. From a standing start in 1948 as the country's first Jewish-sponsored, nonsectarian university, it won accreditation for its undergraduate school in arts and sciences two years after the first class was graduated. This is about as fast as such things can happen. That same year Brandeis began its Graduate School of Arts and Sciences, which currently gives degrees in fourteen areas of study. It is buttressed by the Heller Graduate School for Advanced Studies in Social Welfare and a unique complement of institutes, research projects, and specialized activities in such diverse areas as educational television, creative arts, civil liberties, field archeology, Near Eastern studies, and communication research, among others.

The flowering of this intellectual hothouse sprouted for the school the high distinction this winter of Phi Beta Kappa recognition. At the convocation celebrating the event, Adlai Stevenson commented on its unusual speed and offered the wry aside, "My own distinguished alma mater, Princeton, waited 123 years to be similarly recognized."

Criteria for such honors must invariably rest within a traditional framework of measurability—quality pertaining to faculty, curriculum, students, laboratories, libraries, research projects and the like. But character, unique to each campus, is the flux which draws the parts together, makes them all work and makes all the difference. Those who know Brandeis best credit everything to what Sachar calls "our intellectual Gulf Stream." Said a visiting professor: "It begins warming the spirit from the moment one arrives on campus and keeps it warm long after he departs."

For professional educators, the sum total of these exhibits suffices to pin a tag of greatness on the school. But such

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honors would normally reside in the cloistered archives of that one campus were it not that the facts surrounding them offer interesting touchstones for future projects in higher education.

The simple fact is that this was not supposed to have been possible. To begin with, a half generation is an absurdly short period for such stature. Secondly, educators faced with an onrushing tide of college candidates, had been resigned to the melancholy conclusion that mass efforts to accommodate the mass would inevitably have to result in assembly-line institutions. Certainly not the hand-made, small quality type. Experience and logic supported the belief. The staggering costs of simply building a university from scratch begins the cycle. With budget exhausted it becomes tough to attract a top faculty. This, in turn, discourages the infusion of new research grants which inhibits successful recruiting of new scholars which keeps better students away. Thus what you get is compromise with quality and why have a small school in the first place?

Brandeis faced these problems and a few more before it opened its doors; it attributes to a carefully fashioned master plan its success in solving most of them. How it all came about offers a lesson for other small schools which would make the attempt. None but the most resigned believes that the attempt is anything but laudable. A sophisticated handful go further asserting that many such attempts must be made and some must succeed if American education is to grow in quality as well as in quantity. For without the organically rich, luxuriously idealistic small school which concentrates on building the leaders to go out and fertilize broader areas of scholarship, American education would suffer from underfeeding. The generating force of such an attempt—and its success—must, according to Sachar, start with "the Idea." In Sachar's concept it must be yours and it must be original. You're as good as what you own exclusively.

The Brandeis Idea began at least seventy-five years ago within the American Jewish community to create a school reflective of the Judaic character with its reverence for learning—rooted in social justice, liberal in outlook and receptive to the intellectual and cultural stirrings of the community. Not an instrument of parochialism, but a gift by Jews for all America.

Translated into the specifics of a university this meant a school where the liberal arts would have to predominate, where experimentation had to be encouraged, where, as Sachar said at the inauguration ceremonies, "the temper and quality of the mind would take precedence over the acquisition of skills and . . . techniques . . . a dwelling place of permanent values . . . of beauty, of righteousness, of freedom." As the Preamble sets the tone of our political character, the Brandeis statement of aims sets the pattern for the spiritual character of the school.

For generations, hopes for such a Jewish-sponsored school rose and dipped in waves of enthusiasm and disappointment. Sachar, who is unerringly swift with quip or quote, quotes Victor Hugo: "There is no power like the power of an idea whose time has come." Post World War II was the time. Hitler had perished; Israel was established. American Jewry was poised for a creative step forward on American soil.

The latter-day promoters of the idea were a group of six businessmen and one attorney, all living in the Boston area. Their sense of practicality was heightened when they learned that Middlesex College, an unorthodox Medical and Veterinary school in Waltham, Massachusetts, was in bankruptcy and might be persuaded to turn over its ninety-acre campus to the new school. C. Ruggles Smith, a son of the deceased founder of Middlesex, agreed on one condition: that the new school follow his father's conviction that no form of religious or racial discrimination ever be practiced on the grounds. From then on it was just a matter of signing the papers—which also included a university charter granted by Massachusetts to Middlesex and its successor.

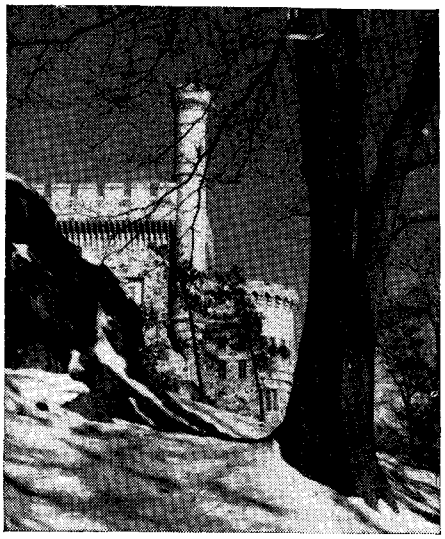
Now, for the first time in the seventy-five-year history of the project the founders had a campus, a name (after the distinguished Supreme Court jurist, Louis Dembitz Brandeis), and a challenge. They set a target date for classes to start in the fall of 1948.

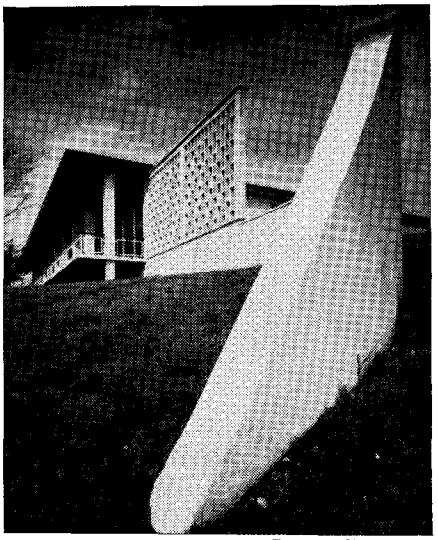
On one issue the founders, four of whom were immigrants with the barest of academic contact, were unanimous and evangelical; no compromise with quality. They invited Paul Klapper, a former president of Queens College in New York City, to confer with them. He explained that they could form their school on three alternate basic traditions: large, mass, and fairly low on the scholarship ladder; middle-sized and middle-browed; or small but with lofty academic standards. One of the members whose education ceased after a few years in a Russian village school, demurred, demanding they aim even higher. Klapper smiled indulgently and suggested that, if they did so, students would resent the burden and refuse to enroll. "In such a case," answered Joseph Ford, philanthropist, clothing manufacturer, and one of the academically untutored board members, "if it is too hard for them here, let them go to Harvard."

To carry out their lofty goals the trustees reached across the country to Los Angeles and chose a man who might well have been specially bred for the post. Abram Leon Sachar, today a chunky, energetic sixty-three, had studied at Washington College in St. Louis, Harvard, and Cambridge, later taught modern European and English History at the University of Illinois and spent off-campus hours writing his dramatic, one-volume "History of the Jews." A popular and witty professor with the restless energies of a born campaigner, he quit teaching to take a post as national director of Hillel, the Jewish service organization for college students. He did a monumental building job with it and after fifteen years resigned to lecture and, in the warmth of the Southern California sunshine, to write a half-dozen books.

When the Brandeis call came he was surprised—but ready. He knew Ameri-

(*Continued on page* **100**)





—*Ezra Stoller Assoc.*

**"A sprawling castle, complete with moat and turrets . . . overwhelmed by a modernistic, dazzling complex of steel and glass."**



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# IS EDUCATION NEWS?

*Judged by its importance to society, the number of people engaged in it, and the amount of money spent on it, education ought to be as newsworthy as sports, entertainment, crime, or politics. Editors haven't always seen it that way, but the picture has been improving during the past decade. More editors have become aware that education is news and an increasing number of papers now devote more space to it. But even today less than one hundred of the 1,760 English-language daily papers in the U.S. have full-time education reporters. The others cover only spot news—school board meetings, bond issue squabbles, and such routine stories as teacher appointments—without trying to report major problems, issues, and new developments in depth. The Education Writers Association, established in 1947, has been influential in stimulating better coverage. Each year it awards prizes for outstanding educational reporting and this year there were more entries than ever before. But, as this article points out, there is still plenty of room for improvement. Gloria Dapper is vice president of Glick and Lorwin, education consultants, and Barbara Carter is a staff member of The Reporter.*

By GLORIA DAPPER and BARBARA CARTER

IF YOU depend on your local newspaper for information on education, chances are you have virtually no information or perspective on the major national issues in education and only the most fragmentary view of even the local school picture.

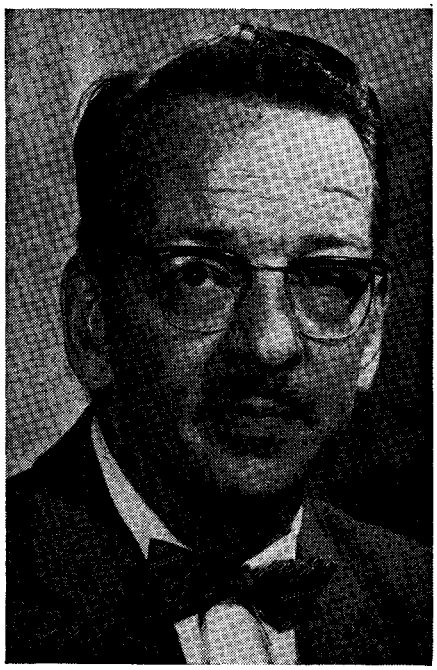
In an effort to find out what readers of local newspapers really were getting in the way of education news, we subscribed to nineteen well-known community newspapers for a month, clipped every story relating to education (some 4,000 or more), and analyzed the fare. New York, Chicago, and Los Angeles newspapers were purposely excluded, because they are not typical community newspapers and so was the *Christian Science Monitor* which is really a national newspaper. To give the newspapers every break, we chose papers that have a reputation for being good, that have education reporters assigned full time to the beat, and we chose September, the month when schools opened, for the study. The papers, listed on page 106, are spread geographically around the country.

One further word on procedure: It was apparent very early that school and collegiate sports are covered with precision, diligence, authority, and completeness. Often the best editing in the paper and the freest assignment of photographers showed up on the sports page. Rather than pile up mountains of clippings on school and collegiate sports, we succumbed to the volume early and decided to say simply that the subject is being magnificently reported to the American reading public.

In general—*but with notable exceptions*—the local newspaper, in the name of education reporting, concentrates on student extracurricular activities, teacher appointments and activities, school finance and buildings, scholarships, honors, and awards, the school bus, PTA notes, and a variety of news about colleges.

The quantity of stories is heartening, but the news they tell is, by and large, not substantive.

A prime example is the category of teacher appointments and activities.



*—Wide World*

*—Courier-Journal and Louisville Times*

*—The New York Times*

**Education Writers Association Award Winners (l. to r.): G. K. Hodenfield (AP), Charles Whaley (Courier-Journal and Louisville Times), Leonard Buder (The New York Times).**



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Story after story reports that a school teacher or college professor is scheduled to speak at a meeting. Rarely is the speech covered so that the reader knows what the teacher has to say.

There is almost a national policy that teachers are news solely because of their profession. The local paper therefore keeps almost a diary of teacher movements, including trips to conventions, summer vacations, and other comings and goings. And, for teachers who are worried about the respect accorded members of their profession in this country, it may be small comfort for them to know that after death they are accorded full honors. It is nearly impossible for a teacher to die without a full obituary, often on page one, and the word "teacher" appearing in the headline.

But what our teachers think, what their preparation was for teaching in the local schools, how they stand on national issues or even local educational matters is ordinarily left to the imagination.

As was to be expected, school and college enrollments were a big story last September. The numbers themselves appeared to be fascinating to the writers of the stories. But the reader was rarely told what these local numbers meant. Were there more students in the local schools than in the nearby communities? Was this enrollment jump simply a local phenomenon? And what significance did the numbers have for the teachers? Would students have a poorer education as the result of the numbers? Almost no analysis of enrollment figures was made.

Many clippings that could be classified as educational television stories were found. But most of them simply listed programs to be telecast. Stories on the impact of educational television in relieving the teacher shortage or improving education itself were nearly nonexistent.

Most newspapers mentioned educational goals by way of reporting speeches, usually by a visiting fireman from a national organization, college, or foundation. What the speeches were actually like cannot be told from the brief coverage accorded them, but the essence that got into print is that education is a good thing and everyone should have more of it, particularly since we're in a Cold War with Russia.

Colleges are news all right, but what's going on in colleges and universities is not making the pages of the local newspaper. Enrollments are fantastic everywhere. Pictures of freshmen on campus the first day are *de rigeur*. Several sororities and fraternities made news last fall by disavowing the prejudicial standards for membership imposed by their national headquarters, but this was reported deadpan without any mention that it was going on elsewhere in the country. Industry and foundation grants to colleges, particularly for scientific projects, were big news—and big money.

But the college program was hardly ever discussed. If college curricular experiments are being conducted, there was little or no mention of them. If the purposes of college are changing because of the deluge, not a word was said. Locally, the story is one of numbers and buildings and money.

Vocational education in the public schools is no longer a popular subject, if the dearth of news about it is any indication. There were a few stories with pictures showing boys working on cars, or girls in a model beauty shop, but nothing about the crucial role of vocational education.

As far as most of the papers were concerned, it's as if no books on education were published that month. A handful of book reviews on education came out of the thousands of clippings.

When it came to reporting about such subjects as civil liberties or academic freedom, the papers usually told the story factually with no attempts at editorial analysis. Several papers reported that new courses on patriotism were being taught here and there, but there was no background information on whether this was a national trend. (It is.)

These generalizations can be supported by 95 per cent of the clippings. But the remaining 5 per cent refute any argument that it's impossible to cover education well. The good ex-

For Davidson County Schools' Sixth Grade "Scientists"
TV + Teacher = 7 TH. GRADE 6 TH. MONTH
TV – Teacher = 7 TH. GRADE 3 RD. MONTH
Teacher – TV 6 TH. GRADE 7 TH.
Why Aren't More Girls Going on to College?
School Problems In San Jose
30 Juniors Join In Pilot Project Of 'Study-Teach'
EDITORIAL PAGE: SO THE PEOPLE MAY KNOW
THE DENVER POST
South High Crowding: How Come?
IN NORTHWEST AREA
Suburbs to Hold New Election On Junior College
Columbus Evening Dispatch
TODAY'S EDITORIALS
The School Levy
Drops Vacations to Teach Johnny to Read
Teacher Merit Pay Spreading in State
Concepts in Teaching Math
Is For Pre-Schoolers
The school that has everything
School Candidate Stresses Three R's
TV ISN'T ALWAYS AN EVIL
2 Local Television Classes Prove 'Terrific' Success
Humanities Hit a New High
4 Great University Could Brin
New Type Industries to Colorad
Teachers Look Over Two Organizations
Meet the Family...
Marge Schuster Is Back in School
This Is Only the First Shift
The Salt Lake Tribune
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amples—many from the same papers that provided the bad examples—exhibit imaginative, informed reporting that often excels that in any other department of the paper.

For example, the Minneapolis Morning *Tribune* did far more than report that the University of Minnesota enrollment hit a whopping 30,000. Education editor Richard P. Kleeman and other staff reporters went out to the campus and got at the story's significance in a dozen ways. Just the matter of scheduling classrooms for that many students was the basis of one article, bringing out the fact that shortage of space would force many freshmen to take freshman English in their sophomore year. Kleeman interviewed students who told him of the courses they couldn't get into because of the crush. Another story told which classes were most crowded—science—and attempted to find out why by interviewing professors. About the same time, the paper did a story on why more girls aren't going on to college. Will the size of the university damage quality? A campus interview dug at the answer to that question. Nor did the paper concentrate only on the university. A fairly long story appeared in Kleeman's regular column, "Tales Out of School," in which he interviewed the director of admissions of nearby Carleton College on the problems facing college admissions directors all over the country.

Nor did the *Tribune* spend the whole month on colleges. Another Kleeman story tracked down the spread of merit pay for teachers throughout the state of Minnesota. Another probed the question of gifted students. And there was still time to report on spot news such as the Minneapolis teachers' self-query on whether to join forces with the National Education Association or the American Federation of Teachers, and the local brouhaha over school transportation.

The good education reporters don't avoid the tough subjects. For instance, Max Price, Denver *Post* staff writer, did a thoughtful piece on accreditation for Colorado public schools that presented this difficult subject in a highly readable, thorough manner. Another full-length Sunday piece by Price made a case that a great university was needed to lure new industries to the state and then went on to describe what might constitute a great university. A parent uprising in Denver because of overcrowding at South High School took much of the paper's education space, with the irate parents getting equal time with the board of education on the pages.

Education editor James K. Sunshine of the Providence *Journal* covers the state of Rhode Island as well as the local picture in Providence. Currently president of the Education Writers Association, Sunshine has won awards for his education reporting and the clips from September would bear out the decisions of the judges. He did major stories during that time on Brown University's attempts to define its anti-affidavit position vis-à-vis the National Defense Education Act; how junior high schools throughout Providence stack up against Dr. Conant's recommendations for them; and the state's use of regional schools to help handicapped children.

The Nashville *Tennessean*'s Eugene Dietz is another man who looked behind the enrollment figures to see their meaning. The result was a countywide story on steps being taken to alleviate overcrowding. And in the midst of the college bulge news, he added a story on the great numbers of Tennessee boys and girls not finishing high school. He took half a page in a Sunday issue to bear out a headline, "School TV Does Job." The story describes the classes and the TV teachers, but it also tells what achievement tests show about the effectiveness of educational TV, the purposes underlying the programming, and the plans for the future.

One of the noticeable gaps in coverage was testing. Except for a couple of syndicated columns on the subject and a wire service report, the local papers paid no attention to the subject. Mrs. George Smith of the Columbus *Dispatch* fearlessly waded into the I.Q. debate and brought out the exceptions that cast doubt on the famed test. She also did a column in the first weeks of the new school year about the worries a first-grader has when beginning school. The same week she wrote about the problems facing a first-year high school student.

A NEW education writer for the Cleveland *Press*, Marjorie Schuster went back to school herself last September to report on school opening. She also found the human-interest way to tell the tough curriculum story. With an unerring sense of the value of pictures of kids she did a whole series on the opening of schools from the point of view of what the children would learn and how it would be taught. Teaching

(*Continued on page* 103)

### *McMurrin on Teacher Education*

"Fortunately the pattern of many of our colleges of education is changing under the direction of strong leadership and the impact of both public and academic opinion, with the result that in the future we may expect that the education of teachers in at least the better schools will be clearly the joint responsibility of all segments of the university faculty relating to the arts, humanities, sciences and education.

"It appears that for a while there will be, in the name of professionalism, some holdouts against such progress, but sooner or later they will lose the fight. We may expect, therefore, that in the future more prospective teachers will have a better access to opportunities for a really good liberal education and more of them will have a comprehensive grasp of their specialized subjects. We may expect, moreover, that education in the art of teaching will steadily improve, partly as a result of advance through research, partly as a result of the strengthening of education faculties.

"The American people are demanding a higher quality of education and the schools are moving in the direction of giving it to them. Nothing less than the best will satisfy us in the future and the best will not be achieved until all of our teachers rank with the present top ten per cent, the ten per cent who have underwritten the quality of our schools, and without whom we would now be in something less than acceptable shape.

"We may expect the school superintendents eventually to get together and demand better prepared teachers. The universities may even decide that teachers deserve an education comparable in quality to that of doctors, lawyers, and engineers, and the generality of colleges of education may decide that prospective teachers should be at least 'B' rather than 'C plus' students. When that time comes, and it will, more students of high ability will be attracted to the teaching profession. That will be a great day for American education, because among our many problems the quality of teaching is central and basic."

—STERLING M. MCMURRIN, *U.S. Commissioner of Education, at Inaugural Conference, New School for Social Research, New York City, November 11, 1961.*



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# A Vast Overhaul of Teacher Certification

*Public school teachers are licensed by the various states and, in most states, public funds may not be used to pay the salaries of teachers not so certified. The purpose of the law is to prevent incompetent or inadequately prepared people from teaching, but in recent years charges have been heard that the regulations are keeping some well-educated people out of the profession while admitting others who have the necessary professional preparation but are deficient in liberal education. Part of the controversy centers upon the value of the required professional courses for teachers. The great majority of professional educators, including school administrators, consider such courses essential for elementary and secondary teachers, but some of the critics of certification laws consider them trivial. Another criticism has been that requirements in specific academic subject matter are much too low. Minimum requirements were kept low in order to make it possible for teachers in small high schools to teach several different subjects; the result has been that it was possible in some states for a high school teacher to teach English, mathematics, science, or history with a background of only three or four rather elementary college courses in the subject. But regulations and laws can be changed and are being changed. In this article T. M. Stinnett presents evidence that most of the criticism of certification practices is based upon history rather than on current regulations. Dr. Stinnett is Assistant Executive Secretary for Professional Development and Welfare of the NEA. This article is based on data prepared for the 1961 edition of "A Manual on Certification Requirements for School Personnel in the United States," a biennial publication of the National Commission on Teacher Education and Professional Standards, by W. Earl Armstrong and T. M. Stinnett.*

By T. M. STINNETT

STATE requirements for the licensing of teachers, a favorite target of the critics of education in recent years, are undergoing a vast overhaul. In each two-year period since 1951 some changes were reported but these were modest and even-paced. By comparison the changes since 1959 constitute an avalanche.

A total of twenty-nine states have reported significant revisions of certification requirements during the past two years and eight states have completely revised their certification structures. Substantially more subject matter in the teaching fields is now required for high school teachers. The total minimum of college work required for certification has been increased while the proportion of the time devoted to education courses has steadily declined. For elementary teachers the median now required in professional education by the various states is down to twenty-one semester hours while the median required for high school teachers is eighteen—only about one semester of the required four year course.

Of the fifty-two certification units (fifty states plus the District of Columbia and Puerto Rico), fifty-one now require a bachelor's degree for high school teachers and forty-four require it for elementary teachers. Three states require five years of preparation for high school teachers and several others require that a fifth year of college work be completed during the period of initial certification.

The significance of this upgrading is great. Some observers have been inclined to shrug it off as simply the addition of more education courses but this notion is not sustained by the facts. The added work is preponderantly in the content area.

There has also been improved provision for the movement of teachers across state lines. Although teachers have always been highly mobile, the diversity of requirements among states has subjected migrating teachers to many irritating and often picayunish restrictions. A decade ago a score of states required a special course (typically state history and constitution) which could be secured only in an in-state institution. Eleven states still have such requirements but five of these will permit proficiency examinations in lieu of the formal courses. Efforts are being made to bring about reciprocity in teacher certification to make it easier for teachers to move from state to state. Two regional compacts, now involving eighteen states, and accreditation by the National Council for the Accreditation of Teacher Education, now accepted by twenty-seven states, provide the basis for reciprocity agreements.

The use of examinations in teacher certification is showing a resurgence. A total of eighteen states report the use of examinations in some aspects of the certification process. For the most part, states are using proficiency examinations either to waive required courses, or to permit already certified teachers to qualify for additional teaching fields, but several are making use of qualifying examinations. The District of Columbia, Florida, and South Carolina use examinations (on top of college degrees) to qualify for initial certification. West Virginia uses the National Teachers Examination for liberal arts graduates to qualify for provisional certification.

What is the explanation of this revolution? Obviously many forces have been at work. The critics have had some effect but the criticisms often were so distorted that they slowed rather than accelerated the change. The furor over education resulting from the Sputniks was a factor and recognition that new conditions demand educational services at greatly stepped up levels was another. No one can say what the predominant motivation was. As a guess, it would appear that all these factors influenced

**STATE DEPARTMENT OF EDUCATION**

*Permanent Certificate*

Be it known that *Varrie Young*, having satisfied the minimum requirements prescribed by the State Department of Education, is hereby granted this certificate, valid for service in a public secondary school, as a teacher of *English and Social Studies.*

In witness whereof, the Education Department, under its seal grants this certificate Number 1432978.

*Hy R. Standards*
Hy R. Standards
Chief, Teacher Certification Division

*I. M. Leader*
I. M. Leader
Superintendent of Public Instruction

**A typical teacher's certificate.**



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an unprecedented concert of effort throughout the educational world to upgrade the caliber of teaching and curricula in the public schools. Why were the fruits of all these influences so long in becoming evident in certification procedures? Again, as a surmise, it appears that for the first time changes in teacher education called the tune in certification changes. And, if this guess is an accurate one, this shift may be as significant as the new certification requirements. In the past, state certification prescriptions generally have dominated, directed, and forced changes in the curriculum for the preparation of teachers. The 1961 Manual reflects a reversal—the changes, for the most part, seem to have resulted from the impact of new curriculum patterns.

This is all to the good. Certification should be the legal undergirding of sound preparatory programs, not the determiner of these programs. Only with this approach can higher education institutions be in solid charge of the quality of their own offerings, and able to resist untoward pressures from professional groups to fragment their offerings.

SOME of the changes in certification may have been accelerated by the transformation of single-purpose teachers colleges to general state colleges which began to gather momentum a decade ago and reached a new peak in the 1959-61 period. A total of forty-eight degree-granting public teachers colleges became general colleges during these years. Public teachers colleges remain in only fifteen states and the District of Columbia and they now provide not more than 10 per cent of the annual production of new teachers.

The imminent demise of the single-purpose teachers colleges provokes some intriguing and speculative questions about the future. Will the education of teachers receive the attention it deserves from the multiple-purpose institutions or will they make the more prestigious occupations their chief concerns? Who or what will be the new whipping boy for the alleged weaknesses of teachers in the academic disciplines? Have we already gone too far in the reduction of professional content in the preparation of teachers? The question may be raised, too, whether when teaching reaches the minimum of a five-year preservice requirement, a trend already well under way, the same vigorous efforts will be made to eliminate or restrict the professional requirements to some piddling magnitude.

Forecasting the future is a tenuous undertaking, but based on the developments of the last decade, the following predictions may be more than mere guessing:

1. There will be a gradual evolution toward the five-year requirement for beginning teachers, both elementary and secondary. The big unanswered problem regarding the mandated fifth year is the nature of the content.

2. There will be widespread search for more effective means of identifying qualified applicants for certification. Among the possible approaches are qualifying and proficiency examinations, supervised internships, and the use of apprentice certification during a probational period.

3. The trend toward simplification of certification prescriptions and procedures will be intensified, with requirements being stated in general terms rather than in designation of specified courses. There will be a drastic reduction in the number of different kinds of certificates, and a similar reduction in the number of functions certification is now attempting to serve.

4. It seems clear that the profession will gain substantial control over both the licensing process and the revocation of licensure. Already 11 states by law vest varying degrees of authority in professional boards and there is substantial evidence that this number will grow. In thirty-six additional states extra-legal advisory bodies have been established.

## *Examples of Changes in Certification Laws*

**FLORIDA:** Last month Florida initiated a controversial regulation which requires all new teachers to pass a national examination before they are certificated. Candidates may choose either the National Teachers Examination or the Graduate Record Exam, but are required to make a stated minimum score. (Temporary certificates may be secured without the exam.)

In addition, beginning next fall, teachers will have to take one of the two examinations in order to qualify for competency awards (merit salary payments), continuing contracts, or advance in rank. A score equal to that required of beginning teachers will be necessary for teachers seeking an advance in rank or a continuing contract. A substantially higher score will be demanded of those applying for merit awards.

**CALIFORNIA:** New standards for teachers will go into effect on July 1, 1963. After that date all new elementary school teachers will have to complete five years of college and university study, but they will be allowed to take the fifth year after starting to teach. Secondary school teachers will be required to complete five years of preparation before beginning to teach.

All teachers will be required to complete a subject-matter major and a subject-matter minor, one of which must be in an academic subject.

Junior college teachers who have earned a master's or a doctor's degree will be allowed to teach without training in professional education, but the standard requirement of 24 semester hours of professional study must be completed within three years.

In contrast to common practice in the past, high school teachers will no longer be allowed to teach subjects outside their major or minor fields of concentration. Exceptions will be made only upon formal resolution of the local school board.

**TEXAS:** Next fall all new elementary and secondary school teachers in Texas must have completed fifty-one semester hours of general education in the liberal arts departments of their colleges. Present regulations require only forty-five hours.

All high school teachers will be required to specialize in one academic field for forty-eight semester hours, or in two teaching fields for twenty-four hours each. Present requirements demand twenty-four hours in a major field and eighteen hours in a minor.

Elementary school teachers must have completed work in two areas of concentration under one of two plans: 1) eighteen semester hours in one subject and eighteen in a combination of subjects, or 2) twenty-four semester hours in one subject and twelve in a combination of subjects.

Professional education course requirements for both elementary and secondary school teachers will be reduced from twenty-four to eighteen semester hours, including six hours of student teaching.



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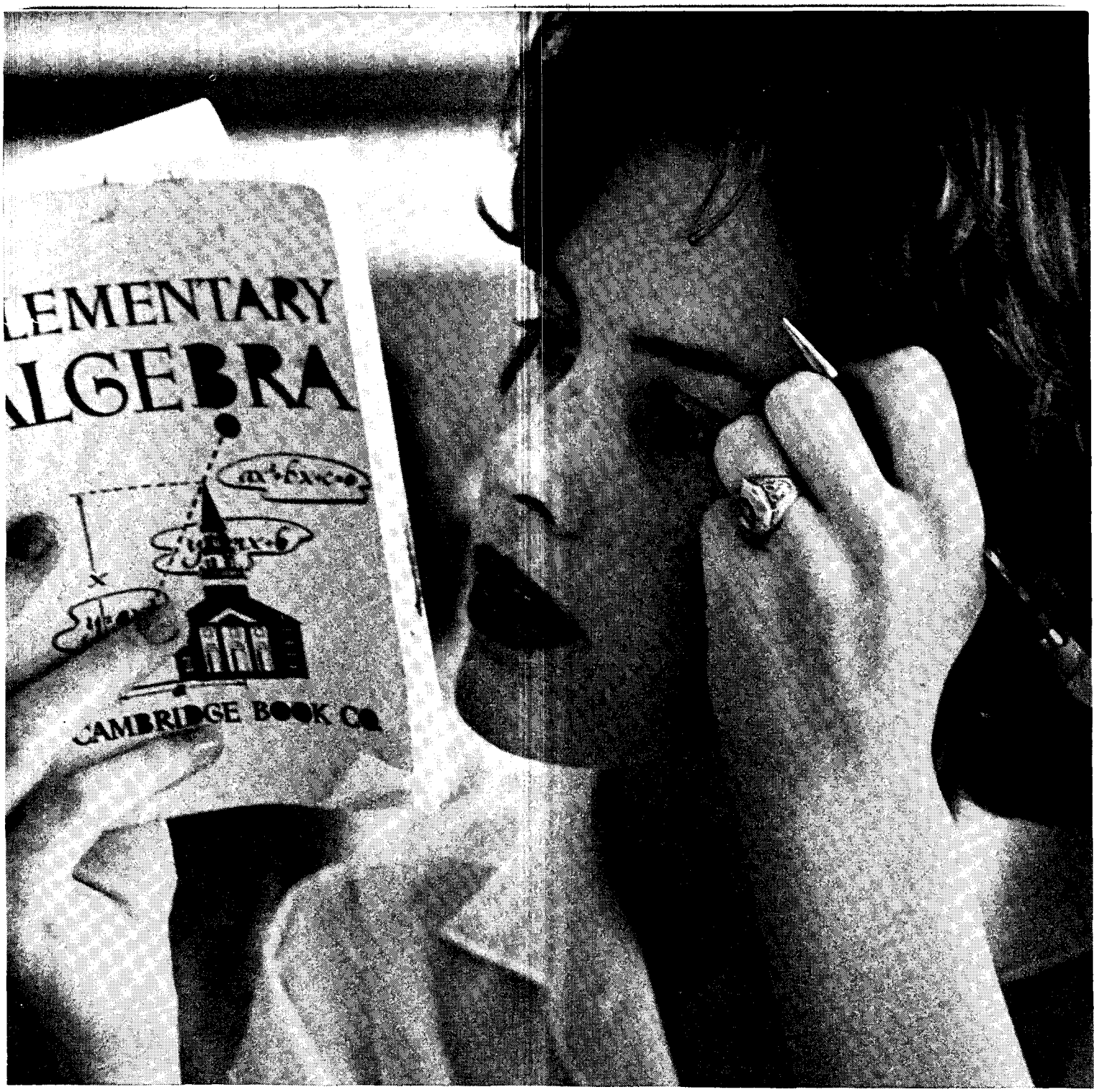


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# Community Campuses of State Universities

By CHRISTIAN K. ARNOLD,
*Assistant to the President, Pennsylvania State University.*

ONE OF the newest, most significant, and least well known developments in American higher education is the growth of undergraduate branches or community campuses of state universities. Virtually nonexistent as recently as twenty years ago, such branches now number at least 145 and are being operated by forty-three universities and land-grant institutions in thirty-one different states.

These are small community colleges stripped of most academic nonessentials in order to provide for the first year or two of the parent institution's baccalaureate program to commuting students at the lowest possible cost. They differ from junior colleges in that they are fully integrated components of the parent universities and subject to its administrative control, while the typical public junior college falls under the control of the local school board and school superintendent.

No standard terminology has yet been developed for these branch institutions. They are called "community colleges" in Alaska, "commonwealth campuses" in Pennsylvania, "off-campus centers" in Wisconsin and Indiana, and "lower-division centers" in Kentucky. Some are not even identified by designation with their parent institutions: the Southern Technical Institute in Chamblee is a branch of the Georgia Institute of Technology, and Snow College is a branch of Utah State University.

The typical branch campus has its own director and resident faculty but its academic programs are under the supervision of the subject matter department head on the main campus. The quality of the programs is jealously guarded, for the branches share the accreditation of the university as a

---

ALABAMA
- University of Alabama
  - *Extension Centers:* Birmingham, Gadsden, Huntsville, Montgomery, Dothan, Selma, Mobile.

ALASKA
- University of Alaska
  - *Undergradute Campuses:* Anchorage, Juneau-Douglas, Ketchikan, Palmer.
  - *Extension Centers:* Ladd, Eielson, Elmendorf, Fort Richardson.

ARKANSAS:
- University of Arkansas
  - *Extension Centers:* Little Rock, Fort Smith, Magnolia, Monticello, Russellville.
- Arkansas State
  - *Undergraduate Campus:* Beebe.

CALIFORNIA
- University of California
  - *Extension Center:* San Francisco.

COLORADO
- University of Colorado
  - *Extension Center:* Denver.

CONNECTICUT
- University of Connecticut
  - *Undergraduate Campuses:* Torrington, Hartford, Stamford, Waterbury.

DELAWARE
- University of Delaware
  - *Extension Centers:* Wilmington, Dover.
  - *Technical Institute:* Newark.

GEORGIA
- Georgia Institute of Technology
  - *Technical Institute:* Chamblee.
- University of Georgia
  - *Extension Centers:* Columbus, Gainsville, Waycross, Rome, Marietta, Albany, Warner Robins.
- University System of Georgia
  - *Undergraduate Campuses:* Augusta, Savannah, Columbus, Americus, Cochran, Douglas, Tifton.

HAWAII
- University of Hawaii
  - *Undergraduate Campus:* Hilo

IDAHO
- University of Idaho
  - *Undergraduate Campus:* Lewiston (2-year program for elementary teachers).
  - *Extension Center:* Boise.

ILLINOIS
- Southern Illinois University
  - *Undergraduate Campus:* Edwardsville.
  - *Technical Institute:* Southern Acres.

INDIANA
- Purdue University
  - *Technical Institutes:* Fort Wayne, Hammond, Indianapolis, Michigan City.
- Indiana University
  - *Undergraduate Campuses:* Indianapolis, Gary, East Chicago (Calumet), South Bend, Fort Wayne, Kokomo, Jefferson-New Albany, Richmond (with Earlham College), Vincennes (with Vincennes University), Evansville (graduate only), with Evansville College.

IOWA
- Iowa State University
  - *Technical Institute:* Ames.

KENTUCKY
- University of Kentucky
  - *Undergraduate Campuses:* Covington, Ashland, Henderson, Fort Knox, Cumberland.

LOUISIANA
- Louisiana State University
  - *Undergraduate Center:* Chambers.

MAINE
- University of Maine
  - *Undergraduate Campus:* Portland.

MARYLAND
- University of Maryland
  - *Undergraduate Campus:*
  - *Extension Center:* Baltimore.

MASSACHUSETTS
- University of Massachusetts
  - *Extension Center:* Pittsfield.
  - *Technical Institute:* Stockbridge.

MICHIGAN
- Michigan State University
  - *Extension Centers:* Benton Harbor, Grand Rapids, Detroit, Jackson, Marquette, Saginaw, Traverse City.
- University of Michigan
  - *Undergraduate Campuses:* Flint (mostly last two years), Dearborn (mostly last two years).
  - *Extension Centers:* Battle Creek, Detroit, Escanaba, Grand Rapids, Port Huron, Saginaw, Traverse City.

MISSISSIPPI
- University of Mississippi
  - *Extension Center:* Jackson.

MISSOURI
- University of Missouri
  - *Undergraduate Campus:* Normandy.

NEVADA
- University of Nevada
  - *Undergraduate Campus:* Las Vegas.
  - *Extension Centers:* Elko, Ely, Hawthorne, Winnemucca.

NEW JERSEY
- Rutgers University
  - *Extension Centers:* Paterson, Jersey City (both branches of the "University College.").

NEW MEXICO
- University of New Mexico
  - *Undergraduate Campuses:* Gallup, Taos.
- New Mexico State University
  - *Undergraduate Campuses:* Carlsbad, Alamogordo, Clayton, Raton, Farmington.



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—*University of Wisconsin*

**New Fox Valley Center of the University of Wisconsin at Menasha.**

NEW YORK
State University of New York
*Technical Institutes:* Alfred, Canton, Cobleskill, Delhi, Farmingdale, Morrisville.

NORTH CAROLINA
North Carolina State College
*Technical Institute:* Gastonia.

NORTH DAKOTA
University of North Dakota
*Undergraduate Campus:* Williston.
North Dakota State System of Higher Education
*Undergraduate Campuses:* Bottineau, Wahpeton.

OHIO
Bowling Green
*Undergraduate Campuses:* Bryan, Fostoria, Fremont, Sandusky.
Central State College
*Undergraduate Campus:* Xenia.
Kent State University
*Undergraduate Campuses:* Ashtabula, Cleveland, Elyria, Medina, Warren, Canton, Wadsworth, East Liverpool, Euclid.
Miami University
*Undergraduate Campuses:* Norwood, Hamilton, Middleton, Dayton, Piqua.
Ohio State University
*Undergraduate Campuses:* Mansfield Marion, Newark, Lima.
*Extension Center:* Wright-Patterson Air Force Base.
Ohio University
*Undergraduate Campuses:* Chillicothe, Ironton, Lancaster, Martins Ferry, Portsmouth, Zanesville, Lockbourne Air Force Base.

OREGON
Oregon State System of Higher Education
*Undergraduate Campuses:* Tillamook, Salem, Hood River, Gresham, Milaukie, Newport, Roseburg.
*Extension Center:* Portland.

PENNSYLVANIA
Pennsylvania State University
*Undergraduate Campuses:* Altoona, DuBois, Hazleton, McKeesport, Abington, Pottsville, Mont Alto.
*Technical Institutes:* Allentown, Scranton, Wilkes-Barre, Wyomissing, York, New Kensington.

RHODE ISLAND
University of Rhode Island
*Extension Center:* Providence.

SOUTH CAROLINA
University of South Carolina
*Undergraduate Campuses:* Aiken County, Florence, Lancaster, Beaufort, Coastal Carolina.

TENNESSEE
University of Tennessee
*Undergraduate Campus:* Martin.
*Extension Centers:* Memphis, Oak Ridge, Nashville.

UTAH
University of Utah
*Undergraduate Campus:* Price (Carbon College).
Utah State University
*Undergraduate Campus:* Ephraim (Snow College).
*Extension Centers:* Ogden, Richfield, Brigham City, Kanab.

VIRGINIA
College of William and Mary
*Undergraduate Campus:* Norfolk.
University of Virginia
*Undergraduate Campuses:* Wise (Clinch Valley College), Fairfax (George Mason College).
*Extension Centers:* Roanoke, Hampton Roads, Richmond, Lynchburg, Alexandria.
Virginia Polytechnic Institute
*Undergraduate Campuses:* Danville, Bluefield, Richmond, Norfolk.
Virginia State College
*Undergraduate Campus:* Norfolk.

WASHINGTON
University of Washington
*Extension Center:* Richland (Graduate Center).
Washington State University
*Extension Center:* Spokane.

WEST VIRGINIA
West Virginia University
*Undergraduate Campus:* Keyser.
*Extension Center:* Institute (Graduate Center).

WISCONSIN
University of Wisconsin
*Undergraduate Campuses:* Green Bay, Kenosha, Manitowoc, Marinette, Menasha, Racine, Sheboygan, Wausau.

PUERTO RICO
University of Puerto Rico
*Extension Centers:* Ponce, Arecibo, Vega Baja, Humacao.

• • •

UNDERGRADUATE CAMPUS: a facility at which is offered, at a minimum, one or two, but less than four, years of a regular four-year baccalaureate program to full-time students.

TECHNICAL INSTITUTE: a facility at which terminal two-year programs, usually technical in nature, are offered to full-time students, who usually receive an associate degree.

EXTENSION CENTER: a "permanent" facility at which are offered degree-credit courses and programs, usually during the late afternoon and evening hours to part-time students, many of whom are older than the usual college or university student.



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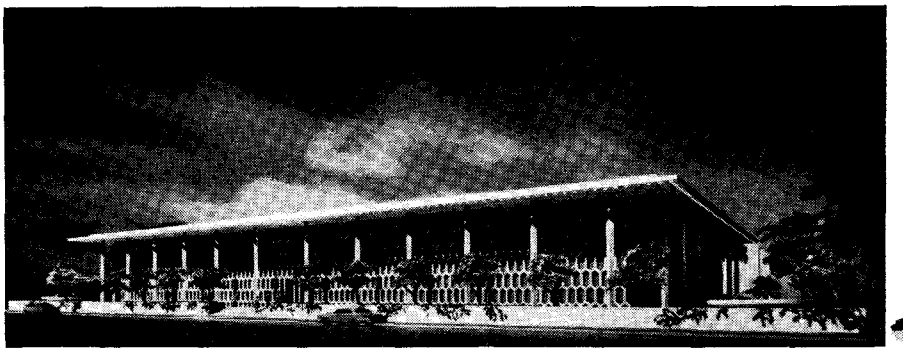
whole. Students are admitted to the university, not just to a branch, and usually must meet the same admission standards that are applied to other university students. Credits for work done at a branch are fully transferable to the main campus and to any other academic institution that accepts the university's credits. Many studies show that students who start at branch campuses do at least as well during their last two years as those who started on the main campus.

In addition to the programs for freshmen and sophomores, practically all branch campuses serve as a basis for late-afternoon and evening adult education courses offered by the university. These are classes in which undergraduate, graduate, and informal (not for credit) instruction is provided largely for part-time students whenever there is a need for a program and enough students to justify offering it.

Technical education is a particularly important departure from the typical pattern. One of the country's fastest-developing manpower needs is for people with semiprofessional knowledge and skills beyond the level of those taught in high school but short of those acquired during a four-year college program and junior colleges still fall far short of meeting this demand.

Much of the diversity characteristic of branch campuses stems from the fact that they were developed to satisfy specific education needs in specific communities. Historically the branches have grown from the basic land-grant



**Some private universities also have community campuses. Above is the architect's drawing of an off-campus center planned by the University of Chicago.**

commitments. John B. Bowman, first president of the college that became the University of Kentucky, said in 1861, "I want to build up a people's institution . . . eventually open and accessible to the poorest boy in the land." To this was added the ideal of service—the "Wisconsin Idea" that the "boundaries of the campus are the boundaries of the state." In time these commitments led to "extension" programs through which the colleges and universities "extended" their usefulness by sending their faculty members out into the state to conduct short courses, lecture series, and seminars whenever and wherever the information they had was needed by the people. Characteristically these programs were organized for "adults"—that is for people older than the usual college students—people for whom the courses were a part-time activity and who were seeking increased knowledge and skills rather than college credits.

Branch campuses, a natural outgrowth of the extension centers, had their beginning during the Depression years. State universities responded to the need for low-cost college education for "regular" students who could not afford the board and room costs of going away to college by opening "centers" in rented office buildings or other temporary quarters. It was expected that these centers would be discontinued when economic conditions improved, but it didn't work out that way. Now, as it becomes clear that one way to keep college doors open in the face of the tremendously expanding college-age population lies in the two-year community college, these branch campuses take on increased importance.

According to the latest count, 55 state and land-grant universities in 39 states now operate 221 permanently located extension centers, and 123 of these can be classified as branch campuses on the basis of their emphasis on two-year, lower-division instruction. Twenty-two are primarily technical institutes. (For a list of all these centers and branches, with their locations, see the preceding pages.)

In most cases universities avoid establishing centers that will be in direct competition with other state or private colleges, but in Indiana some of the branches of Purdue and Indiana University cooperate closely with private institutions, and share facilities with them.

The parent universities attempt to make their full resources available to the branches. Branches of Indiana University share in the university's artist and lecture series. Students entering Penn State branches receive the same extensive pre-registration counseling services as those on the main campus. Plans for linking university systems through educational television create exciting possibilities for making more effective use of outstanding scholars and expensive fixed equipment in a closely coordinated comprehensive university program.

Traditionally state universities and land-grant institutions have dedicated themselves to the extension of educational opportunity to all who may benefit by it. With the same ingenuity that helped take care of the veterans' "bulge" following World War II, they are expanding their efforts to meet the even greater "bulge" of the veterans' children. Through a unique partnership with local communities, many of these universities are now providing their states with systems of fully accredited one- and two-year institutions designed to make their total resources and experience available to students close to their own homes. Combining the highest collegiate standards with sensitivity to local needs and problems, these community campuses furnish an effective means of expanding educational opportunity at minimum cost to the student. In the various states in which they have been tried, the branch campuses have proved to be an effective alternative to the establishment of new junior colleges in meeting the growing needs for post-high school education.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☐ **HISTORY OF THE U.S. • U-3005E** Colonial period, Revolutionary War, War of 1812, territorial expansion, Civil War, U.S. as world power, World Wars I and II to the present

☐ **GEOGRAPHY OF THE U.S. • U-3006E** Solar system, land features, climate, natural resources, political divisions, transportation and communications

☐ **SPELLING • U-3007E** Plurals, roots, suffixes, prefixes, commonly confused and misspelled words

☐ **ARITHMETIC • U-3008E** Addition, subtraction, multiplication, division, fractions and decimals

**HIGH SCHOOL**

☐ **ALGEBRA • U-3001H** Determining the unknown factoring, simple and quadratic equations, monomials and polynomials, positive and negative numbers measurement

☐ **SPANISH • U-3002H** Pronunciation, grammar, vocabulary, idiom, word order, vocabulary, conversation

☐ **ENGLISH GRAMMAR • U-3003H** Idiom, word order, punctuation, parts of speech, sentence structure

☐ **GENERAL SCIENCE • U-3004H** Space and our new frontier, radiation, electrical energy, weather, sound, heat and light, matter, atomic energy, nature of science

☐ **HISTORY OF THE U.S. • U-3005H** World Wars I and II to the present, U.S. as world power, Civil War, territorial expansion, War of 1812, Revolutionary War, Colonial period

☐ **GEOGRAPHY OF THE U.S. • U-3006H** Transportation and communication, political divisions, natural resources, climate, land features, solar system

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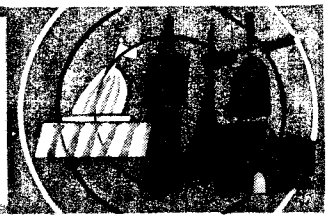
# While School Keeps



**TESTS AND TESTING** in American schools have just been given a long and critical going-over by a committee of three of the nation's most influential educational organizations: the American Association of School Administrators, the Council of Chief State School Officers, and the National Association of Secondary School Principals. Stating unequivocally that "to teach without testing is unthinkable," the committee nevertheless reflected the growing concern of educators and school board members about excessive testing at the high school level. Among the dangers pointed out in the survey:

►The price in time, energy, and money invested in the burgeoning testing movement is high for both school and student and too often the tests duplicate each other or serve little purpose in the first place.

►Standardized tests measure only a few of the qualities or competencies of individuals and too often the test-shy, the unmotivated, and the culturally deprived are overlooked.

►Control over curriculum is exercised indirectly by test-makers when teachers begin teaching for the tests. The situation is made worse in many communities when "teachers are evaluated by their student's records on external tests."

The committee made eighteen recommendations on the basis of its survey. These include the suggestion that each school system should develop a policy governing external tests administered in its schools; equivalency tables should be established for national testing programs so that students will not have to take several tests that serve the same purpose; school officials and teachers should avoid using student test scores as the sole measure of the quality of their schools.

The thirty-two page report, "Testing, Testing, Testing" is available from the American Association of School Administrators, 1201 Sixteenth Street, N.W., Washington 6, D.C., for $1.

**PROJECT TALENT,** the nation's most ambitious testing program for high school students, released the preliminary report of its findings in New York on the same day that "Testing, Testing, Testing" was being released in Atlantic City. Described as "an aptitude and ability census" of American youth, the University of Pittsburgh project may well be one of the unnamed testing programs that stimulated the school administrators to make their survey. Whether or not this is the case, Project Talent merits careful scrutiny by schoolmen and laymen alike for the attempt it is making to develop new knowledge of our schools and their effect on students.

In March, 1960, 440,000 students in 1353 secondary schools were asked approximately 2,000 questions each over a two-day period. Initial processing of the data collected in this first round is now complete and more detailed analysis is under way. Follow-up studies of the students tested are planned for one, five, ten, and twenty years after each is graduated from high school.

Among the many initial conclusions reached, Dr. John C. Flanagan, professor of psychology at the University of Pittsburgh, and director of the study, reports that contrary to popular impressions the average student in city high schools makes only a slightly higher score on achievement tests than the average student in rural high schools. That students in large high schools learn more, he reports, is true only for subjects such as mathematics, science, and foreign languages, in which small schools seldom offer advanced courses. (This is, of course, a most important qualification — especially for brighter students—which was pointed out by Dr. James B. Conant in "The American High School Today.")

Project Talent also developed new classifications for schools. The first includes the five largest cities in the United States: New York, Chicago, Los Angeles, Philadelphia, and Detroit. The second includes the forty-six cities next in size. It was found that the rest of the country could best be classified into a Northeast region, where educational achievement tends to be high, a Southeast region, where achievement tends to be low, and the rest of the country, in which achievement falls between the levels in the two Eastern regions. Within the various regions schools were divided on the basis of rural, urban, and socio-economic factors, giving seventeen relatively homogeneous areas in all.

**ENGINEERING ENROLLMENTS** in the U.S. continue to offer a bleak picture to a nation dependent on trained manpower in science and technology. Despite the rapidly increasing number of students going to college, not only do a smaller percentage choose engineering as a major, but the actual number of undergraduates in the field is declining, according to the U.S. Office of Education. Here is the picture:

►Undergraduate enrollments in engineering last fall dropped for the fourth straight year—from 268,761 in 1957 to 232,104 in 1961. Not since 1955 have as small a number been working toward degrees in the field.

►The percentage of freshmen entering engineering declined from 8.2 per cent of the total in 1959 to 7.3 per cent in 1960, to 6.6 per cent last fall.

►The number of engineering degrees conferred on those completing undergraduate work declined for the third straight year from 38,134 in 1959, to 37,808 in 1960, to 35,860 in 1961.

The only bright spot in the picture is the continued rise in the relatively small number of graduate students enrolled and graduate degrees conferred in the field.

**BOSTON UNIVERSITY SCHOOL OF LAW** students, in cooperation with the school's alumni association, have established a student Volunteer Defender Program to provide legal assistance to indigent defendants in the Commonwealth's courts. High-ranking juniors and seniors will be selected to take part in the program, and only those seniors who are certified by the Dean of the Law School will be permitted to appear on behalf of defendants "under Rule 11 of the Massachusetts Supreme Judicial Court." The program will not only provide legal counsel for those accused of misdemeanors who are unable to afford legal help, but will also give law students practical experience in handling actual legal cases before trial and, for a few top senior students, offer an opportunity to gain experience in handling actual court cases.

**DO PARENTS HAVE A RIGHT** to know their child's I.Q. score and the results of achievement tests he takes? Opinions differ and the debate is growing in intensity. That there is room for debate, however, is clearly indicated by the fact



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that teachers themselves are not of one mind. In a recent opinion poll of teachers by the National Education Association, only about 38 per cent believed that parents should be told their child's I.Q. score, while nearly 60 per cent felt they should not. More than 80 per cent were convinced that parents should be told about their child's achievement test scores, with more than half of them holding that it should be "standard practice" to do so.

In each case, elementary school teachers were substantially more reluctant to reveal test scores to parents than were secondary school teachers.

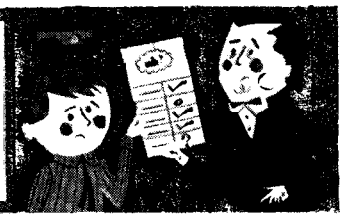
**DESEGREGATION IN THE SCHOOLS** has brought with it a train of new and puzzling problems for both the schools and the nation. Last fall the *Southern School News*, monthly newspaper of the Southern Education Reporting Service, which furnishes objective accounts of the course of desegregation in the South, reported that admission of Negroes to formerly all white schools has sometimes failed to achieve its original objective. Migration of families across state lines, from cities to suburbs, and within school districts, has resulted in "resegregation" — formerly all-white schools becoming predominantly Negro. In Baltimore and Washington, first of the nation's large cities to desegregate after the 1954 Supreme Court decision, the movement of Negroes from the South and the migration of whites to the suburbs have resulted in a majority of Negro students in the schools. In some communities Negroes have also been reluctant to leave their uni-racial schools to attend classes with whites, even though the school system was fully desegregated.

Last month the *Southern School News* reported a second controversial issue that has grown out of the movement for desegregation in the schools. Should public records be kept by race? Traditionally, such records have been an invitation to overt discrimination. More recent experience indicates that dropping racial designations may be an even more open invitation to covert discrimination, with less risk of detection. Even more important is the difficulty of dealing with situations in which the elementary facts—including statistics on race—simply aren't available.

These and many similar problems growing out of the effort to insure equal opportunity for all Americans indicate the complexity of the issue. Clearly, full equality before the law is the minimum requirement. But, manifestly, the only change that will bring a real solution to this human problem must take place within the minds and hearts of men.

—James Cass.

# Report Card



**FORCE OF HABIT.** When a six-year-old first-grader returned home from his first day at a parochial school in Nashville where lay teachers are employed because of the shortage of nuns, his mother asked him the usual questions. He replied that he liked school fine, but was worried about his teacher. "She must be real poor," he explained, "because she can't afford a uniform like the other sisters."

**EASY DOES IT.** The English department at the Princeton (N.J.) high school is trying an experiment under which students can skip such "fossilized classics" as Sir Walter Scott's "Ivanhoe," Dickens's "Tale of Two Cities," and Twain's "Life on the Mississippi" in favor of paperback editions of the works of modern authors, including "The Pearl," by John Steinbeck, "No Time For Sergeants," by Mac Hyman, and "Hiroshima," by John Hersey. The theory is that students can perhaps be enticed into reading great literature if they are first encouraged to look into modern popular books.

**IMPECCABLE SCHOLARSHIP.** A sixth-grade student at the Dobbs Ferry (N.Y.) elementary school, whose two older sisters are authorities on practically everything, recently turned in a social studies paper on the Athenians and the Spartans with the following listed as his references:

1. World Book Encyclopedia.
2. Junior Britannica.
3. My sisters.

*(Contributed by Mrs. Jeanne S. Jacobi, Dobbs Ferry, N.Y.)*

**YOU GOTTA PLAY IT COOL, MAN!** When a truck breakdown delayed delivery of their formal attire, members of the University of Rochester's globetrotting philharmonic orchestra played a scheduled concert in Luxembourg in sweaters and slacks. Dr. Howard Hanson, the conductor, was more fittingly garbed. He wore a black afternoon coat, morning pants, gray socks, and brown loafers.

**NO COMMENT.** "Introduction to Education—Fundamental Principles and Modern Practices," a textbook written by L. D. Crow and Alice Crow and published two years ago by the American Book Company, contains the following lament: "Too often learners do not receive the kind of help and guidance that will enable them to habitualize their behavior for the benefit of the group. They are allowed to become individualists." *(Contributed by Roger S. Peterson, Fort Collins, Colo.)*

**HE DIDN'T NEED A TICKET.** In 1958, when the National Aeronautics and Space Administration was assigned Project Mercury—the job of putting a man into space—one of the first problems NASA officials had to face was what kind of a man to look for. They finally decided that military test pilots were likely to be the best prospects. The files of the armed forces yielded 500 names. In narrowing down this list to the 110 men from whose ranks the seven U.S. astronauts were ultimately chosen, NASA officials used four basic criteria—age, under forty; height, less than five feet eleven; experience, at least 1,500 hours of flight time; education, a university degree or its equivalent in engineering or the physical sciences. The record of one candidate posed a sticky problem. He was of the right height and age, he had collected an Air Medal with eighteen clusters for his combat exploits in World War II and Korea, he had 5,000 hours of flying time, and in 1957 he had become the first man to fly coast to coast faster than the speed of sound. The only trouble was he didn't have a college degree. He had attended college for about two and a half years, majoring in science, but World War II intervened and he left before graduation to become a Naval air cadet. In the course of his military career he had picked up a working knowledge of physics and engineering by taking courses at various service schools and the University of Maryland, but was this the equivalent of a college degree? Project Mercury was a $400 million enterprise, and on it rested the hopes of a nation. However, the selection committee, well aware of his coolness, courage, and competence, ignored the academic requirements and let him through. When the final seven emerged successful from the most exhaustive mental, physical, and psychological tests experts could devise, there he was again—the only one among them without a college degree. Last month he made history by becoming the first American to orbit the earth.

—John Scanlon.



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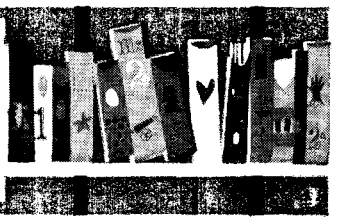
# the Editor's Bookshelf



**THERE IS AN URGENT** need for a good up-to-date encyclopedia of education, edited in such a way as to be useful to school board members and the general public as well as teachers. Much of the confusion and controversy over education is the result of lack of clear definitions and lack of familiarity with the basic facts.

When a reader wants to know what is meant by "team teaching," "programmed learning," "advance placement programs," "the core curriculum," or by a more familiar but much misunderstood term such as "progressive education," he is at a loss to know where to turn for an authoritative answer. The dictionary definitions of these terms are inadequate or nonexistent and in any case a more complete explanation and discussion is needed.

**"The Educator's Encyclopedia,"** by Edward Smith, Stanley Krouse, Jr., and Mark Atkinson (Prentice-Hall, 914 pp., $19.50), apparently was intended to meet this need. It is advertised as "The Greatest Volume for Educators Ever Published," and potential purchasers are told that it is designed "to help you meet almost any challenge you face in your profession." Even if he does not see such advertisements, the purchaser of an encyclopedia expects, and has a right to expect, that he will find definitive answers to many of his questions, written by the best available scholars in each of the fields covered. He also has a right to expect that the subjects included will be arranged alphabetically.

Any reader who buys the present book with such expectations is in for a disappointment. What he will find is a series of textbookish chapters containing some facts, and some opinions, padded out with many pages of trivialities of a kind that have no place in an encyclopedia. The entire volume apparently was written by the three editors: a former curriculum coordinator, the principal of a high school, and a director of instruction and curriculum.

What troubles us most is that because this volume is called an "Encyclopedia" it is likely to be accepted by some as an example of the best thinking of which educators are capable and will provide a ready-made club for those who are scornful of education and educators. The profession deserves something better.

The need for an encyclopedia of education remains unmet. Its preparation will require the best efforts of an army of scholars, a tough-minded editor who is able to distinguish between trivia and essential knowledge, and a publisher who is willing to make a very substantial investment.

**PLATO KNEW** that children differ greatly in their capacity for learning, but it is only since 1900 that the differences have been the subject of scientific scrutiny and careful measurement. **"Individualizing Instruction,"** Part I of The Sixty-first Yearbook of the National Society for the Study of Education, Nelson B. Henry, editor (University of Chicago Press, $4.50), is an up-to-date report of the state of our knowledge on this subject today. The twenty-one authors include psychologists, educators, and one biologist who have conducted basic research on individual differences, and others who have taken the lead in planning school programs to provide for these differences.

The fact that stands out most sharply in these chapters is that no matter how children are grouped within the school, there can be no such thing as a "homogeneous" classroom. If pupils are grouped by age, and all are promoted one grade each year, some will tower over the others by the time they reach high school and some will be ready for calculus while others in the same class are having trouble with simple fractions. But if children of similar mental age are put together they will differ greatly in age, height, weight, physical maturity, and capacity for different kinds of academic learning—the child who excels in mathematics may not excel in history. If they are grouped on the basis of social maturity they may get along better at parties but they will differ greatly in their capacity for learning.

From these facts we would conclude that an adolescent, and probably a younger child, too, should be placed in different groups for different activities. Some of the authors of "Individualizing Instruction" seem to come to the same conclusion but most of them do not. About the only consensus reached by the authors is that individual differences present a very difficult problem. Teachers have known this all along but do not find it very helpful. To those willing to draw their own conclusions from the evidence, however, this volume will be of great value, for the evidence is here.

**MANY IMPORTANT** papers and speeches dealing with educational problems are less influential than they should be because they are delivered to small audiences or appear in journals of small circulation. C. Scott Fletcher, president of the Fund for Adult Education, has brought together an excellent collection of these in a new book titled **"Education, the Challenge Ahead"** (*Norton*, 232 pp. $4.50).

Five of the chapters deal with the goals of education and in these the emphasis is on decision-making and leadership in national and world affairs. Other chapters emphasize the importance of the individual in education, while some confine themselves to university education. The authors of the various chapters include many names well known to our readers: Scott Buchanan, Norman Cousins, Howard Mumford Jones, Victor Reuther, and eleven others most of whom are college professors or administrators.

—P.W.

## *Jefferson as Educational Statesman*

AMONG the statesmen and thinkers of his unique generation, Thomas Jefferson was by all odds the most interested in education. Although he turned his fertile mind and versatile talents to many fields, the problems of education in the new nation—and particularly in his beloved Virginia—preoccupied him from young manhood until the year he died. His creative ideas have been widely admired—and even more widely quoted—over the years, even though he was notably unsuccessful in getting most of his program accepted by his contemporaries.

In **"Thomas Jefferson and the Development of American Public Education,"** by James B. Conant (University of California Press, 164 pp., $5), another versatile American statesman and innovator analyzes Jefferson's ideas on education and their relevance for the nation today. Based on the Jefferson Memorial Lectures delivered at the Berkeley campus of the University of California in March, 1960, the book is divided into three parts. In the first, Dr. Conant describes and discusses Jefferson's plan for a statewide system in which all children would receive three years of free schooling and a progressively more selective group would be educated at public expense through secondary school and the university.



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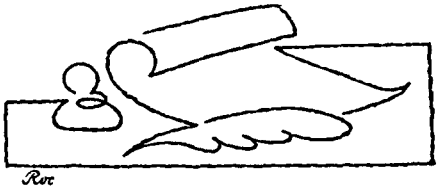
In the second, he traces the fate of the program in the nineteenth century, and in the third, he takes a long look at Jefferson's proposals in the light of today's educational necessities.

The father of the University of Virginia saw more clearly than any of his contemporaries the crucial relationship between education and self-government. As Dr. Conant says, ". . . almost alone among the eighteenth-century thinkers he saw education as a social process." But his proposals were far too bold for existing public opinion. Compulsory education, the elective system, selection of the "natural aristocracy of talents and virtue" so that it could be educated "at the public expense, for the care of the public concerns"—all were too radical for eighteenth and early nineteenth-century Americans. And not all of Jefferson's ideas have been accepted yet, or are likely to be, but many have been, and contemporary efforts to underwrite the "natural aristocracy of talents" are



being carried out on a lavish scale that would make Mr. Jefferson gasp.

Dr. Conant is not a historian, as he takes pains to point out. Nevertheless, he appears quite at home in describing and analyzing Jefferson's writing and thinking on education. Evidently, the two are old friends. He is on shakier ground when he sets out to sketch in the contemporary background in other states for Jefferson's ideas and the development through their nineteenth century. But this little volume is a perceptive guide to the thought and action of one of the nation's—if not the world's—greatest education statesmen.

—James Cass.

### *An Educational Award*

The *Saturday Review* Education Supplement was awarded a citation for "outstanding education coverage in a general-circulation magazine" by the Education Writers Association at its annual meeting in Atlantic City last month.

Specifically, the Supplement was cited "for its analysis of fundamental problems in education and for its significant series, 'Movers and Shapers of Education.'"

This is the second consecutive Year the Supplement has received such an award from the Association.

# New Books

**SWISS SCHOOLS AND OURS: Why Theirs are Better.** *By Admiral H. G. Rickover. Little, Brown.* 219 *pp.* $3.95. (Reviewed in this issue.)

**INDIVIDUALIZING INSTRUCTION. 61st Yearbook of the National Society for the Study of Education, Part 1.** *Edited by Nelson B. Henry. University of Chicago Press.* 327 *pp.* (See Editor's Bookshelf.)

**THE BIBLE, RELIGION, AND THE PUBLIC SCHOOLS.** *By Donald E. Boles. Iowa State University Press (Ames, Iowa).* 308 *pp.* $4.95. (To be reviewed next month.)

**THE EDUCATION OF HISTORIANS IN THE UNITED STATES.** *By Dexter Perkins and John L. Snell. McGraw-Hill.* 244 *pp.* $4.95. Report of the Committee on Graduate Education of the American Historical Association.

**THE NEW AMERICAN GUIDE TO COLLEGES.** *Second Edition. By Gene R. Hawes. New American Library.* 349 *pp. Paperback.* $.75. Features specific facts and figures on more than 2,000 colleges and universities, including those in Mexico and Canada.

**EDUCATION: THE CHALLENGE AHEAD.** *Edited by C. Scott Fletcher. W. W. Norton.* 232 *pp.* $4.50. (See Editor's Bookshelf.)

**THE SCIENCES AND THE ARTS. A New Alliance.** *By Harold Gomes Cassidy. Harper* 182 *pp.* $4.75. A distinguished chemist suggests a program to heal the long-standing schism between humanists and scientists.

**THE TEACHING OF SCIENCE.** *By Joseph J. Schwab and Paul F. Brandwein. Harvard University Press.* 152 *pp.* $3.25. Two essays on science teaching in American schools.

**CREATIVITY AND INTELLIGENCE. Explorations with Gifted Students.** *By Jacob W. Getzels and Philip W. Jackson. John Wiley.* 293 *pp.* $6.50. A study of gifted children that reveals that "creative ability and high IQ are by no means one and the same."

**ASIA AND AFRICA IN THE STUDY OF HISTORY.** *By David Mallery. National Council of Independent Schools* (84 *State Street, Boston* 9, *Mass.*) 59 *pp. Paperback.* $.75. A discussion of existing school programs that are seeking to teach students to think historically about non-Western civilizations.

**INSTRUCTIONAL TELEVISION REVIEW 1959-61.** *By Leon C. Fletcher (for Education Television Research Associates). Pacific Coast Publishers (Menlo Park, Cal.).* 73 *pp. Paperback.* Current data on the increasing use of educational television in this country.

**A MANUAL ON CERTIFICATION REQUIREMENTS FOR SCHOOL PERSONNEL IN THE UNITED STATES 1961.** *By W. Earl Armstrong and T. M. Stinnett. National Commission on Teacher Education and Professional Standards, NEA* (1201 *Sixteenth St., N. W., Washington* 6, *D.C.*). 219 *pp. Paperback.* $4. This Sixth Edition reflects "the most significant changes in certification procedures to have occurred in any two-year period since 1951." See page 87.

**TALKS ON AMERICAN EDUCATION.** *Edited by Henry Chauncey. Teachers College, Columbia University.* 147 *pp. Paperback.* $1.50. A series of broadcasts to foreign audiences by thirteen of the nation's most eminent scholars and educators.

**RESOURCES FOR LANGUAGE AND AREA STUDIES.** *By Joseph Axelrod and Donald Bigelow. American Council on Education* (1785 *Massachusetts Ave. N.W., Washington* 6, *D.C.*). 96 *pp. Paperback.* $2. A report on the positive contributions of the forty-six language and area centers at colleges and universities financed under the National Defense Education Act.

**MORE POWER TO THEM. A Report of Faculty and Student Experience in the Encouragement of Student Initiative.** *By C. L. Barber. Committee for New College. (Available from Office of the Coordinator of Four-College Projects, Mount Holyoke College, South Hadley, Mass.)* An experimental program on academic techniques which suggests that "undergraduates can—and should—be given more intellectual initiative and more opportunity for student-led seminars."



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**BOOK REVIEW**

# The Admiral Speaks Again

***"Swiss Schools and Ours: Why Theirs Are Better," by H. G. Rickover*** *(Atlantic-Little, Brown, 219 pp., $3.95), is a description of Swiss schools and a commentary on our own. It is no longer news that Admiral Rickover is convinced that our schools are defective and our educators incompetent, but in this book he reports on a national system more to his liking, from which he believes we can learn. John H. Fischer, Dean and President-elect of Teachers College, Columbia University was formerly Superintendent of Schools in Baltimore.*

By JOHN H. FISCHER

SWISS schools are better than American schools, Admiral Rickover says, because they "are 'goal' rather than 'child' centered." With the university as its apex, the Swiss educational system is "mightily fortified against succumbing to nonsensical stuff dreamed up by ill-educated schoolmen" or others "who care not what happens to a child's future when he is deflected from basic education."

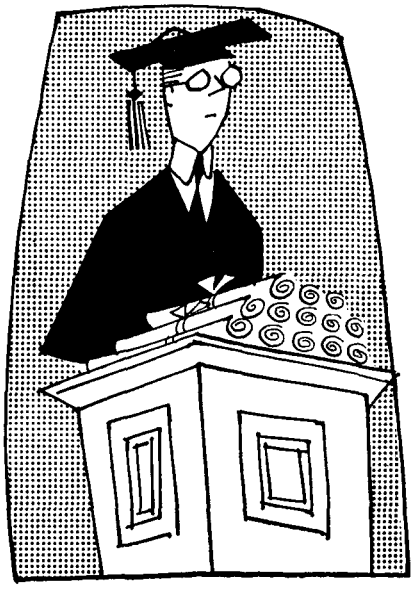
The volume is sponsored by the Council for Basic Education and has been written by the admiral as a contribution to the Council's cause. Apparently he worked entirely from documents, for while he acknowledges the help of the Swiss Embassy and American translators, he says nothing to suggest that he has been inside a single Swiss school. Neither is there any reference to first hand observation of what goes on in American schools.

Admiral Rickover's genuine concern about the shortcomings of American education and his sincere desire to improve it should be recognized and appreciated. Many of our schools are in a deplorable condition and the Admiral undoubtedly sees some of their weaknesses and some of their possibilities more clearly than many who reject his judgments. But good intentions alone are no substitute for solid evidence and well-reasoned argument. Had he restricted himself to a description of the Swiss educational organization, the Admiral would have been on safe ground, for that part of the book is informative and useful. But many of the opinions he expresses on American education are simply not supported by evidence. The experience of this reviewer convinces him that many of them could not be supported.

"The performance of any school system," we are told, "should of course, be judged on its merits." The next five chapters detail the nature and the merits of Swiss education.

Its chief merit, according to the Admiral, is that "mass" and "academic" education have been "fused." With each level clearly set off from those above and below, progress up the ladder depends entirely on achievement and scholastic success, which are usually measured by examinations ("carefully administered, individual—not machine-tested-examinations"). The result is that some 40 per cent of Swiss pupils leave full-time school after eight or nine years for apprenticeship or other employment supplemented by part-time continuation classes.

Another meritorious aspect of Swiss education is its pattern of control. Local schools are organized, staffed, and largely supported by the canton or the local community, and are theoretically free of control by the central government. The fact, however, is that by its control over the licensing of professions, the university and preparatory school programs leading to them, and the Federal Institute of Technology, the federal government strongly influences the entire educational system. Cantonal compliance with federal standards is said to be entirely voluntary, but, as the author puts it, "without the federal standard, inferior brands of diplomas would appear."



Swiss education appears to have no weaknesses, or at least none that the Admiral (or the embassy) considered important enough to mention. By contrast, American schools, to which two chapters, the first and last, are devoted, seem totally without merit of any kind, and can be judged only by their faults.

They suffer from the "unfortunate . . . decision to *replace* [liberal education] with life-adjustment and vocational training."

The American people have no real control of their schools: "they cannot directly supervise the schools; a school board represents them."

"The name of a school or a diploma is often meaningless because any school can call itself what it likes and hand out diplomas at will."

"Most Americans have known for years that 'Johnny can't read' because he is taught by the fantastically inefficient look-say method forced upon schools by administrative fiat."

Perhaps the Admiral really believes that no American school is any good, or possibly he uses positive and negative exaggeration as a device to register his points more sharply. But, whatever the reason, people who know how far his loose generalizations differ from precise accuracy will have to conclude that either he doesn't know some of the most important facts about American schools, or he prefers not to report them in proper perspective.

His understandable interest in making a case has led the Admiral to oversimplify even the differences between the Swiss and American societies, but even so, we can learn useful lessons from the Swiss, as we can from any other effective school system. But we can adopt imported practices successfully only if we understand our own situation and our own needs better than Admiral Rickover appears to understand them.

His final paragraph may explain why so much of what precedes it will probably not persuade many Americans. "After all," he writes, quoting Martin Green with approval, "the basic problem [is] the transmission of knowledge of the few down to the many quickly enough for society to remain vitally homogeneous."

Passing the word down may seem to the Admiral the basic problem of education, but other Americans no less concerned about the country and its future believe the schools have more important things to do.



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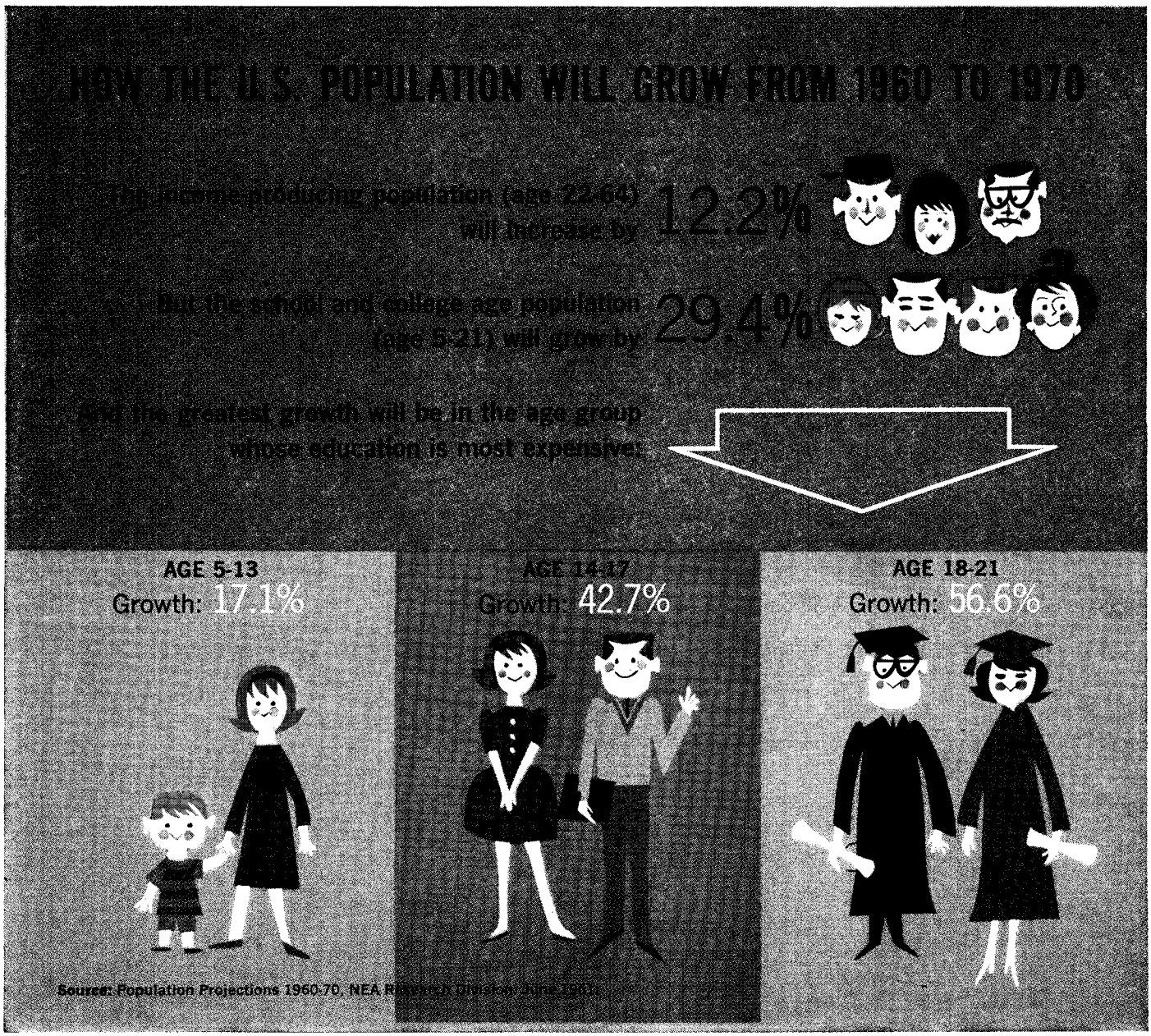
# *There Was an Old Woman Who Lived in a Shoe . . .*

The tremendous increase in the number of children born since the end of World War II, which plagued educators throughout the 1950s in the form of rapidly rising enrollments and a concomitant shortage of teachers and classrooms, will take a new twist in the 1960s, according to a set of population projections published recently by the National Education Association.

As the chart below indicates, the school and college age population of the United States—the boys and girls who by and large are not self-supporting and whose education must be financed by their elders—will grow nearly two and a half times as fast as the income-producing population—the people who must finance the education of the young.

But even within the school and college age group, the growth will not be uniform. The greatest increase will occur in the percentage of boys and girls ready for college, where education is far more expensive than in elementary and secondary schools.


HOW THE U.S. POPULATION WILL GROW FROM 1960 TO 1970
The income-producing population (age 22-64) will increase by 12.2%
But the school and college age population (age 5-21) will grow by 29.4%
And the greatest growth will be in the age group whose education is most expensive:
AGE 5-13
Growth: 17.1%
AGE 14-17
Growth: 42.7%
AGE 18-21
Growth: 56.6%
Source: Population Projections 1960-70, NEA Research Division, June 1961



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# Brandeis

*Continued from page 83*

can college campuses well and his sponsors even better.

"I knew my people. I wrote their history," he says feelingly. "I had no doubt as to what kind of a school they wanted and needed. Harvard simply breathes its tradition of public service, Haverford the humility of its Quaker origins, Fordham its Jesuitic mysticism. Brandeis, the school of a prophetic people, had to be the institution of social justice, of an intellectual intensity integrated within a dynamic, changing world. Since we had no traditions, change would be our tradition. And I reminded them that someday they too would be ancestors. The idea was not to nurse our newness but to capitalize on it. To those who cautioned that Rome wasn't built in a day, I suggested that maybe if they hadn't dragged it out so long it might have been built better."

The audacious approach to growth was rooted in necessity. The beginning faculty made the pilgrimage to the new school from good positions elsewhere for practical academic reasons; the promise of a soon-to-be-created graduate school with opportunities for new research, unfettered by fusty tradition and top-heavy faculty. The students came in similar spirit. They expected the best and the school had less than four years to give it to them. The first student body of 107 freshmen was taught by a faculty of 13, a ratio which the college vowed not to exceed.

It has since done better. For a student body of 1,750, three-fourths of whom are undergraduates, there are 240 faculty members, a ratio of one faculty member for every seven students. It is a young and well-decorated faculty; more than half of the 160 Ph.D.s among them won their doctorates at Harvard and Columbia. It is an additional matter of pride that more than one-fifth of the faculty are Phi Beta Kappa members.

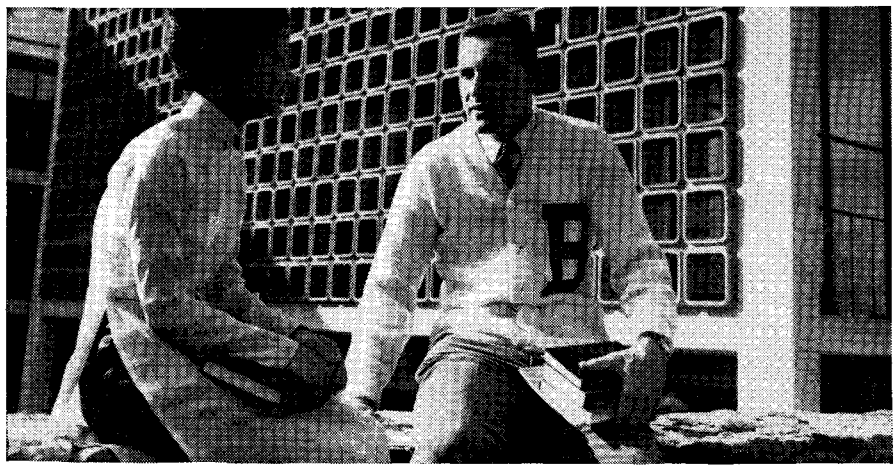
The school's distribution of more than $3,600,000 in research grants draws to it scholars of international renown. They come with no ideas of ivory tower isolation; every teacher at Brandeis must teach in the undergraduate school. This in-depth approach presupposes, as McGeorge Bundy says, that "in the end there is no difference between the learning of a freshman and the most abstract inquiry of the most isolated professor." It also obviates the danger of separatism within the campus between research specialist and undergraduate. The result is an integrated intellectual atmosphere where all contribute.

From the beginning there was nothing "ivory towerish" about the school. Since it began without a financial great white father who gave the big money and made the big rules, it was naturally receptive to its participants. Among the most articulate are the various donors who include some 85,000 Women's Committee members from 120 cities, the faculty and the students themselves. It is interesting to note how such groups act and then react as a university develops. At first almost everybody took the reverse telescope approach—the smaller the better. When the undergraduate body was increased some years ago from 800 to 1,000 the student paper, *Justice*, wailed that the added numbers would somehow dilute the academic elegance of the place. Later, when they became the loyal alumni, and more realistic, they began plumping for a larger student body. This year Brandeis will examine nine applications for each berth; most are skimmed from the upper ten percentile of high school scholarships. As its facilities have grown it has recognized its responsibility and expanded its numbers. To the new crop of undergraduate worriers Sachar patiently but tartly answers, "You act as though you're writing a McCarran Exclusion Act for colleges. It's touching to feel such jealous possessiveness but to guard it as you suggest would be inconsistent with our responsibilities."

THE saturation point in actual numbers is still a sensitive matter. But whatever its eventual size, it is a sure bet that it will not be determined by whim but by the planned outlook which has guided the school from its outset. Contemporary awareness waters its root. Campus architecture gives visible expression to that outlook. Its green stone-studded acres (now 265) bordering the Charles River just ten miles outside of Boston, rise and dip right up to historic Boston Rock. Looming curiously over all is a sprawling castle, complete with moat and turrets, a Middlesex remnant tagged by the late, famed architect Eero Saarinen, "Mexican Ivanhoe." Brandeis inherited four other buildings; one of them, the fieldstone stable is now the university bookstore. But these antiquities are overwhelmed by a modernistic, dazzling complex of steel and glass, of honeycombed concrete and cantilevered terraces. It was designed by such aesthetic giants as Saarinen and by Harrison and Abramovitz of Rockefeller Center and U.N. fame, who have supervised it from the beginning. The buildings complement the undulating terrain; the total effect exudes the latter Twentieth Century, visionary, sharply modern yet based on a solid footing, historic soil.

Another series of buildings which all treat with reverence are the Three Chapels, Protestant, Catholic, Jewish. Executed in striking modernity they sit in a triangle, close together yet separated by dignified distance, reflecting the Brandeis conviction that uniqueness must be exalted and should meet with its opposite number on the common ground of respect. Though Jewish sponsored, Brandeis stiffly avoids discrimination and insists that its candidates offer no information pertaining to their religious or racial origins. The Three Chapels symbolize this sense of non-denominationalism. "On this plaza there is no majority host," says Sachar.

The only bias at Brandies is a strong one in favor of scholarship. This resulted indirectly in the creation of one of the nation's greatest departments of biochemistry. Sachar, who preaches that "great ideas beget great endowments and not vice versa," got from such renowned scientists as Dr. Sidney Farber and Dr. Fritz Lipmann a list of nine top biochemists. "Get any two," said one of the authorities, "and your department can be called excellent." Within the year the top two, headed by Dr. Nathan Kaplan, were



**"The only bias at Brandeis is a strong one in favor of scholarship."**



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signed and teaching. Brandeis's departments of mathematics, psychology, theoretical physics and biology also feature a roster of young and creative scholars.

From the start the school recruited aggressively. Such distinguished academic names as physicist Leo Szilard, social scientist Charles I. Schottland, anthropologist Paul Radin, archeologist Cyrus Gordon, men of letters such as Albert Guerard, Sr., Irving Howe, James Cunningham, Louis Kronenberger and Ludwig Lewisohn, responded to the call. Dr. Louis Levin left the National Science Foundation to become Dean of Science because "the school is unique and challenging. There isn't another like it in the country." Max Lerner still teaches his course in Western Civilization, commuting between Boston and New York occasionally with a distinguished colleague, Eleanor Roosevelt, who teaches international relations and doubles as a university trustee. Another who kept airline reservation clerks hopping was the first head of the music department, Leonard Bernstein. "We had about as much right asking him to take this job," says Sachar, "as we would asking Winston Churchill to teach history."

Bernstein not only taught furiously well and built a fine department but he found time in 1952 to organize the Brandeis Festival of the Creative Arts, which presented new plays, poetry, readings, operas, ballets, jazz concerts, art exhibits and symposia on anything creative, artistic, offbeat, and exciting. On one memorable summer evening an audience cheered an opera it won't soon forget; the premiere of Marc Blitztein's version of the Weil-Brecht "Threepenny Opera," starring Lotte Lenya. The opera then shifted to N. Y.

Such outwardly non-academic venturings are a source of deep pride to the school. It views its role as community centered. The surge always is to bend the intellectual capacity of the university in the direction of an active world and thus enrich it. In some respects it is as much old German university centrality as Oxford; in its academic monasticism it is the opposite. For such reasons, the university also began its creative arts awards in 1957. It gives $15,000 annually from its general university fund to composers, painters, sculptors, dramatists and poets for their accomplishments, frequently commissioning new works in their fields. No non-specialized school does it quite this way. "The Brandeis Medal Award in Poetry," said Allen Tate, a 1961 poetry winner, "is one of the two most coveted honors that a poet may receive from an American institution."

Just recently, Sachar shot out of his office, smiling and flushed and stopped Clarence Q. Berger, Dean of University Planning. "Louis Kronenberger just suggested we set up an inter-university drama circuit. Each college in the Boston area to produce a couple of plays each year and travel from college to college. What an idea! Here in Boston we'll be trying out new plays, encouraging new playwrights, actors, directors. Let's look into it."

Berger, an ex-Harvard sociologist who has been with Sachar from the beginning at Brandeis, keeps his footing in this wind tunnel of ideas by a heavy reserve of calm and a wry New England humor. "Abe is all patience," he remarked sweetly to an assistant as Sachar flew off. "He won't expect a Pulitzer Prize until 1963."

The community oriented approach spurs every side of campus conduct. The Graduate School for Advanced Studies in Social Welfare was created not to teach techniques but to prepare Ph.D. candidates for the qualitative leadership in policy making and administrative roles in such divergent areas of social work as official and private agencies, international social welfare, urban development, mental health and teaching.

The Lasker Fellows Program in Civil Liberties and Civil Rights offers, on a credit or non-credit basis, a plan of study and research for those who would strengthen their knowledge in another significant field.

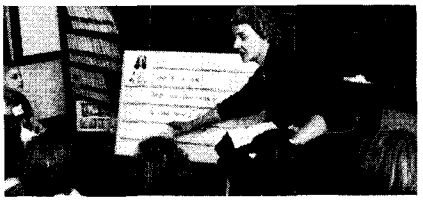
The newly organized Communications Research Center was created after intensive consultation with specialists who confirmed a deep need for it. Its director is Louis Cowan, former president of CBS Television. This spring, in conjunction with the U.S. Department of State, it will bring to Waltham a group of European, Asian and African editors, writers and broadcasters who will be taken directly to newspapers, magazines and broadcasting stations to be exposed to our techniques of mass communications. Then they will return to campus for seminar sessions with specialists in each field. In its round-the-year program to study and analyze modern communications, the Institute will have available to it 30 specialists in permanent readiness to participate.

For each idea that works, another dozen bounce from hopper to conference room to faculty and back. One, almost in work, is the Oral History Program in which Brandeis historians will conduct tape interviews with important living persons who will someday figure prominently in history to be written. The Brandeis library would also collect and classify such oral documents from all over the world.

Another project, somewhat further


## What does a pre-primer lesson offer first-graders in reading?

Let's look in on a lesson being taught with *Fun Wherever We Are*, third pre-primer in The New Basic Reading Program for the Sixties. Miss Dorothy Dohoney is presenting a story entitled "The Dog for Dick" in a first-grade room in Jackson Center, Shelby County, Ohio.



Spot's picture is soon flanked by sentences that introduce the new words and launch a conversation about dogs.

Boys and girls begin their reading with a hunch, from other stories they'd read, that Spot will turn out to be "the dog for Dick." The issue hangs in doubt, however, when Dick, Jane, and Sally seem to be transferring their affections to three puppies in a pet-shop window, but, as Brad puts it, "When Dick saw Spot walking away, he knew he had to have *him!*"

Soon Miss Dohoney moves on to some exercises in phonetic analysis. First comes review of the *d* sound and its letter symbol, a natural follow-up to "The Dog for Dick" with its alliterative title. The children listen intently for initial sounds in groups of words like *day*, *funny*, *dear*, vying to be first to hold up their letter cards for *d* when they hear the *d* sound. "Can't we play that game again?" they ask, when Miss Dohoney turns to the next exercise in phonetic analysis.

The next "game"—making new words by substituting initial consonants—is exciting, too, especially since the words seem to belong with the story. The children make *he* from *me*, *pup* from *up*, and, because at story's end Dick undoubtedly gave Spot a pat with his hand, they make *pat* from *at*, *hand* from *and*. Then they form seven more words.

Shane sums up the group sentiment as the children leave the reading circle: "What a good day!"

There should be lots of good days in reading for our children in the Sixties, as power in interpretation and in word perception—including word analysis—grows and opens new doors to enjoying and profiting from books.

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away but batted around faculty lunchrooms with excitement, is an inter-university program in which students will spend two years in general preparatory work at one school then, by pre-arrangement, take the last two at a foreign school which offers the desired area of specialization. The student would receive one diploma from two colleges. Sachar hit on the idea while on a visit to The University of the Andes whose president lamented that his students were well trained in Latin American studies but woefully trained in the physical sciences and Near Eastern Studies. "We have what you don't and vice versa," said Sachar. "Why not an exchange program, on a formal pre-planned basis?" Unlike more conventional exchange programs, this one would feature an organic relationship between the colleges. The pre-planning would avoid the usual situation where the student must readjust to bewildering procedures, requirements and philosophies of curriculum. Periodic bringing together of faculties would help smooth out the program and offer, as a by-product, international understanding via face-to-face contact—a valuable diplomatic tool.

At the root of all the planning is the core objective—the teaching of the student and his development from novice to thinker. Sachar himself returned to the classroom four years ago to teach Contemporary History—and has never missed a class. His own method for his ninety-three students—the largest advanced class in the school—is, by necessity, the lecture hall type. But other teachers are encouraged to devise any methods, orthodox or otherwise, to get their work across. Seminar, lecture, conference; few strings are held on the instructor. Mrs. Roosevelt, for example, frequently transports her students to the U.N. In any one week a student could well write home that among his teachers that week were Mrs. Roosevelt and Adlai Stevenson.

Though the campus throbs with spirit, it tends not to be of the rah-rah variety. When it was decided to drop intercollegiate football, not a few of the parents and "unofficial foster alumni" were surprised to discover that the students couldn't have cared less. Brandeis has excellent teams in basketball and soccer and a few of the minor sports—and for a short time fielded a pretty fair football squad. Said Sachar, "Football was an attractive but expensive side show. Let's face it— if you want good football teams, you must recruit. You bring two dozen football players in; you keep two dozen scholars out. It's pure discrimination."

THE seemingly natural and smooth ascendancy of the school eclipses the crass and grim matter of finding the money to get the job done. Begin with Olympian standards and a hurried climb upward can be dizzying. At least one small early crisis was licked by the therapeutic application of high idealism and hard cash. In its early years the school couldn't overcome a lingering impression that its Jewish sponsorship carried with it a parochial and regional stigma. Then in 1958, through a permanent grant of $360,000 a year, the school launched its Wein International Scholarship Program which brought to the campus 60 students from 35 different countries. Suddenly, the cadences of strange language and the exotic costumes of the Asian and African students covered the school with an aura of cosmopolitanism.

The roughest skirmish in the fund raising battle has been won. Thus far the school has attracted more than 70 million dollars. But the normal functioning of any college added to the unique and expensive habits of this one permits no letdown. More than 66 per cent of the student body is on some form of scholarship. It costs the school $3,100 a year to carry a student. With tuition at $1,250 a year, it is easy to see why the school must constantly recruit money to balance the ten million dollar a year operating budget.

Paradoxically, the expensive demands of the Brandeis operation make funds easier rather than harder to attract. In this regard, the Brandeis experiment suggests a valuable lesson. Those who give money to a university respond directly to the character of the school. Unlike charity drives in such broad areas as health, for example, a college appeal strikes close to the spiritual bent of the potential donor. Thus, to keep quality high is to encourage the most generous of his impulses. Besides his receipt, he gets identification; some of the school's elegance rubs off.

Another lesson: Sachar always contended that any school, especially a small fledgling university, should limit its activities to those which it can do well. "Otherwise," says Dean Berger, "you spread too thin and lose your distinctiveness."

At one time or another impatience and hastiness has brought with it a residue of costliness. The eruptive building program saw a proliferation of small buildings—expensive to build and maintain. A bit of patience might have cured a long-range condition. Also, for reasons few can explain well, the master plan provided for no on-campus faculty housing. Student dormitories in a non-fraternity school had to take precedence over all others. But, in a school where closeness between teacher and student is a prideful preachment, the omission was serious. Comes the end of the teaching day, the faculty heads for home, away from the students, all of whom are on campus. Fortunately the school still has unbuilt acreage; the problem is soluble.

Academically, hastiness sported an expensive luxury tag. In the early days, every senior was required to take a capstone course called General Education S. The unorthodox idea was to have great men from variant fields share with their students autobiographical crises in their lives and explain how they solved them. A good idea but not easy to get across. It foundered under the criticism of some tradition minded curricula-conscious faculty members. The administration succumbed and dropped it. Now it has found its second wind and is reinstating the course but with sharper attention to the details of execution.

Similarly with the creative arts festival. It rushed in, succeeded beyond all

**Playwright Lenore Hansbury talks with Brandeis students.**



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expectations—aesthetically. Financially, it set the school back $45,000 a year. The budgeteers complained. And they made a good argument. Now in its plans to reinstate the festival keener attention is being paid to techniques which will help make the event self-supporting.

The school has just begun to know its own capacity. Some of the errors have, in Sachar's words, "departed through a revolving door." But, as things shape up, the surge forward in its chosen paths of intellectual intensity will continue to keep it, "a place," as one student remarked, "where the status is definitely not quo."

Drama, in all forms, tends to fascinate all young students. The Brandeis breed revels in it. They are cynics, beatniks, radicals, traditionalists, intellectualists, and a lot more. Conformists they tend not to be; herd minded, never. Their individualism brought them to an individualistic school. And, in all areas of Brandeis activity, it can be expected that they be heard. The same administration which encourages free expression, winces in silence from resounding whacks on the ear swung from the editorial pages of JUSTICE, certainly one of the nation's most ascerbic college journals. It has almost become campus *de rigeur* to draw a bit of administration blood at regular intervals.

But generally, the student body gives praise at first, though it would seem somewhat grudging. Walk around the campus for a few days and you understand the style. There is a kind of intellectual gamesmanship in the understatement; high praise is somehow to be avoided as symptomatic of the intellectual "square." An undergraduate plays it cool.

"Yes, it's a wonderful library," said the rangy, blond junior from Illinois. "But you might note," he added, eyes a-twinkle knowingly, "that our trustees saw fit first to build a gymnasium."

Order of endowment, existence of a temporary library, were but rationally accepted as excuses. More, he had gotten a jab in and enjoyed administering the needle. A less wordly type, freshman, Nancy Sherman, a scholarship music student who finds herself in the choir, the orchestra and with the lead in a new musical, responds with eyes wide, "It's wonderful, exciting. You work hard and you almost never stop thinking."

Idealists at Brandeis they always hope to be. Impractical dreamers, in the demanding world of university administration, they simply cannot afford to be. Their record confirms David Ben-Gurion's contention that "anyone who doesn't believe in miracles is not a realist."

# Is Education News?

*Continued from page 86*

ABCs in kindergarten, first-graders with their first reader, and the schools' emphasis on English skills gave her three picture stories. Bright elementary school children learning Spanish gave her a handle by which to tell the foreign language teaching story.

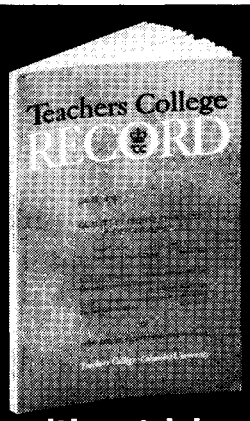
The elusive subject of goals was told in an interview story by Peter L. Goldman, St. Louis *Globe-Democrat*. Through the words of William Kottmeyer, St. Louis Deputy Superintendent of Instruction, Goldman took five columns to talk about the history of St. Louis schools, how the direction was turned by tides of national events, how special classes were established and why, and what the curriculum in the local school system was now trying to accomplish.

Another good attempt at reporting educational goals was Jim Sunshine's Sunday story on a new Classical High School that has been in the works some time in Providence. He told the story of trying to establish a school that would meet the needs of today's high school students for a classical education without reverting completely to the nineteenth century. It was a story that, like the best of local education reporting around the country, reflects the high level of general knowledge about education that Sunshine and many of his colleagues have.

The proposed merger of Vanderbilt University and George Peabody College for Teachers has given the Nashville *Tennessean* many opportunities to report on and discuss what a college should try to be, how it serves its students and the community, and the facilities needed to accomplish its goals. Reporters Eugene Dietz and Larry Daughtrey managed to do what most of the other reporters did not accomplish: reveal to the reading public what the educational program of the colleges actually is. Using feature stories to describe special programs, the series added up to a real glimpse into two citadels of higher learning in Nashville.

It's unfortunately not often that a local reporter takes a national story on education and finds out its implications for the local community. Marjorie Schuster of the Cleveland *Press* did when she learned that a move was underway to revamp the social studies curriculum. She found out what such recommendations would mean locally.

The North Adams (Mass.) *Transcript* took the same tack in reverse on the question of teaching about Communism in the schools. In a story on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whether Communism would be subject matter for social studies classes locally, the reporter was careful to include findings on what the rest of the nation seemed to be doing about the problem.

Carolyn Hughes of the Washington *Post* did a story on new ways to teach the humanities in the Arlington County high schools. David F. Behrendt of the Milwaukee *Journal,* used the opening of school as a news peg to report on science teaching, language laboratories, educational TV, and classes for the gifted—all under the heading of beefing up the curriculum.

Not all the papers skipped the books on education. The Newark Evening *News* took three columns to talk about Conant's "Slums and Suburbs," but left it to the reader to decide what implications the findings had for the city of Newark, with its slums and suburbs.

One indication of how important schools are locally was reflected in an Atlanta *Journal* series of stories where the candidates for school board office found it important to announce publicly their philosophies of education. Although this was in the midst of Atlanta's school integration, they were not stating their positions on segregation. The hopeful candidates did not talk about the racial issue but gave their opinions on various aspects of the curriculum.

Maybe the subject has been done to death in other months, but only Lewis C. Cuyler of the North Adams *Transcript* gave any space to guidance. He did a thorough story that tried to answer what guidance is, what it tries to do, and how it goes about its task.

A needed story was told in a Sunday feature in the Milwaukee *Journal.* An anonymous reporter took his lead from a statement by Harvard President Pusey and went on to delve into whether the growing interdependence of the federal government and universities was a good thing. He went out to nearby campuses to discover whether federal research grants were throwing the colleges and universities out of balance.

Adult education gets covered—but usually with pictures of grown-ups sitting at children's school desks. There isn't much attempt to analyze whether the courses are good or bad. However, Dwight Mitchell, education writer for the San Jose *News,* not only separated the academic courses from the how-to-do-its, but he showed how the rise of adult education in San Jose was following the national trend.

Parents often ask themselves if they're paying too much to send their children to the "free" public schools. John W. Yago of the Charleston (W. Va.) *Gazette-Mail,* did a long story on what the fees were for textbooks, school newspaper, audio-visual aids, vocational shop use, and other activities, and, one by one, reported on what the children got for their money. Yago apparently likes tough assignments because a week later he took even more space to describe to predominantly Protestant West Virginians what the role of the Catholic Church in education is in their state and around the country.

If anyone underestimates either the power of a woman or the importance newspapers attach to education, the lead story of part two, with a three-bank headline, in the Charlotte *News* proclaimed: "Women's Club Rescues School for Illiterates." And it told the glorious, successful fight the women conducted to retain an Opportunity School that was going to be closed because of financial difficulties.

The Hartford *Courant* gives ample space to education spot news and it also gives its education editor, James F. Looby, a column to express his views. Without having to find a news peg for every story, Looby uses the column to discuss such things as "Better Jobs, More Money Not Sole End of Education."

The St. Louis *Globe-Democrat,* once a week, gives a page to what it calls "Spotlight on Youth." This page is very often the dumping ground for otherwise trivial items of teen activities but it also provides space for local educators to write special articles on education and for the reporters to dig up good feature stories on such things as interviews with exchange students, new courses, new experiments in the schools.

THE good examples in education reporting in local newspapers are very, very good. But they are few and far between.

There are certainly plenty of reasons why this is true. Reporters, like teachers, have too much to cover in too short a time. The education beat has grown as fast and as large as the schools and colleges themselves. Not many papers have even one reporter assigned full time to it. You can't tell the same story over and over again, unless there's a news angle. Maybe educators, school boards, and parents' groups could help by addressing themselves in speeches and activities to items of more substantive nature. Maybe newspapers could help by putting on another hand to cover the wide range that education now embraces.

Turning to the editorials, the number that appeared in one month among the nineteen newspapers was surprising—over 100, or more than



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one a week in each. The overriding concern, of course, was money, and ways to save it. Ten per cent of the editorials reacted to President Kennedy's meager success with federal aid, with more condolences voiced than cheers. Only one pointed out the nonsense offered as argument by both sides. By all rights, state aid should be as compelling a subject as federal aid and its possible effects, but relatively few dealt with the subject.

Some five per cent drew attention to rising college and public school costs. They ranged in quality from the Salt Lake *Tribune* which presented the emerging picture of what the phenomenal increase of college students may mean nationally in quality as well as cost, with a number of thoughtful recommendations, to the happy suggestion in the Cleveland *Press* that parents should emulate a coal shoveler named Henry Blake who "didn't think it was up to anybody else" to put his sons through college. "He spat on his hands, and picked up his shovel, and did something about it."

University overcrowding got twice as much attention as grade school overcrowding did. The subject as a rule centered on cost, but the St. Louis *Globe-Democrat*, for instance, supported the sentiment for a junior college to ease the pressure, while the Cleveland *Press* was concerned solely with the financing of enrollment expansion and the cost of housing facilities. "Contrary to uninformed opinion," it assured its readers, "it is not true that as enrollment goes up quality goes down." Editorial space, presumably, did not allow time to analyze the cause of uninformed opinion.

Conant's "Slums and Suburbs" was reviewed in one editorial, the only study to be mentioned, unless one wishes to include a series of study programs on Communism initiated by sorority girls in Columbus, Ohio. At least, the Evening *Dispatch* hailed it as an "offset to this lack" in our educational institutions. Another editorial writer worried about sending Reds to school under the National Science Foundation grants, and a third promoted McGuffey Readers as a way to emphasize "good, wholesome Americanism." The treatment of Communism in the schools, and how it should or shouldn't be taught, however, had little to do with curriculum in the usual sense.

Curriculum, as such, figured in only 4 per cent of the editorials, but all of them were good. For example, the Providence *Journal* (with consistently good editorials) made an impassioned plea that the new Classical High School not become just "another box in which to put students." It asked for enough money to make a thorough study of curriculum.

The San Jose *News* put its readers on the lookout for a forthcoming body of recommendations on San Jose schools, an unusual service. Another admirable move, made by the Columbus Evening *Dispatch*, was a lengthy editorial on the eve of a vote on the school levy enumerating solid reasons why the levy should be passed. And one writer, on the Denver *Post*, reached far down in the rarely opened bag of basic issues to come up with a criticism of I.Q. tests.

On the whole, it would seem that education problems are treated in the same manner as death and taxes, something to bring forth a slew of statistics and grudging complaints, but something about which very little can be done. Drop-outs, for instance, are treated in several editorials. They either recommend that the kids stay in school so that they can qualify for jobs, or that they get out and get jobs now. Though some go as far as to mention the present high rate of unemployment among teenagers, virtually none discuss that generally ignored dumping ground for students, vocational education, and its obvious relation to drop-outs.

Perhaps it is a valid attitude that little can be done beyond a show of respect for the size of the problems the schools face. However, the Nashville *Tennessean*, for one, doesn't think so. In a recent editorial it noted the progress made in its public schools since an aroused public had insisted on recommendations the school board had been unable to put into effect. "What prompted the public to act?" asks the editorial. "News accounts, published by this newspaper, outlining the conditions. We do not mention this boastfully," the paper continued, "for informing the public is no more than the duty of a newspaper. Until it is informed, the public has nothing on which to act. So our duty, much like that of a school teacher, is to enlighten."

This strong sense of duty is very much apparent in the way the men and women who write about education for these papers feel about their jobs.

In answer to a questionnaire sent to the education reporters of these same papers, it was quite clear that they saw their jobs as public service as well as interesting assignments. Most of them have been on the job for quite a while—five years or more—and they're unanimous in feeling they have just

Sappho Skyanotis is 4½. She is so small, so young, so frail, she seems not quite real. If there are plans or hopes in her mind, they are for an end to the hunger pains in her stomach.

Sappho's parents lost their household goods, their flock of goats in a tidal wave. Their patch of land is now untillable because of the ocean salt. The parents often do without a meal in order to nourish Sappho. Such a small, frail life—

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scratched the surface in telling the education story.

There are some drawbacks to the job, though, they say. They all have a feeling of frustration because of the limitations of time, space, and manpower. They wish they didn't have to cover so much routine stuff and could spend some time digging up the reasons for the teacher shortage in town or delving into the problem of pupil motivation. They mention they would like to do more on curriculum, what is taught, how and why.

MOST of them say educators are helpful when they get to know the reporter but most of them also complain that the educator always wants to have his school system appear in a good light and he's in terror of being misquoted. One new education reporter was more blunt. He said, "With some notable exceptions, educators hinder because of their assumption that only educators know education."

The longer the reporter has been on the education beat, the more likely he is to say he hopes to stay in education reporting. Perhaps Dick Kleeman summed it up when he answered: "The Minneapolis *Tribune* seems to consider this one of the more important reporting fields, a point of view I'm glad to accept. And I believe that the seven years I've put in on this specialty, while perhaps not long in comparison to some other education writers' experience, do give me a reasonably good background and constitutes an investment—on the newspaper's part and on mine—that it would be foolish to discard lightly."

*Newspapers Analyzed*

Washington *Post*
Columbus Evening *Dispatch*
Charlotte *News*
Detroit *Free Press*
Hartford *Courant*
Nashville *Tennessean*
Newark Evening *News*
Buffalo *Courier-Express*
Atlanta *Journal*
Cleveland *Press*
St. Louis *Globe-Democrat*
Milwaukee *Journal*
North Adams *Transcript*
Salt Lake *Tribune*
San Jose *News*
Denver *Post*
Providence *Journal*
Charleston (W. Va.) *Gazette*
Minneapolis Morning *Tribune*

# Letters to the Education Editor

*Continued from page* 81

lassitude which Miss Lee apparently feels is lapping at her feet?

It is the responsiblity of literary publications of stature such as *SR's* to help preserve the purity of the English language, and encourage its correct usage, particularly when laxity adds nothing to its development, enrichment, or flexibility of expression, but rather degenerates it needlessly, as in the case of the split infinitive.

RALPH MARTIN.

New York, N.Y.

## MEA MAXIMA CULPA!

YOUR FEBRUARY 17 "Mea Culpa" letter about the misspelling of Barnhart's name calls this "a most unfortunate *occurence.*" [sic] Is this Wayne State University Press's revised spelling?

VERNON MCKENZIE,
Professor Emeritus,
University of Washington.

Seattle, Wash.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *At this point we are beginning to feel like the editor of a highly respected metropolitan newspaper which, in publishing the obituary of a prominent citizen, referred to him as a "bottle-scarred" veteran of World War I. Indignant friends of the deceased deluged the editor with demands for a correction, and the paper hastened to make amends. The next day's edition regretted the misspelling and pointed out that the obituary should have said "battle-scared" veteran.*

## FOOTBALL

CLARK UNIVERSITY in Worcester, Massachusetts, has never scored a point in football in its seventy-five year history—it has not had a football team. Clark is eligible for several of Mr. Cousins's awards, I should think.

CARLTON H. LARRABEE.

Fresno, Calif.

I CAN'T BELIEVE that Oberlin College is *not* on your list of the "ten colleges and universities with the worst football teams" [*SR*, Jan. 20]! If Oberlin *is* winning games (unbelievable!) on brisk sunny Saturdays, few are cheering; most Yeomen are in the "libe" (at least, this was true in my day).

When those bleachers get crowded, I'm quitting my alumni contributions. For, it seems to me, the significant statistic is not Saturday score, but what portion of the student body is flocking to the stadium or the stacks.

CATHERINE F. DAVIS,
Oberlin '56.

Verona, N.J.

I WAS HAPPY to see Haverford College ranked second in your list of the ten worst collegiate football teams. I have applied for admission to Haverford with the intent of availing myself of not only its excellent educational opportunities but also its athletic facilities. It is encouraging to think that my meager physical dexterity might enable me to excell in something in college.

I have also applied to Brown University (ranked number one), but Haverford is my first choice: I believe they have a lousier baseball squad.

JOHN COOPER.

Pittsburgh, Pa.

NO OFFENSE to Brown University, but at least one school had an even worse football record last year. In fact, Rose Poly of Terre Haute, Indiana, almost earned Norman Cousins's highest praise. Six points

(against Earlham College, if memory serves; no one seems to keep records on losers) prevented perfection.

Prophetically enough, opponents of schools such as you listed January 20 have been nicknaming the losers after your editorial crusader for many years.

J. PAUL HUNTER,
Department of English,
Rice University.

Houston, Tex.

NORMAN COUSINS's letter on "College Football" in the December 16 *SR* missed the boat! I don't advocate a "must-win-all" line of thought, but it's impossible to go along with his "hooray-for-the-losers."

S. GOODMAN.

East Orange, N.J.

## A STUDENT'S VIEW

I GO TO a high school that has been rated one of the nation's "best." We have a beautiful building, put on the best proms and plays, and invariably win all athletic events. Most of the students come from well-to-do families, and, it would seem, are fairly capable of learning. But classes are a farce; even the faculty doesn't take them seriously. Neither teachers nor students have the intellectual capacity to read your magazine. Do we need a third world war to make us grow up?

NADINE COHEN.

Hyattsville, Md.





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# Out-of-Doors

*Continued from page 29....*

from trees (these are not tree frogs but live on the ground in ponds and marshes); purple martins nest in holes in the banks of the pond (martins nest in hollow trees and in birdhouses); a gray fox climbs a tree and leaps from limb to limb in pursuit of a squirrel (gray foxes rarely climb trees and usually only when pressed hard by dogs or man); an osprey, a large hawk with about a six-foot wing spread, dives into the pond to catch dace—small, minnow-sized fishes (ospreys catch large fishes: bass, carp, and others); and a horned owl, which weighs only about three to four pounds, carries in its talons a freshly killed raccoon! Raccoons weigh from twelve to thirty-six pounds, and it would be impossible for a horned owl to lift one from the ground. The larger golden eagle, a very powerful bird, in repeated tests could not carry a weight aloft that exceeded eight pounds.

Many other errors of equal or lesser magnitude might have been eliminated by careful editing. Bluebirds, bobolinks, and bobwhite quail live in Mr. Russell's northern forest (these are birds of fields and open countryside); deer mice and spiders sing; and a copperhead snake climbs through bushes to catch sleeping birds (copperheads are ground dwellers and do not live north of Massachusetts in the United States).

Mr. Russell sometimes writes with dramatic force and effect. It is too bad his research has not been more careful.

—JOHN K. TERRES.

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*(Continued on page 108)*



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*(Continued from page 107)*

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**CHOOSE DARBY NECKWEAR** from swatches of handprinted and imported fabrics. Darby Ties, Box 423, Greenfield, Massachusetts.

**POLITICS**—The fascinating, inside story how North Dakota broke 50 years of 1-party rule, 252 pages. Hardbound. Documented. Send $4.95 to INSURGENTS, Box• 721, Bismarck, N.D.

"**HOW TO EAT** in French and Italian." Complete palm-size crib sheet for the canny connoisseur. Send $1 to P.O. Box 315, Bowling Green Station, New York 4.

**SPRING IS HERE!** (New Mexico.) Enjoy sunshine, brisk mountain air, year-round unbeatable climate in the Valley of the Estancia—only 35 miles from Albuquerque. 40 acres of rolling grassland (no mule) at the low-low price of only $96 acre. Stupendous cash discount for capitalists—easy terms for wage slaves. Flight Realty, 507 Alvarado S.E., Albuquerque, N.M.

**PART-TIME WORK,** interesting, creative, desired by woman. Fine arts background, secretarial skills, highly organized, attractive. NYC. Box W-775.

**MAN, 36, B.A.** Anthropology, seeking to apply spectrum of aptitudes and talents to nearly any endeavor which offers stimulation, perhaps adventure, decent compensation and a future. Box W-766.

**DO YOU WISH** to learn/translate RUSSIAN TEXTS, literally, scientific and newspapers in 50-80 hours? Also oral translations. Call Mr. Markoff, WAdsworth 7-6251 NYC.

**MEDICAL DOCTOR:** heart specialist, age 37, leaving medicine for first love of writing, seeks salaried position which will leave weekends and nights free. Box W-746.

**A HOME,** foothills White Mountains, May to October, in return for housekeeping for elderly gentleman. Floyd Voris, 130 Eleventh S.E., Washington 3, D.C.

**ECONOMICAL MEXICO PARADISE.** Modern accommodations. $18.50 includes American meals, Spanish lessons. Box W-752.

**AUTHENTIC** "Literary License." Personalized, goldprinted. $1. Bard, Chardon, Ohio.

**KINDERGARTEN TEACHER** desires summer travel abroad with family; child care. Box W-754.

**GALLERY OR ART LIBRARY**—Young woman seeking administrative position. Excellent educational background and travel. Experience in all phases of Gallery Management in historic New England art *gallery.* Box W-776.

**DEPENDABLE SECRETARY, 45,** Vassar, versatile, wants varied summer job. Box W-742.

**GRADUATE STUDENT,** male, seeks interesting summer job—any field, any location (would love to travel). Math major; avid interest in languages and literature. French, some German, Russian, Spanish. Box W-773.

## PERSONALS

**HARPIST HOSTESS** available resorts/exclusive inns. Mature, experienced. Box W-762.

**YOUNG WOMAN** seeks governess position with family traveling to Europe. References, Box W-738.

**MATURE, EXPERIENCED** British specialist speech, drama, music seeks established dance or similar studio wanting allied arts. Box W-785.

**LADY,** Dutch background, will care for children, home, servants, summer. Would accompany children resort, abroad. References. Box W-769.

**SMITH GRADUATE, 25,** *accomplished secretary, fluent* French, desires employment abroad, summer or longer. Box W-755.

**EXPERIENCED TRAVELER,** tutor, babysitter seeks summer traveling job. Dixie Talbot, Simmons College, Boston, Massachusetts.

**THEATRE PROGRAMS 1890-1930.** 400 items—appraised $750. Owner must sell. Box W-786.

**DARTMOUTH A.B.,** literature Master's, seeks summer traveling-tutoring. Box W-750.

**SOPHOMORE COED**—Attractive, intelligent, dependable, seeks appropriate summer employment. Box W-779.

**MALE, 30,** college graduate, majored in English and Social Studies, wants to get out of the rut, wishes a position that is cultural and interesting. Box W-757.

**COLLEGE JUNIOR** available as governess with party traveling Europe. Experienced nurse's aide, secretary, babysitter. References exchanged. OLE, Box 1517, Williamsburg, Virginia.

**UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA COED** *seeks summer position* as governess to American family traveling abroad. References exchanged. Box W-771.

**IVY LEAGUE TEACHER,** widely published, wants to get abroad (even Mexico) to devote time primarily to writing. Tutoring, labor considered in return for house and/or pittance. Box W-780.

**JUNE FASHION FINE ARTS** graduate wants employment designing, writing, travel with literary family, fine retail or service firm. Box 1290, Stephens College, Columbia, Missouri.

**ATTRACTIVE JUNE COLLEGE GRADUATE** seeks employment abroad. French, Spanish, some Italian, secretarial training. Box W-782.

## EMPLOYMENT OPPORTUNITIES

**NATIONAL CONSUMER MAGAZINE,** in NYC, seeks man (or woman) who knows audio from consoles to components and can write about it intelligently. Knowledge of tape and tape recorders for home use desirable. All correspondence confidential. Address Hi-Fi, Box W-289.

**WANTED:** Press agent, summer theatre, New England area, May 28th-September 10th. State experience, seasonal fee expected. Box W-790.

**RETIREMENT MONOTONOUS,** northern winters discouraging? Girls preparatory day school, Biscayne Bay, Florida, needs part-time experienced humanities teacher. Box W-713.

**COLLEGE STUDENT, MALE**—Junior through Graduate School. Responsible summer program—three childen, ages 15, 11, 9—experienced swimmer and horseman, tutoring, must drive. Live in—June 20th-Labor Day. Mr. Max D. Bliss, Jr., West Brattleboro, Vermont.

**EXPERIENCED SOCIAL CASEWORKER WANTED.** Recently formed multi-service Episcopal child care agency requires competent caseworker. Exciting opportunity to participate in development of agency. Box W-703.

**WANTED:** Ordained minister interested in sharing life of city Church of 1,400 members as Associate Minister with mutual responsibility of directing organizations, hospital and pastoral care, participating *in significant counseling. There will be constant* opportunity to teach, speak and share preaching with fellow minister. Box W-787.

**TEACHER-PHILOSOPHER** to teach behavioral or social sciences in dynamic small college Prep School for Boys 9th through P.G. All graduates college accepted. Older person preferred. Live in. Boston and New York interviews. Roy Brown, Founder and Headmaster, Plimoth Academy, Plymouth, Massachusetts.

## HOUSES AVAILABLE

### For Sale

**VERMONT'S NORTHEAST KINGDOM.** Tree farmers offer incidentally acquired houses, surveyed lots with views, some with lake access, $100 per acre and up; *timber tracts for recreation and investment* 10-1,000 acres, $10 per acre and up. For brochure write Box W-139.

**PRINCETON VICINITY.** Hand-hewn beams and fireplaces preserve the charm of this authentic Colonial tavern. Seven rooms with new heating, water and septic systems. Possible rental income from one wing. $1,950 down, $158 monthly. HAverstraw, (N.Y.) 9-9217, Box W-737.

**UNUSUAL PROPERTY,** Rockland County (Upper Nyack), N.Y. Air-conditioned colonial, circa 1828. Completely enclosed garden built around 18′ x 36′ filtered swimming pool. Studio apartment over 2-car garage. To be sold now for occupancy August. $55,000. Box W-734.

### For Sale—Furnished

**ANTIQUE SHOP** in summer, ski lodge in winter. Completely furnished for both. New Hampshire—center White Mountain village. $12,000. Box W-760.

**180 MILE VIEW** of White Mountains. New Hampshire. 17 acres of privacy, 4 bedrooms, 2 baths. Heated, insulated, furnished. Double garage on property. Trout pond, beginners' slope. $30,000. Box W-751.

### For Rent—Furnished

**RIDGEFIELD, CONNECTICUT**—June 30th, '62-June 30th, '63. Attractive, convenient, 8 rooms, 2 baths, 3 acres. $190 month plus utilities. Box W-789.

### For Summer Rental

**ON THE DUNES.** Bridgehampton, L.I. Ground floor of beach house. Suitable housekeeping two adults. Private ocean beach. Available July 1st. Algonquin 5-7874 NYC.

**WILMINGTON, VERMONT.** Chalet-like country home—fireplace, 3 bedrooms, cool. Near lakes, pool, music. Box W-559.

**WESTERN MAINE.** *Comfortable, modern summer house* on ridge overlooking mountains. Lake, golf convenient. June 18th-August 18th, $500. Box W-725.

**BEACH HOUSE,** private, furnished, including piano. Boating pier, hour NYC. MUrray Hill 8-1426.

**PRE-REVOLUTIONARY HOUSE**—Modern facilities. Everything for ideal vacation. E. M. Senter, Damariscotta, Maine.

**NEW HAMPSHIRE.** Secluded 3 bedroom house. Swimming, skiing. Summer $500, year $720. Box W-748.

**NORTH HAVEN, MAINE.** New 10 room house, 4 baths, completely furnished. Box W-741.

## HOUSES FOR EXCHANGE

**MEMBERS EXCHANGE HOMES** for rent-free vacations. Write: Vacation Exchange Clubs, 554 Fifth Avenue, New York 36.

## APARTMENTS AVAILABLE

### For Summer Rental

**ARLINGTON, VERMONT.** *Quiet, comfortable.* Lawn, maples, porch, sunset view. Adults. Box W-745.

## APARTMENT FOR SALE

**CO-OP. NYC.** 1830 Greenwich Village house—4 rooms, share garden. Cash $8,000. Carrying charges $200 monthly before tax deduction. Box W-784.

## PROPERTY FOR SALE

**WRITERS-ARTISTS.** Live in the Last Frontier for the Individualist. All the stimulation and advantages of foreign living on U.S.-Mexican Border. Low cost, perfect climate, Latin atmosphere in New Mexican village. Write for details Columbus Development Board, P.O. Box 128, Columbus, N.M.

*(Continued on page 110)*



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# CLASSIFIED

(Continued from page 109)

## CAMPS

**COLORADO ROCKY MOUNTAIN SCHOOL** Summer Session. Advanced studies for boys and girls 15-18. English, French, German, Spanish, Anthropology, Conservation. Ranch near Aspen. Mountaineering, riding, kayaking, swimming. Art, drama, music. Ranch work, construction. Trip into Southwest. Catalogue. John S. Holden, Director, Carbondale, Colorado.

**GROVE FARM,** Workshop in the Humanities: Gifted boys-girls, 14-18. Cultural history, English, drama. 275 acres. B. S. de Frees, North Rumford, Maine.

**FARRAGUT NAVAL CAMPS.** Summer of adventure: boys 9-16 inclusive. Trips: 63-ft. flagship, 42 land, water activities. Approved summer school. Catalogue. Farragut Camps, Box SRC, Toms River, New Jersey.

**MAINE SAILING SCHOOL**—summer camp. Coed, ages 11-17, on Penobscot Bay. Roy Hilburn, Box 174, Lakeport, California, or ENdicott 2-6518 NYC.

**IDEAL FOR FIRST TIME CAMPERS:** Appel Farm Art & Music Center for Children 6 to 17, unique combination family life, music, arts, fun. Inquire, visit, reserve now for this Summer. Appel Farm, Elmer, New Jersey.

**ADIRONDACK WOODCRAFT CAMPS,** 37th year. Boys 7-18. 5 age groups. Near Old Forge. William Abbott, Box 2385, Fayetteville, New York.

**TENNIS—READING COURSE—MUSICAL THEATRE** on 600 acre Westtown School campus in rolling Pennsylvania farmland. 19 tennis courts and stadium, dormitories, classrooms, auditorium, outdoor theatre, large library, lake and gym. Professional instruction in all activities. CHASE TENNIS CENTER, Westtown, Pennsylvania. EXport 9-0147.

## VACATIONS

**THE SEASIDE,** on unspoiled Longboat Key, Florida. New, year 'round family resort on private Gulf beach. Folder, rates upon request.

**OGUNQUIT**—Famous summer vacation center. Finest beach on coast. Majestic cliffs. Artists' colony, summer theatre, deep sea fishing, golf, movies. Hotels, guest houses, motels, restaurants, tea rooms. Reserve NOW for cottage rentals by the season. For information write Information Bureau, Ogunquit 15, Maine.

**FOR THOSE WHO** want every facility and service, plus the tranquility of casual beach life, write THE FIELDS for literature about their delightful COLONY BEACH RESORT, on Longboat Key, Sarasota, Florida.

**HOTEL PLAYA MAZATLAN,** directly on beautiful beach, tropical setting. Excellent international cuisine, best in Mexico. $16.80 double occupancy, American Plan. Mazatlan, Sinaloa, Mexico.

**CAPE COD WATERFRONT**—Sleeps 6—housekeeping facilities. Folder. $45 weekly with utilities. Box W-530.

**MONTEVERDE LODGE** and Riding Farm, Shoreham, Vermont, TWilight 7-5111. Lillian and George Conaty, hosts. New weekend and vacation kitchen apartments. Send for Brochure. Riders and non-riders welcome.

**IN FT. LAUDERDALE,** take FRENCH LEAVE. Efficiencies, bedroom apartments, TV, Pool, Public beach. FREE Color Brochure. Write: FRENCH LEAVE, 4228 Ocean Drive, Ft. Lauderdale, Florida.

**SAN FRANCISCO ON A BUDGET?** Charming, centrally located. Hotel Beresford, 635 Sutter Street.

**GREEN SHADOWS INN, OLD LYME,** Connecticut. Open all year.

**THE MANOR** in Asheville, North Carolina, welcomes creative people. Pleasing rates, beautiful surroundings.

**EXPLORE BURGUNDY, LOIRE.** Comfortable home, view, calm. LePontot, Vezelay (Yonne), France.

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## VACATIONS

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**THE CIVILIZED PLACE** in Miami Beach is the Venetian Isle Resort Motel, 20 Venetian Way, Miami Beach 39, Florida. JEfferson 8-7261.

**COLONIAL CHARM** midst wooded Litchfield hills. Shed hibernation cramps with Springtime walks, country auctions; pool; golf; trout stream; casual, intimate; luscious food. Lewis & Mary Fisher, Bantam, Connecticut.

**SEE FLOWERING DESERT.** Spring rate $40. King Ranch Housekeeping Cottages, Apache Junction, Arizona.

**PICTURE-BOOK VILLAGE** off beaten path. Relaxing historic Inn. Small-town events. Pool, 5 acres grounds, brook. Folder. The Tavern, Grafton, Vermont.

**READY TO RELAX** and enjoy Spring on eastern shore of Chesapeake Bay? Land of pleasant living, 150 acre farm on water, family style meals. American plan $45.00-$52.00, $8.00-$10.00. Real estate available. Harpers, The Pasadena, Royal Oak, Maryland.

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**SOONER OR LATER** everyone you know and like turns up at Jeronimo's. Delightful family resort 75 miles from NYC. Free riding, extraordinary eating, skiing nearby. Great for a relaxed weekend. With or without (kids). Brochure. The Jeronimo, Walker Valley, N.Y.

**SPRING** on nearby farms and hotels for families. Call LOrraine 8-0700 NYC.

**JAMAICA.** North coast village of Runaway Bay. Small, simple, comfortable cottages for rent; fully equipped for housekeeping; directly on water; hotels, golf nearby. Cottage with two double bedrooms, $75 per week; with one double bedroom, $50. Box W-778.

**RELAX HAPPILY** . . . by the sea at one of New England's foremost resort hotels. Swimming pool, beach. Exceptional meals. Open June 26th. Color folder. The LOOKOUT, Ogunquit 2, Maine.

## TRAVEL

**ART-THEATRE-CONCERT-LOVERS** — New York is the Mecca for Teachers and Patrons of the Arts. World-famous Museums, Art Galleries, Concerts, Theatres. On your visit stay at the Hotel Governor Clinton, "just a step to everything." 1,200 newly decorated rooms, all with private bath, TV. Free theatre ticket service. Moderate Faculty Rates and Family Plans. Pets welcomed. Write: Mr. Victor Giles, General Manager, Hotel Governor Clinton, 31st Street and 7th Avenue, NYC.

**VILLAS, APARTMENTS** Mediterranean coast Spain, France, Italy. Available by month. Write requirements or phone for appointment. AT HOME ABROAD, INC., 300 Central Park West, NYC, TRafalgar 4-4883.

**FREIGHTER TRAVEL.** Ford's Freighter Travel Guidebook gives complete information on hundreds of lower cost trips you can take on passenger carrying freighters from U.S. and Canadian seaports to all parts of the world. New 18th edition shows where they go, how long they take, what they cost, gives addresses of Steamship Lines, everything needed for planning vacation travel. 104 pages fully illustrated, price $2.50 postpaid. (No C.O.D.s). Ford's Freighter Travel Guidebook, Dept. 19, 2031 Glendon Avenue, Los Angeles 25, California.

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**GREENWCH VLLAGE, U.S.A.** Stay at the Hotel Albert, East 10th Street and University Place, NYC. Kitchenettes available. Moderate rates. Call ORegon 7-0100.

**TODAY'S PROGRAM?** The fascinating Cango Caves in the morning, an ostrich farm in the afternoon, a charming country town to explore after dinner. Just one day of your South African tour! You'll be seeing lion, elephant, giraffe and hippo in Kruger Park and other great game reserves, and superb scenery everywhere. For literature write SATOUR, Dept. P, 610 Fifth Avenue, New York 20.

**EDUCATIONAL STUDENT TRAVEL**—Europe. Your most exciting, educational summer. Students, 15-20, chaperoned by educators. Johansen Student Tours, Box 367 (s), New Canaan, Connecticut.

## TRAVEL

**WINDJAMMER CRUISES** — Here's adventure right out of the pages of Joseph Conrad! Sign aboard world's largest staysail schooner, Polynesia, and leisurely explore remote Caribbean Islands in complete barefoot relaxation and informality. For casual, thinking people who are tired of being pampered at plush, pretentious resorts, there's Sailing, Fishing, Skindiving, and a daily ration of Grog, with small, friendly, coed group. 10 Days Before the Mast—$175. Write for illustrated booklet: Capt. Mike Burke, Dept. 23, P.O. Box 1051, Miami Beach 39, Florida. JEfferson 2-3407.

**EUROPEAN SUMMER TOURS:** 34-62 days in Europe, 11-18 countries, $1,064-$1,495. June and July sailings. Write Prof. L. Knecht, KNIGHT TOURS (SR), Northfield, Minnesota.

**SAVE MONEY ON YOUR NEXT TRIP** to New York. New York is inexpensive if you don't insist on running with the herd. Stay at the Hotel Paris and use our folder: "New York for Free." All rooms with bath; free swimming pool; family rates. Write to M.L. Walter, Hotel Paris, New York 25.

**COMBINE PLEASURE** with a broadened horizon. Tour A: Paris, Brussels, Amsterdam, Scandinavia, England (Scotland optional). June 9th, $997. Tour B: Grand European tour, 11 countries, July 17th, $987. Both about 5½ weeks, all meals, taxes, tips in Europe included. Air-conditioned luxury ship. Write to: Dr. Sharton's Transatlantic University Tours, 6251 North Sheridan Road, Chicago 40, Illinois.

**TEACHERS' TOUR OF EUROPE** of Temple University, Philadelphia (6 semester hours of graduate credit): depart June 30th by jet, return August 4th or 22nd, visit 10 or 14 countries, from Scandinavia to Rome, Madrid, Lisbon, attend two one-week courses at Oxford's Institute of Education and at Paris University's Institute of Pedagogy. Cost $1,188 or $1,468 all-inclusive. Information: Study Abroad, Inc., 250 West 57th Street, New York 19.

**STAY IN THE HEART OF SMART NEW YORK . . .** at the famous Beekman Tower Hotel. It's near everything—United Nations, midtown shops, just a short bus ride for the theatres. Rates are moderate, accommodations delightful. Enjoy cocktails in the Top o' the Tower Cocktail Lounge—26 stories high in the sky—and delicious food in the Turtle Bay Dining Room. Rates for single rooms with semi-private bath from $7.50. Group rates available. If you're driving to New York, write BEEKMAN TOWER HOTEL, 49th Street and First Avenue (3 Mitchell Place), New York 17, New York for the SR map showing how to avoid city traffic.

**EXCITING!!! EUROPE—$195.** That's all it costs for unusual delightful summer program at Universities of Madrid, Florence, Perugia or Salzburg. Full month July or August includes room, meals, tuition, courses in languages, art, painting, music, dance, etc., sightseeing, many other features. All this for $195!! Low cost extensions to all of Europe. EDUCATIONAL TRAVEL ASSOCIATION, 590 Fifth Avenue, New York 36.

**STUDENTS ABROAD.** Informal, leisurely travel plus school or vacation center. France with Italy or Spain. Groups of 8. Ages 16-19. Gertrude Lang, 11 Wooly Lane East, Great Neck, N.Y. HU 7-0218.

**MEXICO.** Write today for free official information letter and illustrated folders. MEXICAN GOVERNMENT TOURISM DEPARTMENT, Paseo Reforma 35, Mexico City, D.F.

**THEATRE TOUR AND PLAYWRITING SEMINAR:** See a dozen plays in London, Stratford, Amsterdam, Paris, Munich; then spend six weeks in Salzburg studying playwriting with well-known teacher; attend rehearsals of Festival attractions. Cost, $1,148, includes transportation, hotels, meals, sightseeing. theatre tickets, tuition; round trip New York, June 23rd-August 20th. Box W-759.

**ANNOUNCING A SEVEN WEEK** summer program of study/travel in conjunction with L'Institut d'Etudes Francaises in Pau, France. Students 12-17. Call Mrs. Rubinstein, 914-ELmwood 9-0277 Orangeburg, N.Y.

**TOUR RUSSIA** and Europe with Professor Rolich (Brooklyn College). 45 days. Leave June 20th. Write Rolich, 110 Morningside Drive, NYC.

**CRUISE THE VIRGINS** on the 76' Windjammer MAVERICK. Remote harbors and unspoiled cruising grounds of the Virgin Islands. 8 day cruise $150 per person. Sails 1st and 3rd Monday each month. West Indiaman Cruises, Box 1476S, St. Thomas, Virgin Islands.

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# KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 1459

Reg. U.S. Patent Office

By Doris Nash Wortman

## DEFINITIONS

A. A certain dainty, long purveyed to the young and omnivorous at soda fountains (2 wds.).

B. Crossed the street carelessly or at an inappropriate place.

C. Liberally (in benefactions or judgments).

D. Expressive slang term, used with adverbial force, about anything gone completely wrong.

E. In full fettle (3 wds.).

F. Any of several orchids having a pair of leaves (*Listera* or *Liparia*).

G. The goldenseal.

H. Pungent, aromatic garden herb.

I. Advertised condition of garments sought by the thrifty shopper which would be deplored by Mrs. Grundy (2 wds.).

J. Issuing from; the mathematician's polar.

K. Pertaining to the smallest details or requirements.

L. The semi-precious stone chrysolite.

M. Where most music notes are written (3 wds.).

## WORDS

182 151 118 63 123 33 141 108 70 89 95

156 124 152 26 117 17 80 52 35

144 23 126 45 193 176 60 180 102 166

97 145 202 150 187 16 148

37 119 196 106 101 75 47 53 14

125 83 137 62 147 48 160 198 78

98 50 194 161 7 51 55

85 42 200 59 112

167 94 201 46 133 107 153

100 86 110 172 10 57 64

8 56 165 65 170 129 49

93 109 27 20 34 191 82

154 22 132 174 136 185 159 164 28 134

## DEFINITIONS

N. To finish carefully in sewing.

O. Diminishes in force or intensity.

P. Great political cartoonist, mid-19th cent., whose work facilitated public reforms.

Q. Imprisoned princess whom Zeus visited in form of a golden shower; mother of Perseus.

R. Household equipment needed for the pre-cocktail hour (2 wds.).

S. Put on speed.

T. Ignorant and unskilled pretender in any sphere.

U. Serenely; inherently quietly.

V. Giddy; volatile; heedless.

W. Excessively anxious to please or to care for.

X. Large, powerful, thick-skinned herbivorous, perissodactyl creature of Africa and Asia.

Y. Full period of night and day.

## WORDS

90 74 175 163 190 127

185 5 2 39 43 158

69 12 138 4

128 19 81 186 9

96 76 168 72 18 104

114 87 32 173 44 13

67 11 177 122 199 171 41

195 155 149 88 36 120 24 130 183 71

142 91 178 31 92 169 197 162 140 40 188

68 77 58 99 105 139 6 84 116 38 121

179 157 25

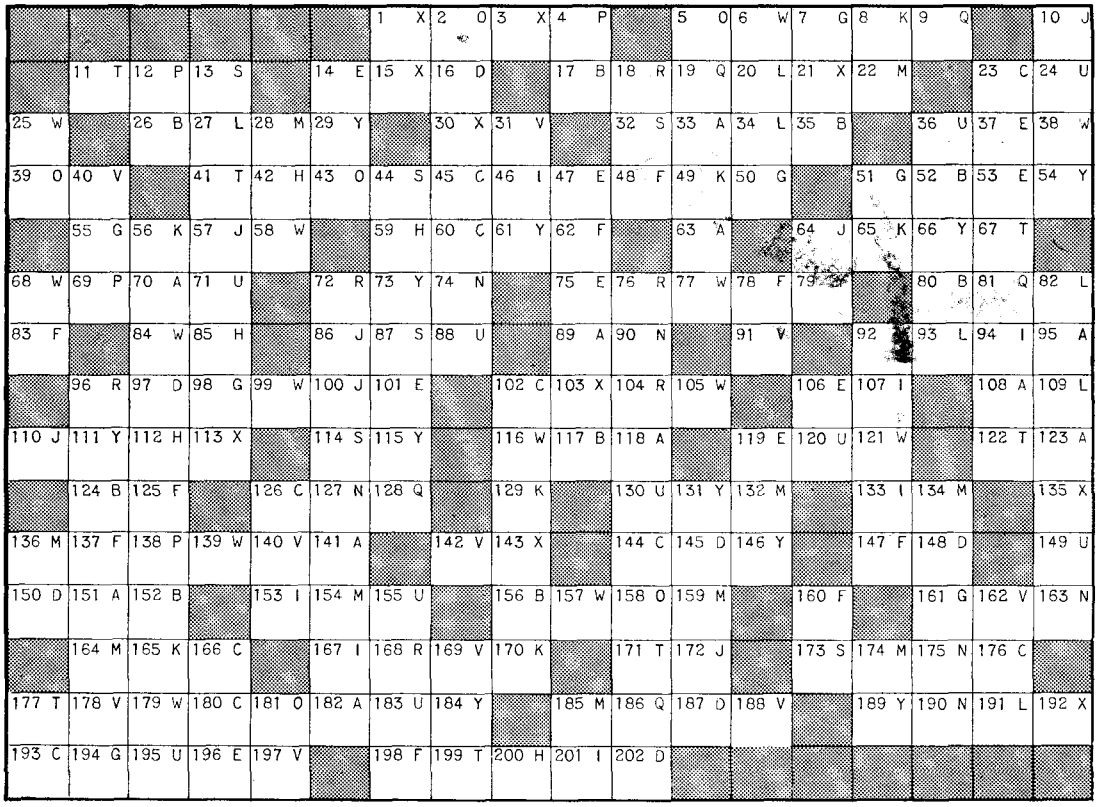
135 30 21 3 15 1 143 192 103 113

61 184 111 189 54 73 115 66 29 79 131

146

## DIRECTIONS

*To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd WORDS, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. Alongside each definition, there is a row of dashes—one for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, write it on the dashes, and also write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram. . . When the squares are all filled in, you will find that you have completed a quotation from some published work. If read up and down, the letters in the diagram have no meaning. . . Black squares indicate ends of words; if there is no black square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line . . . When all the WORDS are filled in, their initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Of great help to the solver are this acrostic feature and the relative shapes of words in the diagram as they develop. Authority for spellings and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary, Second Edition.*




**Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 15 of this issue.**



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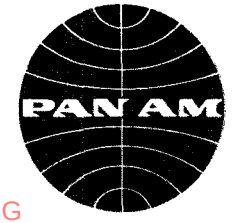


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